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[WITH A SUPPLEMENT, FIVEPENCE.]

MORE WORK IN THE BLACK SEA.

It will be seen from the letter of our active and intelligent Correspondent in the Crimea, who was the first to communicate to the British public a detailed account of the glorious triumph of the 8th of September, that he considers the great question of preponderance in the Black Sea to have been finally and irrevocably decided by the capture of the Malakoff, the evacuation of Sebastopol, and the destruction of the Russian fleet. This opinion is a very general one, in Great Britain, in France, and throughout the Continent of Europe; yet it does not seem as if it were one in which the Emperor of Russia participated. Neither do the well-informed diplomatists of Vienna consider the Third Point, which was the stumbling-block of the Conference, to have been cleared from the way by the destruction of the fleet in the harbour of Sebastopol, or the work of the Allies to be so near completion, as, in the first outburst of enthusiasm, it was proclaimed to be. And while we share to the fullest extent, the confident opinion of the European public, that the naval power of Russia in the Black Sea is virtually destroyed by the splendid victory of the 8th instant—we are no less thoroughly convinced that not one, but many blows have yet to be struck, before the Great Boa Constrictor be "finally and irrevocably disposed of," and before the Allies can say to themselves with a safe conscience that their work is done.

The first object to be accomplished, if Prince Gortschakoff do not surrender, will be the destruction or capture of the northern forts of Sebastopol, and the defeat of the Russian army, now in strong position on the Mackenzie ridge and the heights of the Tchernaya. Prince Gortschakoff will show himself to be a man of real and high military genius if, without surrendering, he can

manage to rescue this forces in the Crimea from the toils and snares that surround him. In every attack he has ventured to make or to receive he has been defeated. Alma, Inkerman, Tchernaya, Sebastopol, all tell the same tale;—victory and glory for the Allies defeat and humiliation for the Russians. In the next battle, come when it will—and its hour and place are in the dictation of Generals Pelissier and Simpson—the result will be the same. The reward of the Allies will be possession of the entire peninsula of the Crimea. No well-informed person out of Russia—not even Prince Gortschakoff—can seriously doubt this consummation; and we believe that there are very few within its boundaries who know anything of what is passing in the world's arena who are not of the same opinion. The Czar Alexander, the Grand Duke Constantine, Count Nesselrode, and all who surround the Imperial person and contribute by their advice to govern the actions and the policy of the Russian Government, must know that the next great victory of the Allies will seal the doom of the Crimea. They must also know enough, by this time, of the resources, the courage, and the genius of the Powers opposed to them, to indulge but faint hopes of being able to realise the once proud boast of Menschikoff, of driving them ignominiously into the sea. They must know, in fact, that, as regards the Crimea, the great game is nearly played out, and that it is utterly impossible that Russia can win it, except, indeed, on the supposition that the Allied Generals should commit some huge and fatuous blunder, of which Prince Gortschakoff might have sense and means to take advantage. But no one will do the Allied commanders so gratuitous and malicious an injustice. If their game to impatient observers in Great Britain and France have appeared slow, events have proved that it was sure. Every move was well calculated, every slight reverse was turned to account, and every victory was made the prelude of a

triumph still greater. So it will continue to be, till the whole Crimea is conquered, and Prince Gortschakoff's army is either annihilated or forced to capitulate.

But will all this settle the Third Point? and will not the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea, destroyed in Sebastopol, be revived beyond the limits of the Crimea? It has not escaped the knowledge of the Western Powers that Sebastopol was but one of the Russian war-harbours in the Euxine—the most formidable to the independence and security of the Ottoman Empire, because the nearest to the Bosphorus—but by no means the only port and citadel which the Czars might use for purposes of aggression; to shelter new armaments; to inflict, when opportunity offered, new surprises upon Turkey and on Europe; and new murders and massacres, as treacherous and cowardly as that of Sinope. At no great distance eastward from Odessa—which, had our Ministry for the time had their hearts in their work, they would have ordered to be levelled with the ground—exist the towns of Kherson and Nicolaieff; the one upon the Dnieper, the other upon the Bug, and both having easy communication with the Black Sea. When the Third Point was under discussion in Vienna, it was represented to the Ministers of Great Britain and France that it would be inadvisable to consent too hastily to any proposition for limiting the naval power of Russia to the number of ships of war then actually afloat in the Black Sea; inasmuch as the vessels then confined in the harbour of Sebastopol, and supposed to be the whole naval force of Russia, might turn out to be only a portion of her armaments, and that a fleet as large, or still larger, might be concealed in the harbours of Kherson or Nicolaieff—two places of which the Western Powers knew absolutely nothing beyond the mere fact of their existence as shown



RUSSIAN FRIGATE ON FIRE IN SEBASTOPOL HARBOUR.—SKETCHED BY O. W. BRIERLY.—(SEE PAGE 372.)



by the map. It was also represented to them as a hint which might be of service, that in Russian official documents there appeared only two fortified places, which were marked of the first rank and strength, or in commercial and maritime phraseology, as *Al*; and that these were Cronstadt and Kherson; and that Sebastopol, strong as it was known to be, ranked as a fortified place and harbour of the second class only. We now learn that almost immediately after receiving intelligence of the destruction of his fleet in the harbour of Sebastopol, the Czar, who had previously resolved to visit Warsaw, altered his plans, and went to Moscow, and dispatched his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, Lord High Admiral of the Russian Navy, to Nicolaieff. It is owing to the energy of this Prince that Cronstadt has been so greatly strengthened; and that it has become, if not actually impregnable, the most formidable fortress in the world. It is thus evident that Nicolaieff is considered in danger. The able Correspondent of the *Times* at Vienna states that it is not doubted in that capital "that a considerable part of the Russian fleet is safe and sound in the Bug, which is extremely broad and without islands at its embouchure. The Ingul falls into the Bug at Nicolaieff, and the last-mentioned river is so deep that men-of-war can be moored close to the Admiralty." The same writer also states that "40,000 Russian militiamen are assembled in the neighbourhood of Nicolaieff and Kherson, and that an Odessa correspondent observes that the Russian Government showed its wisdom when, twenty-seven years ago, it made Nicolaieff the principal *dépôt* and dockyard for the Russian fleet."

Russia will not, we may be sure, relinquish her naval supremacy in the Euxine—the dearest dream of her ambition for more than a century—without a far more desperate struggle than that which approaches its close in the Crimea. It may, therefore, be considered certain that our magnificent fleet in the Euxine has plenty of work before it. The Czar will not, he says, sue for peace upon a single defeat. It is the business of the Allies to try what a second will accomplish; and if that should prove inoperative in bringing him to the peaceful frame of mind which would give peace to Europe, to try the effect of a third. Had Odessa not been spared, it is probable that the task to be accomplished at Nicolaieff and Kherson would have been easier of accomplishment than it is now likely to be; but, easy or difficult, we are confident that the resources of the Allies are equal to undertake it. If they do undertake it, we are equally confident that they will add a new victory to their arms, and a new name to their banners. The gallant French—and we do not grudge it to them—have carried off all, or nearly all, the glory of the day at Sebastopol. Let the English outshine that glory, or at least equal it before Nicolaieff and Kherson, and the naval power of Russia will receive its *coup de grâce*. If the Czar will not yield upon pure compulsion, the only means left to the Allies is to try whether he will yield from pure exhaustion. They have, and can have, no wish to carry on the war for purposes of vengeance. What they require is, security in the first place, and possibly indemnification in the second. If the taking of Sebastopol will not work to peaceful ends, the taking of Nicolaieff and Kherson must be made to help it. The game of courtesy and forbearance has been played too long, and the Western Powers cannot consent to the same terms of peace at the present moment which they might have accepted in April. For these, and a thousand other reasons, we anticipate not only issue of battle between the opposing forces in the field, in which Englishmen will expect their generals to wipe off the discredit which befel our arms at the Redan, but a naval attack on the principal Black Sea *dépôt* of the enemy.

THE MALAKOFF AND REDAN COMPARED.—Mainly owing to the fire of our English batteries during the three previous days of the bombardment—for the Malakoff had remained all but silent throughout that period—the French on the forenoon of the 8th found every gun but one in the Malakoff silenced. Their advanced sap, too, had brought them to within some forty yards of their point of attack, and during their rapid dash in column, over this narrow space, they were exposed only to the grape-shot of this one gun. Once on the face of the parapet, they were safe from a second discharge, and had then only to contend against the faint and brief resistance of a body of trench guards, who had evidently been taken unawares. A rapid and well-sustained fire of musketry soon expelled these, and the reserves who were hurried up by the enemy had equally little chance against the swarming columns of our allies, whom good generalship kept pouring in to the support of the first stormers as fast as human legs could scramble up the broad parapet, and jump inside the redoubt. Such a contest was merely a question of numbers; and, having made excellent arrangements to secure their own superiority in this respect, the French commanders had no cause to doubt the result. Widely different, however, was the case on our side. Differently constructed—as I shall presently describe—and stretching over a long line, in hardly any point exposed to so close and direct a fire as that which bore upon the Malakoff, the Redan had replied to our batteries with considerable vigour throughout the entire bombardment; and at noon of the 8th still continued to show fight with a dozen or so of uninjured guns. Instead, too, of forty yards of open space, the nearest point from our most advanced parallel to the ditch of the Redan measured 220, and this, also, everywhere exposed to the fire of twelve or fourteen 68-pounders. I have several times crossed this fatal spot since the capture of the place, and each time with increased wonder how a single man of our whole stormers could have escaped the tornado of grape and canister which such an armament could and did send forth. Scarcely a foot of surface is there which a gun did not sweep; and when I add that the enemy had time to fire three rounds from every piece, from the first issue of our men from the shelter of our own parapet, till their arrival at the broad ditch where so many have since found a grave, I am disposed to think that most of your readers will share in my surprise.—*Daily News Correspondent.*

THE FRENCH REPULSE AT THE CENTRAL BASTION.—The Piedmontese were forming for the assault on the Flagstaff Battery, when some one amongst the French in the Central Bastion—one of those unhappy individuals upon whom the god Pan so often seizes at moments when great destinies or great interests are at stake, and makes him the instrument of ruin and disorder—shouted out, "Nous sommes tournés!" In an instant all was confusion: the whole force wheeled about and bolted bodily, flinging themselves across the parapet, vastly quicker than on the previous occasions, and ran back for dear life towards the trenches, under showers of grape from the flanking batteries in the bastion, and from the lunette on the left. On seeing this General de Salles became pale with rage, rushed out, and threw himself in the path of the fugitives, crying "Canaille, vous allez déshonorer la France! arrêtez! arrêtez!" and, addressing himself to the officers, "Messieurs, est-ce que vous laissez filer vos soldats comme cela? En avant! en avant! Vive l'Empereur!" He seized hold of some of the men, whirled them to the right about, and inflicted upon them some of that compendious vituperation of which only the French language is capable. There was one little conscript—beardless, slender, hardly able to trot under his musket, evidently not long in the ranks, and fitter to be by his mother's side than amidst the horrors of a heady fight, who, in an evil hour for him, attracted the General's notice by his desperate efforts to reach some place of shelter. The latter rushed towards him, tore one of his cotton epauletts off his shoulder, and shouted in his ear, "Comment! vous n'êtes pas Français, donc!" The reproach stung the poor boy to the quick; all his fiery, chivalrous French blood rose in him to repel it; his face flushed up, and constantly repeating, "Je ne suis pas Français!" ran back, mounted the top parapet, whirled his musket about his head in a fury of excitement, and at last fell into the ditch riddled with balls. The result of General de Salles' exertions, however, were favourable; the column was rallied again, and went forward once more; but this time there was no longer the same *élan*. They bore up for awhile gallantly, under such a storm of grape as many who were there, and had seen many a bloody day, declared they never saw equalled. If they could not win, the poor fellows—like our own at the Redan—knew at least how to die, and died manfully, bravely, by the hundred. At last they were all withdrawn to the trenches, and the General sent for instructions to General Pelissier as to whether he should renew the attack or not. He received a reply in the negative. The Malakoff was conceived to be the key of the whole position, and it remained to be seen whether the Russians were of the same opinion, and would abandon the other forts.—*Letter from the Daily News Correspondent.*

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.

THE report of the new attack on the person of the Emperor by a Cent-Garde, has, of course, been the great excitement of the moment. Innumerable details were given of the event; some statements declared that a pistol was the instrument employed, others a poinard, by which his Majesty had been severely wounded in the arm. It appears that an agent of police was one of the first, if not the first, of the persons heard to mention the subject. The report has, however, been positively denied by the official sources; *n'en parlons plus*; and let us hope that the alarm and excitement to which it has given rise may have led to no more serious results.

The new document relative to the Imperial family attracts considerable attention. Various high functions and important places are to be bestowed on the new Princes, his Imperial Majesty considering that to none can be better confided the care of the present dynasty than to those who are personally interested in its preservation. It is believed that the carrying out of the proposed measure will not be long delayed.

So much difficulty has been found in accomplishing the desire of the Prince President of the Exhibition, that the artists, fabricators, designers, and workmen in general, employed in the execution of the various products displayed, should be made known and recompensed, as well as the exhibitors, who wish, for the most part, to monopolise both credit and reward, that it is reported, and on good authority, that the Prince Napoleon contemplates announcing that no recompense will be given to those exhibitors who neglect or refuse to make known the names of the artists or *ouvriers* to whose skill are owing the works by them displayed.

The Exposition, instead of closing, as was originally intended, on the 30th of October, will be kept open until the 20th of November, during which period the articles therein contained will be exposed for sale. The Building will then be closed for the rest of the month, during which period various works of decoration, including the erection of a magnificent throne, will be executed in the interior, and it will then be reopened for a grand *solemnité* in commemoration of the 2nd December. We give the above details, not as facts, but as forming the programme of a project which may, or may not, be carried out. The Prince Napoleon has accepted the invitation to a grand banquet offered him by the Organisation Committee of the Exhibition, and conveyed by Mr. Crampton, one of the English Exhibitors. He has himself named the 15th October as the day on which the banquet is to take place.

A report that the maternal hopes of the Empress have been disappointed is going about, but we trust it is unfounded.

The question of the scarcity of grain continues to excite the utmost and most constant uneasiness, and the anxious attention of the highest authorities. The Prince Napoleon, whose northern tour has been abridged expressly to enable him to enter more seriously into the necessities of the position and the means of ameliorating it, has in contemplation more than one project for accomplishing an object of such vital importance. Not only in the provinces, but in the poorer and more populous parts of the capital, meetings and other demonstrations exist among the labouring classes, indicative of the feelings of discontent and anxiety this state of suffering produces, and everywhere present inconvenience and anticipated distress, fill the minds of the people with uneasiness and alarm.

It is reported, we know not with what correctness, that the Emperor proposes conferring on the *Maréchal* Pelissier the title of Duc de Sebastopol.

Abd-el-Kader has had a special interview with the Emperor, in which he represented to his Majesty the inconveniences to which his family are exposed, owing to the late earthquake at Broussa having destroyed their habitation, which, in itself, was wholly unsuited to their position, and far otherwise to what was the intention of the French Government. The Emir requested, and obtained from the Emperor, the permission to change his residence to Damascus. His health, though still delicate, is considerably improved.

At the Exhibition the Gallery of Domestic Economy, devoted exclusively to articles whose utility and cheapness are calculated to bring them within the reach and render them of daily value and importance to the poorer classes, is completed. Some of these hardly merit a place allotted to them; but others, more especially in the clothing department, are really marvels of cheapness, combined with goodness of quality, and cannot fail to prove precious acquisitions, not only to the class for which they are more especially designed, but to the *bourgeoisie*, to whose notice they may worthily be recommended.

The "Maitre Favilla" of M^{me}. George Sand continues not only to maintain its place, but to increase in public favour. At the Théâtre Français the return of M^{me}. Arnold Plessy—the M^{lle}. Plessy so well and favourably known some years since at the St. James's Theatre in London—has created a great sensation, which the ripened talent of the fair and gifted comedienne keeps alive by each new representation. Her first appearance in "Tartuffe" displayed a shade of timidity, which, however, soon wore off, and enabled her to prove her remarkable tact and talent, which were, however, yet more apparent in the succeeding piece, "La Ligne Droite." A little comedy, "L'Amour et son Train," by a young writer, also presented at the Français, is full of sprightliness and gaiety. At the Ambigu, the "Tour de Londres" draws and gratifies all the amateurs of horrors who frequent that resort of ghosts, murderers, and such garish guests.

AMERICA.

The steam-ship *Canada*, which left New York on the 11th inst., arrived at Liverpool on Sunday.

The Know Nothings had completed their nominations for State officers, and adopted a platform.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald* says that Mr. Buchanan, Minister at London, will not return home on the 1st of October, certain complications with reference to Central American affairs rendering it necessary for him to prolong his term of service.

The news from Nicaragua is interesting. On the 28th ult. Colonel Walker landed at San Juan del Sud, with a small party, whereupon the natives, with the exception of the captain of the port and a few others, immediately evacuated the place, taking their mules with them. They were, however, induced to return and assist the California passengers in their transit across the Isthmus. A bloody battle was fought on the 19th, between the Castillon party, under Munos and Alvarez, and a body of Chamorro's adherents, under Guardiola. As regards numbers, the armies were nearly equally matched, the former comprising 900 and the latter 800 men. The battle lasted seven hours, and about 500 were killed on both sides. Guardiola was badly beaten, and fled to the mountains; while Munos was reported among the slain. Colonel Walker was menaced by a strong force of the Chamorro party, posted at Rivas, only fifteen miles from San Juan. His position was liable to attack as soon as the knowledge of his landing reached Boska, the Commander at Rivas. Colonel Kinney's affairs appear to be in a highly prosperous condition. He was very popular at Greytown, and his Commissioner to the Supreme Government had received marked attentions from the President.

By way of San Francisco we have an account of the journey of the crew of the Russian frigate *Diana*, after shipwreck, from Jeddo (Japan) to Petropaulovski. They had bargained for a passage with the captain of the American ship *Young America*, from Woosung, but as that officer had no protection against a French schooner and frigate, which he afterwards perceived near the Bay of Jeddo, he landed them again. The *Young America* was afterwards boarded by a French officer, but the Russians had made a lucky escape and got away.

In the Argentine Republic peace prevailed. President Urquiza had opened the session of Congress at Paraná. The exploration of the Bermejo River has been prosecuted with satisfaction.

From Paraguay we learn that the difficulties with Brazil had been amicably settled. Uruguay was disquieted by financial disorders.

In Bolivia, General Cordova had been elected President.

DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS AT EUPATORIA.

The following was received in town on Thursday evening:—

HAMBURG, Sept. 27.

The following despatch has been received here, dated

"ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 26.

"Under date the 23rd instant, Prince Gortschakoff reports that the Allies had landed 20,000 men at Eupatoria, and that they had now a force of 30,000 men on his flank.

"On the 22nd they attacked the Russian infantry, who retreated to the heights over Rusta."

THE WAR IN ASIA.

Some fatality appears to attend the management of affairs at Constantinople. The latest accounts inform us that Omar Pacha has left the Turkish capital for Asia Minor, but without the troops he was to have taken with him. The Anglo-Turkish Contingent remains at Constantinople, and the Ottoman army remains in the Crimea; while the Russian army, under General Mouravieff, threatens Kars; nor is it at all clear that the Turks will be able to hold out much longer without assistance. The following letter from Erzeroum, dated August 18, is the latest authentic intelligence from the seat of war in Asia:—

On the 18th instant a detachment of Turkish cavalry left the city in quest of forage. The Russians placed in the advanced posts fell on them in the rear, and, after a few volleys of musketry, the Turks retreated without accomplishing their intention.

General Mouravieff maintains his position in Comazow, and has divided his army into four corps, occupying the four points opposite to the four salients of Kars.

Four battery cannons which were directed from Alexandropol to Kars, and abandoned on the road on account of the mud, have been recovered and taken to the Russian camp.

The present disposition of the forces of General Mouravieff leads us to suppose that he intends to attack Kars in such a manner as to draw off the attention of the garrison from the point in dispute, and make a grand attack on it afterwards.

In Kars, although some anxiety is manifested, yet a disposition is tolerably prevalent to meet the enemy boldly. General Williams and his Staff are in great activity. There is no doubt about this: for if military discipline were in the slightest degree relaxed, and the martial impulse allowed to cool, it would fall.

Kars, however, is in a sad position, being left entirely to its own resources. The evacuation and surrender of Kars would be, perhaps, not of much consequence, but the loss of the artillery, consisting of 200 pieces of all calibres, and that of the ammunition, would be a great fatality.

THE BALTIC FLEET.

The French squadron in the Baltic is gradually decreasing as the winter approaches: the *Austerlitz* left some time ago; the *Marne* and *Soane* steam-transport, and the *Duquesne* line-of-battle ship, left on the 14th; the mortar-vessels on the 15th. There were, consequently, only the *Tourville*, the *d'Assas*, and a few gun-boats left of Admiral Penaud's squadron. The *Cormacallis* left on the 17th, bringing home all the hospital dressers whose engagement with the Government expires at the end of this month. The *Russell*, *Hastings*, *Hawke*, and *Pembroke*, were to follow immediately.

The *Nile*, Captain Mundy, and the *Bulldog*, Captain Gordon, have succeeded in burning and sinking sixteen or seventeen schooners and coasters in a creek in Björkö Sound. The riflemen came down to protect the vessels; but, after exchanging a few shot with our boats, left the vessels to their fate. The *Gorgon*, Captain Crawford, has also been active in capturing the vessels of the enemy, having burnt and sunk twenty-one in one day off the island of Oesel. Most of these were attempting to run cargoes of salt from the coast of Sweden.

THE ALLIED SQUADRONS IN THE WHITE SEA.

The French Minister of the Marine and Colonies has received despatches, dated the 23rd ult., from the *Cleopatre*, *Petrel*, and *Coccyte*, now cruising in the White Sea, under the command of Captain Guilbert. The blockade of the Russian ports in that sea has been enforced with the greatest activity, and the French and British squadrons have destroyed a large number of boats, with which the enemy had hoped to carry on their commercial business with impunity, by coasting along in them during heavy fogs. Except fishing-boats, which have been left unmolested from a feeling of humanity, the Russian flag has entirely disappeared from the White Sea.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S JOURNEY.

The most conflicting statements have been in circulation as to the destination and the objects of the journey just undertaken by the Czar; perhaps he himself does not know very well what he means to do. A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 15th, says:—"The Emperor's journey is still a mystery. At present we do not know the route he will take. The probability is that, after having visited Moscow, he will return by Nicolaieff, Bobrouisk, Brzesc, and Riga, to St. Petersburg. It is said that the keel of a vessel of 131 guns will be laid on the stocks whilst he is at Nicolaieff. Some say he will be at Warsaw on the 27th; but the truth is that nothing positive is known, and especially in reference to what has put the public in commotion—a rumour that the Czar was determined to go to the Crimea. General Stroganoff, Governor-General of Little Russia, who had come hither from Odessa, is gone back to that city again. General Lüders is gone to Moscow."

The Muscovite or war party affirms that the journey of the Emperor is merely a military tour of inspection, from which it is impossible to draw the slightest indication favourable to peace, as an event more or less at hand. The only diplomatist accompanying him is M. Tolstol, the head of the Imperial Military Chancery. On the other hand it is contended that this journey must have been dictated by special objects, as is proved by the rapidity with which it was decided on. It is further alleged that the members of the Russian diplomatic corps were to assemble at Warsaw, and that the Baron de Budberg was on the point of leaving that place when he received counter orders. And as to Count Benckendorff, the Russian Military Envoy at Berlin, instead of going to Warsaw, he has left that place for Odessa, where he is to attach himself to the suite of the Emperor. It is said at Berlin that this journey of the Emperor has been induced by a complete change in the plan of the Russian campaign. It is certain also that General Panlutin's corps, which was stationed in White Russia, has received orders to concentrate in the south, on the Danube.

The latest notice regarding the Imperial movements is contained in a despatch from Odessa, which states that the Grand Duke Constantine was at Nicolaieff on the 20th, and that he and the Czar were expected at Odessa in a few days.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

The following is the order of the day, addressed by the Emperor of Russia to the army at Sebastopol, as given by the *Journal de St. Petersburg* of Sept. 11:—

The defence of Sebastopol, which has been so prolonged, and which is, perhaps, unexampled in military annals, has attracted the attention, not only of Russia, but of all Europe. From its very outset, it placed its defenders on the same rank as the most illustrious heroes of our country. For a space of eleven months the garrison of Sebastopol has disputed with a powerful enemy each foot of ground, and each of its enterprises has been distinguished by acts of the most brilliant bravery. The obstinate bombardment, renewed four times, and which has been justly called infernal, shook the walls of our fortifications, but could not shake or diminish the zeal and perseverance of their defenders. They fought the enemy, or died, with indomitable courage, and, with an abnegation worthy of the soldiers of Christ, without once thinking of yielding. In regretting with all my heart the loss of so many generous warriors, who have offered their lives as a sacrifice to the country, and in submitting myself with veneration to the judgment of the Almighty, who has not been pleased to crown their acts with complete success, I believe it my sacred duty to express on this occasion, in my own name and in that of all Russia, to the brave garrison of Sebastopol, the most profound gratitude for their indefatigable labours, for the blood which they have shed in the defence for nearly a year of the fortifications which they raised in the course of a few days. But there is an impossibility, even for heroes! The 8th of this month, after six desperate assaults had been repulsed, the enemy succeeded in obtaining possession of the important Korniloff bastion, and the General-in-Chief of the army of the Crimea, desiring to spare the precious blood of his companions, which under these circumstances would only have been uselessly shed, determined on passing to the northern side of the place, leaving to the enemy only blood-stained ruins. These heroes, objects of the general esteem of their comrades, will no doubt offer, on re-entering the ranks of the army, new examples of the same warlike virtues. With them and like them, all our troops, animated with the same unlimited faith in Providence, and the same ardent love for me and their country, will always and everywhere combat with courage the enemies who touch the honour and the integrity of the country; and the name of Sebastopol, which has acquired immortal glory by so many sufferings, and the names of its defenders, will live eternally in the hearts of all Russians with the names of the heroes who immortalised themselves in the battle-fields of Pultawa and Borodino.

ALEXANDER.

War Department, Sept. 26.

JAMES SIMPSON, General Commanding.

General Simpson, Commanding in Chief.

KILLED.

Capt. D. F. B. Buckley, 1st Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards. Royal Artillery: Gunner J. Walker. 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards: Privates R. Birch, James Dunstar, James Patmore, Edward Bilch. 7th Foot: Privates Samuel Langley, Henry Abbott. 31st: Corporal F. S. Atchell. 56th: Privates J. Green, A. Woods, W. Soley.

My Lord,—I have the honour to transmit the list of casualties on the 8th inst. I have, &c.,

JAMES SIMPSON, General Commanding.

OFFICERS KILLED ON THE 8TH SEPTEMBER.

[illegible]

OFFICERS WOUNDED ON THE 8TH SEPTEMBER.

STAFF.—Brigadier-General C. Warren, C.B., 55th Regiment, commanding First Brigade Second Division, slightly. Brigadier-General C. Van Straubenzee, 5th Regiment, commanding First Brigade Light Division, slightly. Brigadier-General H. Shirley, C.B., 88th Regiment, commanding Second Brigade Light Division, slightly. Colonel Hon. P. Herber, C.B., Unattached, Assistant Quartermaster-General Second Division. Lieutenant K. Swire, 17th Regiment, A.D.C. to Colonel Windham, C.B., dangerously. Lieutenant G. A. Morgan, 55th Regiment,

A.D.C. to Brigadier-General Warren, C.B., severely.

Royal Artillery: Captain A. C. L. Fitzroy, since dead. Lieutenants R. H. Champion, severely; C. J. Tyler, slightly. Royal Engineers: Capt. C. H. Sedley, Lieut. H. C. Elphinstone, severely. 2nd Battalion 1st Foot: Capt. W. J. Gillum, dangerously. Lieuts. R. E. Williams, B. B. Caton, severely. Hon. Mr. W. F. Lucas, slightly. 3rd Coort: Major F. P. Maude, severely. Ensigns: G. H. Hood, P. Dumbell, slightly. Lieutenant T. A. Cox, slightly. Ensigns H. Peachey, dangerously; A. B. Letts, severely. 7th: Brevet Lieut.-Colonel J. K. Heyland, severely. Brevet Major W. W. Turner, slightly. Captains H. P. Hibbert, J. K. Hickie, severely. Lieutenant H. M. Jones, dangerously. 17th: Lieutenants W. D. Thompson, dangerously; W. H. Parker, slightly. 19th: Lieut.-Colonel T. Unett, very severely (since dead). Brevet Major W. R. Warden, slightly. Ensign E. Chippendall, slightly. Lieutenant G. R. Bayley, slightly. Ensigns R. C. Martin, severely; W. W. Young, severely. 20th: Brevet Major S. R. Chapman, Assistant Engineer, dangerously. 23rd: Col. D. Lyons, C.B., severely. Capts. F. V. Fane, severely; W. H. Poole, dangerously. Lieute. L. E. Millet, J. Williamson, F. M. H. Dare, J. D. Vic Tupper, severely; L. O'Connor, C. H. Beck, E. S. Holden, dangerously; S. G. Prevost, H. D. Radcliffe, slightly. 30th: Lieut.-Col. J. T. Manlever, C.B., slightly. Brevet Major A. Hamilton, severely. Capt. G. H. Goddard, severely; W. Kerr, dangerously. 33rd: Lieut.-Col. T. B. Gough, dangerously. Capt. H. D. Ellis, slightly. Lieuts J. Trent, severely; C. W. Willis, slightly. Ensign and Adjutant G. Toseland, slightly. 34th: Lieutenants J. D. Laurie, N. A. Harris, severely. 41st: Major R. Pratt, slightly. Captain H. Rowlands, slightly. Lieutenants K. E. Maude, slightly; F. Kingscote, severely. Lieutenant and Adjutant J. A. King, slightly. 47th: Brevet Major W. F. G. Rooke, severely. 48th: Brever Major J. H. Jamieson, severely. C. Michal, dangerously. 56th: Capt. J. H. Richards, severely. Ensigns R. Harne, J. Hume, severely. 58th: Lt. J. H. Richards, slightly. Lieutenant W. B. Johnson, severely. 62nd: Lieutenant-Colonel L. B. Tyler, severely. Captain E. H. Hunter, slightly. Lieutenants W. Dring, slightly; W. B. Davenport, severely. 63rd: Lieutenant-Colonel P. Lindsay, severely. 72nd: Quartermaster J. McDonald, severely. 77th: Captain W. J. Betts, severely. Lieutenants M. A. Waters, C. B. Knowles, severe contusion. W. G. Leggett, slightly. 88th: Lieut.-Colonel G. V. Maxwell, severely. Captains J. H. Brown, R. B. Johnston, severely. Lieutenants W. Ambrose, E. Hudson, C. Scott, G. S. Watson, severely. Ensign G. Walker, severely. 90th: Captains W. B. Tindling, J. H. Wade, severely; R. Grove, J. Perrin, slightly. Lieutenants J. C. Ratray, Sir C. Pigott, Bart., P. S. Devereil, H. H. Goodricke, severely; H. J. Heycock, W. J. Rous, N. Graham, slightly. 95th: Captain J. N. Sargent, slightly. Lieut. C. F. Parkinson, slightly. 97th: Captains R. F. W. Sibthorp, severely; C. H. Lumley, dangerously; H. G. Woods, slightly. Lieutenants R. C. Goodenough, severely; C. H. Brown, M. G. B. Fitzgerald, severely. Ensigns: H. Hill, slightly. Lieutenant Rifle Brigade: Major C. Woodford, slightly. Captain Hon. B. F. Fellow, slightly. Lieutenants H. Eyre, F. Miles, W. Scoles, J. C. Moore, K. Borough, F. C. Payne, slightly.

OFFICER MISSING ON 8TH SEPTEMBER.
62nd Foot: Lieutenant H. A. Palmer.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES KILLED ON THE 8TH
SEPTEMBER.

2d Battalion led by Col. Private Thomas Armour. 3rd: Colour-Sergeant Charles Gardner.
Sergeants Johnson Jackson, Charles Slaughter, Daniel Curtin, Henry Barber, Corporals
Dennis O'Brien, Robert Hall, James Stewart. Privates William Homer, Edward Bellone,
John Kannas, James O'Hanlan, James Alman, Joseph Green, John Mark, Edmund Day,
James Dando, James Burke, John Murphy, Patrick Flynn, George Redwin, Henry Wildon,
Thomas Dillon, Dennis Gallacher, William Coulter, Michael Dillon, John Liston, Patrick
McDonagh, John McQuinn, John McKeown, John McKeown, John McKeown, John
Corporal W. Hargrave. Drummer W. Harris, J. A. Moore. Privates F. Kirby, J. Maglin.
W. Hudson, J. M'Caule (2), T. Orton, P. Madden, J. Ryan, A. Doyle, J. Scott. 17th: Private
John Brown. 19th: Sergeants Patrick Tafté, Samuel Weston, Michael Jannon. Corporals
William Bromley, George Morris, John Smith. Privates Benjamin Baker, Thomas
McDonagh, John McKeown, John McKeown, John McKeown, John McKeown, John
Gaiter, Charles Alstin, Philip Heapsy, Patrick Kennedy, Patrick Noron, Steven
Lahiff, George Roberts, Thomas Plant, Charles Rourke, John Walsh, George
Wilber, John Brown, Harry Cook, James Goulding, George Bromley, Matthew Browne.
30th: Sergeant W. M'Loughlin. Privates M. Monaghan, R. Smith, J. Connors, T. Nash, W.
Private J. Wilson, J. Mahaly. Colour-Sergeant J. Mahaly. Privates J. Briggs, Co-
lor-Sergeant W. Dawson. Corporals J. Connor, W. Everett, T. Farrell.
Blishen. Privates T. Cook, A. Webster, J. Macdonald, P. Forsyth, S. Donnelly, S. Sargent,
J. Twigg, T. Vince, A. Thornhill, G. Birch, R. Wilson, E. Talish, J. Bailey, C. Sumner,
R. Howden, R. Turner, W. Ward, E. Cook, R. Bryant, R. Phipps, W. Warner. Royal Artil-
lery. Colour-Sergeant J. Mahaly. Privates J. Briggs, J. Mahaly, J. Mahaly, J. Mahaly,
Hepperson, George Eastley. Royal Engineers. Colour-Sappers and Miners. Privates J.
Priner, John Bowman, Samuel Hemmet. 23rd Foot: Colour-Sergeants John Gillogly, Jam-
English. Sergeants John Wilkinson, Thomas Roberts. Corporals Edward Malone, John
Kelly. Privates Robert Biddle, John Nasmyth, Timothy O'Brien, David John, Robert Long-
man, William Brown, Thomas Willington, John Welch, Francis Davies, William Jones,
James Robinson, John McKeown, John McKeown, John McKeown, John McKeown,
James Robinson, James Wright, Patrick Hayes, Charles Payne, Henry Churchill, John
Gardiner, Richard Richards, Thomas Barnes, John Frankham, Thomas M'Evey, R. H.
M'Crum, John Michael Jones, Thomas Lawless, Matthew Curran, James Jervoise, George
Doranow, George Hobbs, Joseph Pradling, Thomas Giles, Noah Bath, William
McDonagh, John McKeown, John McKeown, John McKeown, John McKeown, John
Private Thomas Cannugh. 30th: Sergeant-Major John M'Clellan, Corporals James
Collins, John Ross. Lance-Sergeant William Moore. Drummer H. C. Corron. Privates
Edward Armstrong, William Besley, John Black, John Brennan, Denis Bryan, Simon Brian,
John Bruce, Edmund Cantwell, Samuel Carr, James Connell, Michael Connors, William
Charles Gair, George Gair, John Gray, William Gray, William Gray, John Gray,
Hurle, Michael Loe, Wilberly Longbottom, James Martin, James M'Carthy, William
M'Cooking, George M'Kibben, Patrick M'Quirk, James Moore, John Munn, Michael Nowlan,
Charles Palmer, John Rawlins, John Riley, William Lade, Ervin Sergison, John Stewart,
George Watte. 34th: Sergeants George King, Thomas Hull. Private John Baguel.
Colour-Sergeant J. E. Fitzgerald. Privates George King, Thomas Hull, Thomas Walsh, John
Wall, William Wall, Matthias Wall, John Wall, Thomas Woodhouse.
John Madigan, Daniel Malony, Thomas Robeson, Richard Reeves, William Morrow, Joseph
M'Donald, Patrick Perry, James Woodward, John Bannister, Edward Collins, Michael Harc,
Patrick Cavanagh, Robert Farley, John Duane, Arthur Dawson, William Marsden, Thomas
Millett, Walter Joyce, Samuel Murphy, Robert Scott, Richard Philpott, Denis Finlay, Charles

Long, William Walsh, Alexander Parkies, Henry Lawrence. 42nd: Corporal John Crawford
 43rd: Privates Daniel Day, John Fletcher, Michael Cummins. 49th: Privates John Bennett,
 J. Dougherty. 55th: Lance-Sergeant Thomas Sayors. Corporal George Mekless. Privates
 William Barrott, William Berryman, James Brown, Thomas Brown, Henry Harman,
 William Haughton, George Heavie, William McDowell, James Mingo, Samuel Mott,
 James Payne, William Penny, Patrick Pine, Andrew Ryan, Thomas Salter, John Samuels,
 John Sargent, John Smith, John Smith, John Smith, John Smith, John Smith, John Smith,
 Ryan, George Burall, Joseph Egan. 57th: Private Henry Morgan. 62nd: Sergeants William
 Holmes, Matthew Garrett, George Norman. Corporals John Bunn, John Lano, John White,
 John Cleary. Drummer Henry Treyron. Privates Thomas Allen, James Bell, John
 Bryant, James Clarke, Samuel Costello, John Flynn, William Jordan, Robert
 Magner, Edward Murphy, Joseph Nichols, John O'Connor, George Stange, John Taggart, John
 Thomas, John Thomas, John Thomas, John Thomas, John Thomas, John Thomas, John
 Riches, Wm. Mann. Corporal Thomas Wilton. Privates Bernard Lynch, James Cox,
 Thomas Hyde, Steen David, George Buss, Thomas Hines, Henry Farney, Denis Fonton,
 Thomas Livingstone. 79th: Privates John Auld, John McCormick. 85th: Sergeants John
 Flaherty, Samuel Pries. Privates Thomas Fahey, Bartholomew Dunleavy, John O'Neill, Patrick
 Sullivan, Edward Dunne, Thomas Sullivan. 72nd: Private John Robson. 90th: Sergeant
 M. Ryan. Corporal H. Handley. Privates T. Murphy, T. Hickey. 93rd: Privates Hugh
 Cowley, Oliver Wynne. 97th: Colour-Sergeant John Egan. Sergeant Edward Barnett.
 Drummers David Dawson, Patrick Hughes. Privates James Burns, Patrick Butler, Daniel
 Wm. Manamon, Wm. Ramsden, John Regan, Timothy Tancey, Wm. Tottle, Wm. Panick,
 Wm. Sherwood, Charles Anderson. 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade: Privates Thomas Holyland,
 Frederick Weeks, Martin Wilkinson.

SEPTEMBER.

Royal Artillery: Colonel-Sergeant W. Armstrong, slightly. Sergeant J. Nowall, severely. S. Agnew, slightly. Corporal W. M'Donald, slightly. Bombardiers D. Cambridge, A. Adams, severely; G. Chambers, J. Montague, slightly. Gunners F. Holmes, J. Allen, 1st; J. Cockbark, W. M'ullen, J. Lee, J. Robinson, W. Birch, W. Hutton, S. Campkin, J. Madsen, J. Huggs, slightly. Corporals R. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, slightly. Lance-Corporal J. Lee, 1st; Braith, H. M'Kenzie, R. Randall, J. Allis, J. Bower, T. Baillie, J. Carlin, slightly. Royal Sappers and Miners: Sergeant P. Leatch, severely. Lance-Corporal J. Fulton, severely. Privates E. Lewis, D. Carswell, J. Gregory, dangerously; J. Head, severely; J. Aitchison, slightly. 17th Foot: Corporal J. Brown, slightly. Privates J. Fry, R. Stephens, J. Bourke, W. Kinnear, J. O'Brien, slightly. 20th Foot: Corporal J. Wiggins, slightly. 21st: Colour-Sergeant J. Nicholson, J. O'Brien, severely; P. Darcy, J. Larkin, J. M'Cabe, R. Johnson, J. Higginson, H. Farrant, slightly. 26th Foot: Corporal P. Fullmer, slightly. Privates R. Barry, severely; G. Cates, D. Connolly, J. Joyce, E. Rea, slightly. 21st: Colour-Sergeant W. Douglas, Corporal J. M'Auliffe, slightly. Privates T. Weldon, severely; W. Bell, M. Fahy, J. Goodwin, R. Donnelly, slightly. 46th: Private J. Wiggins, slightly. 47th: Corporal J. M'Killop, dangerously. Private J. Williamson, severely. Sergeant-Major P. White, Corporal J. Dickson, Lance-Corporal W. Hadden, Drummer J. Morrison, Privates C. Cunningham, J. Colvin, J. Wilson, C. M'Millan, W. Haynes, J. Brien, A. Mill, W. Neilson, J. Williamson, J. Hope, J. Mitchell, R. James, J. Roddis, slightly. 72nd: Corporal J. McKenzie, Privates J. Dodds, J. M'Call, P. M'Garry, W. Hall, J. Reilly, A. Stewart, J. McNeill, P. Johnston, L. Mathews, J. Cuttrill, A. Hogg, T. Chrystal, W. Sibbald, slightly. 79th: Sergeants A. McKay, dangerously; J. Anderson, slightly. Privates J. Machray (2215), G. Machray, J. Machray (2912), dangerously; J. M'Gregor, T. Dunlop, J. Cruickshanks, J. Horthwick, J. M'Ellan, J. Brenner, slightly. 93rd: Corporal J. Massie; Privates J. Cobb, J. Galloway, J. McEavie, severely; D. Macdonald, J. Macdonald, slightly. 94th: Sergeant-Major W. McCune, dangerously. Privates A. Donald, D. Jack, Henderson, slightly. 95th: Sergeants J. Whittle, W. H. Farrow, J. S. Wood, F. Holmes, J. Graham, W. Jowett, severely; T. Going, K. Holmes, J. Munro, slightly. Corporals G. W. Henley, T. Settle, J. Garmley, severely. 1. Broker, slightly. Privates H. Leivers, J. Gough, S. Fuller, B. Hackett, E. M'Ginty, T. Shaw, M. Callaghan, dangerously; J. Shorland, J. Lewis, H. Shaw, O. Curry, T. Boud, C. Garnett, R. Saville, J. Long, severely. Privates J. McEwen, J. McEwen, slightly. 2. Whitten, W. Hollis, W. Bishop, J. Tierney, H. Jackson, J. Webb, J. Clarke, S. Platt, J. Bryson, W. Sharp, J. Smith, P. M'Donough, H. Whitaker, G. Cook, H. Sweney, G. Rose, J. Parsons, severely. R. Hooton, G. Smith, S. Riding, J. Walpole, J. Rutherford, W. Kimberlin, G. Smedley, W. Jones, H. Jenkins, J. Annell, S. Adams, J. Leake, K. Anisow, G. Griffin, F. Crute, E. Rider, J. Fitzpatrick, J. Wright, slightly. 3. Quinn, F. Hughes, W. Laurence, J. Canavan, dangerously. Colour-Sergeant P. Reed, severely. Sergeants J. Reidy, T. Hagan, T. Tooley, severely. Corporal M. Londregan, severely. Privates A. Quinn (mortally), K. Hartford, M. Gill, J. M'Cusker, D. Gillespie, T. Healy, H. Coulter, W. Callaghan, C. M'Gregor, J. Linnand, P. Leary, T. Backett, J. Walker, E. Bass, P. Welch, E. Keefe, R. Turner, J. O'Connell, J. O'Connell, slightly. 4. W. Bann, A. Paul, T. Higginson, P. Clooney, P. M'Canu, J. Gardner, P. Needham, J. Green, J. Keating, W. Lee, P. Cahill, slightly.

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23rd: Sergeant-Major W. H. Smith, severely; Drum-Major E. Knight, slightly; Colour-Sergeants J. O'Neill, severely; C. Coviton, W. Handley, slightly; Sergeants W. Parkinson, C. Seymour, T. Juffroy, severely; T. Danaline, J. Dawson, slightly; Corporals J. Chadwick, T. C. G. Bickis, severely; G. James, slightly; Privates S. J. Davies, J. Williams, T. Williams, T. Lee, C. Williams, J. Keough, J. Evans, W. Nunan, P. Lourey, C. Pearman, W. Hunt, J. Moonson, I. Clarke, J. Kilroy, P. Hillen, J. Jones, W. Sparks, W. Prebble, W. White, H. Musselwhite, E. Gordon, H. Manley, R. Webb, J. Hanks, J. Reed, T. Cox, R. Dixon, H. Plant, dandy; Drum-Major J. M. Brown, severely; Sergeants J. D. M. Brown, W. L. Brown, severely; P. Corcoran, J. Brown, W. Goddard, W. Johnston, N. Bath, J. Roberts, W. Jay, N. Sesseland, W. Sheriff, T. Ashfield, T. Goodridge, T. Gerriarty, J. Abbotson, W. James, P. Cahill, C. Griffiths, J. Richardson, R. Rowlands, W. Marknam, J. Faloon, P. Blessington, H. Baker, W. Clark, W. White, E. K. Jones, slightly; Colour-Sergeant J. O'Neill, severely; Sergeants W. C. Welch, R. Brown, P. Wilmon, J. Ward, W. Weldon, G. Silvester, P. Turpin, J. James, J. Clark, E. Simpson, H. Wilton, M. Mannion, J. Kierman, R. Ford, P. Rody, A. Plummer, T. Cullen, W. Stephens, A. Morris, B. Walker, W. Slade, J. Garrett, D. Hughes, T. Hughes, T. Giles, J. Bow, A. Saunders, G. Poulton, J. Farke, K. Lamb, W. Bentley, A. Case, W. Jones, T. Beamer, J. Smith, W. Swan, E. Hore, G. Bachelor, T. Moran, slightly; 34th: Colour-Sergeants J. Harrison, severely; J. Woodcock, slightly; Sergeants G. Allis, J. Cole, severely; G. Ward, J. Rawdon, slightly; Corporals J. Swift, J. Morton, severely; A. Benford, F. Harper, slightly; Drummer J. Egan, slightly; Privates J. Emmett, M. Potter, C. G. C. Brown, severely; Sergeants J. D. M. Brown, W. L. Brown, severely; Privates H. Brooks, G. Cross, S. Lee, J. Lamb, J. Cottam, A. Logue, W. Horsman, T. Burns, F. Sherwin, J. Hague, severely; G. Cross, E. Phillips, J. Willott, S. Savoy, G. Price, J. Lee, A. Lindsey, J. Wallace, C. Hunter, D. Sullivan, T. Madden, B. Bowler, C. Cook, M. Artlett, J. Laxton, M. Brasloe, D. Moriarty, M. Fagan, F. Birch, F. McTean, M. Muirhead, slightly.

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90th: Private T. Inns; ungrateously: Colour Sergeants H. Fitzmaurice, A. Bathurst; Sergeants C. Canfor, S. Winstanley, T. Riley, J. Williams, W. Dobson; Corporals D. Hannafin, H. Hill, J. Herling, R. Broadbridge, W. Smith, J. Nicholls, H. High; Privates J. M'Keon, T. Carey, J. Goldsmith, E. O'Brien, W. Dean, A. Cook, J. Moore, J. Purvis, P. Simcox, J. Pope, H. Fong, J. Grogan, J. Ford, J. Hechele, B. Archer, J. Kelly, J. Doyle, J. Mitchell, J. Mills, J. Clements, J. Gentry, J. Boyce, M. Arday, W. Beveridge, J. McEneaney, J. B. Bitts, D. Carmagic, P. Jordan, D. Herley, E. Melbourne, W. Tierney, M. Whelan, W. Kinross, H. Smith, D. Armist, S. Caves, W. Jennings, W. Jones, W. Bridler, J. Cook, P. Fisher, P. Rogers, C. Shepherd, P. Graham, T. Coles, H. Rote, W. Balnaisfeather, J. Vine, M. Carey, D. Gogherly, J. Archer, T. Goodwin, T. Crowrick, J. Locke, J. Marshall, T. Thornady, J. Douglas, J. Naah, P. Connolly, Lomax, J. Hollinger, J. Lindo, J. English, W. Morrissey, J. McGeehan, J. Sinden, J. O'Sullivan, J. Campbell, J. O'Donnell, J. Murphy, J. Sop, T. Harber, W. William, J. Holmes, J. Granwood, J. Squire, P. Joyce, J. Whitmill, I. Turner, J. Cronan, severely: Sergeants H. Hutt, A. Moymham, K. Burge, H. Jefford; Corporals W. Salter, M. Donohue, W. Miller; Lance-Corporal W. Matlock; Privates E. Kingston, T. Marsh, J. Lawless, J. English, T. Seabright, T. Archer, B. Fuller, P. Cunningham, J. Funbar, D. M'Kenzie, J. England, J. Sumford, J. Wright, A. Scott, G. Etheridge, B. Roe, J. O'Sullivan, J. O'Shea, J. Conboy, J. Cuddaby, M. Bates, W. M'Leod, P. Farrell.

Martyr, T. Harmer, B. Allen, Corniche.

97th-Sergeant-Major J. Cusack, slightly; Col.-Sergeants P. Lawless, severely; K. Delaney, slightly. Sergeants H. Madew, dangerously; W. Scott, C. Lockett, J. Mooney, W. Newman, J. Edwards, T. Gilligan, J. Cavanagh, severely; P. Hanlan, I. H. Lee, F. Wedgeworth, slightly. Corporals M. Murphy, S. West, D. Keeler, M. O'Connell, J. Pigeon, severely; J. Fox (last), E. Kennedy, J. Kenny, J. A. Smith, J. Rags, slightly. Privates G. Fox (first), E. Lancaster, A. Smith, W. Walsh, dangerously; J. Abbott, Buxton, C. Brewer, T. Broadfoot, W. Barnes, J. Bergin, E. P. Brown, T. Higgins, P. Clark, J. Collins, J. Correll, J. Cotterill, R. Dodd, Peter Dunne, Patrick Dunne, J. Dutton, W. Driver, S. Farnham, J. Fox, P. Flannery, G. Ford, W. Fleming, T. Fitzgerald, J. Gribbon, T. Gilloy, P. Gilligan, J. Hepton, T. Hennessy, B. Holland, T. Hokey, J. Hamilton, J. Jones, J. Kilgallon, J. King, J. Lacey, W. Leary, W. Little, J. Mahony, J. McEwen, J. McCormick, W. McGrath, H. McMahon, J. M'Brierty, L. Masterton, T. Nugent, P. Nugent, Nicholson, S. Newing, P. O'Connor, J. O'Neill, G. O'Donnell, T. Pearson, W. Powell, J. Ryan, W. Summers, J. Shields, J. Sanders, G. Smith, D. Sullivan, T. Simpson, M. Jevory, W. Thomas, J. Turley, C. Thompson, J. Tyrrell, E. Whitehead, J. Wells, J. Woods, A. Kennedy, J. Kilgallon, J. Kelly, severely; J. Brown (only), B. J. Burns, Chapman, Connors, Cunningham, Dadd (2nd), Daniel Drury, E. Harris, W. Fitzgerald, G. Gillanders, T. Hallam, J. Hopkins, W. Hutchins, W. Hayhurst, J. Harris, R. Hackle, F. Isaacs, G. Jones, J. Kelly (2nd), J. Lane, E. Loyd, J. Mulhall, P. McKeeva, J. Moran, W. Morrison, G. McCarthy, E. Murphy, M. McElligott, M. Murley, J. Pearson, W. Parrin, J. Reilly, D. Sleddin, T. Smith, S. Walker, H. Williams, T. Ryan, T. Robinson, slightly. Privates T. O'Brien, J. Buchanan, dangerously; W. Lover, T. McDonald, M. Evoy, J. Smith, R. Jones, J. M'Loughlin, severely; P. Comasky, R. Dorling, W. Balmer, G. Robinson, G. Batterbee, R. Webb, W. Bunning, F. Brown, M. Doyle, W. Hull, J. Matthews, slightly. Aid Post Sergeants J. O'Shea, W. Hart, severely; F. Bowman, W. Hayes, H. Taylor, R. Taylor, J. Kelly, slightly. Corporals J. Fox, severely; J. Lynch, M. Gormby, slightly. Drummers H. Healy, G. Fitzgerald, J. O'Brien, Private T. Williams, J. King, slightly. Privates R. Barnett, J. Garvey, J. Franklyn, J. Toombs, T. Walsh, dangerously; C. Brown, W. Ireland, H. McDermott, T. Axom, J. Bates, E. Rea, J. Wade, J. Clarke, T. Collins, W. Taylor, J. Hunt, G. Hill, J. Leahy, W. Merritt, J. Fox, E. Goodridge, F. Campbell, J. J. Hall, M. O'Brien, T. Mikell, W. Thompson, W. Mikell, M. Burke, D. Tracey, J. Baron, J. Baul, M. O'Brien, slightly. Privates J. Butler, J. Gifford, J. Gibson, E. Handley, J. Hughes, J. Keel, A. Jewler, T. M'Donoghue, A. Hyland, M. A. Williams, W.

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41st Sergeant-Major J. Harris; Colour-Sergeants J. Kelly, W. Davies, Serrignans J. O'Neill, J. Cadam, J. Welland, severely; D. Jones, D. Bond, E. Gruly, P. Dunnigan, P. Jennings, J. Hynes, W. Clarke, W. Casson, slightly. Corporals S. Haro, J. Farrell, M. O'Dea, C. Evans, severely; S. Allum, P. Conlan, F. Lee, F. Dowling, slightly. Drummer T. Feilly, slightly; P. McElroy, J. Kelly, J. Fortias, J. McKeough, dangerously. Sergeants G. Grace, R. W. Reynolds, J. Flood, P. Jackson, G. Lewis, T. McGeehan, G. Gregg, J. Moloney, W. Harris, J. Hughes, T. Kelly, J. Lane, H. Glavis, T. Reilly, J. Wall, P. Starkey, M. Richardson, J. O'Malley, W. Nugent, J. Kelly, C. Martin, J. McDea, J. Carter, M. Eustace, J. Rooney, F. Levinge, J. Lyons, J. McMahon, J. Murphy, J. Sheehy, W. Clyde, J. Draper, J. Halloran, B. Donaghy, A. Feily, M. Rogan, W. Fitzgerald, G. O'Sullivan, J. O'Connell, J. Hammond, J. Langan, J. O'Brien, J. O'Connor, J. Underwood, W. Coote, T. Elliott, W. Beads, T. Johnston, R. Smith, severely; M. Klerman, G. Kingdom, M. Calman, J. Kennedy, G. Edwards, C. Graine, H. Hagran, R. Hanstan, P. Herlithy, P. Daley, J. Stones, R. Cranston, J. Roe, J. Howard, J. Jones, A. McCormick, M. Morgan, J. O'Brien, J. Perkins, P. Tremble, M. Moor, J. Allen, J. Dempsey, J. Johnson, P. Gaynor, P. J. Kelly, J. J. Kelly, J. McKenna, J. McKinnis, J. Matthews, G. Kelly, T. Underwood, M. Mahon, J. Bunj, J. Kilmarney, J. McNerry, J. Henry, C. Murray, M. Henneasy, Brown, D. Phillips, J. Harrison, W. Robb, J. Kennelly, E. Varo, O. Darling, H. Bowies, W. Dingnan, D. Connell, slightly.

47th: Corporals E. Melican, T. Cavanagh, severely; G. O'Loughlin, J. Tiley, slightly. Privates J. Douglas, J. Geraghty, T. Backus, T. Kelly, J. Ballin, severely; W. Joyes, C. Fitzpatrick, J. Lambert, P. Collins, M. Bryan, J. Kennedy, J. McGrath, E. Trussell, J. Rush, P. Rouke, J. Pearson, S. Taylor, J. Wiggins, F. Murph, P. Martin, W. Padgett, J. Smith, E. Cotterall, slightly.

49th: Sergeants M. Fry, severely; J. Gavanagh, slightly. Corporal J. Messer, slightly. Privates E. McGrath, dangerously; J. Cavanagh, J. Livock, T. Mahoney, T. Moroney, A. Mulrigh, seriously; J. O'Donnell, severely; J. Connelley, J. Mulvaney, M. McKeown, J. McKenna, D. Johnson, D. Laird, O. Lavigne, M. Kenna, J. Mulvaney, D. Meikie, P. Toner, C. Verrinder, M. Walsh, J. M'Quade, slightly.

55th: Privates J. Ashton, J. Dunn, M. Foster, G. Grant, J. M'Mahon, D. O'Leary, A. Byres, dangerously. Colour-Sergeant J. Furphy, severely. Sergeants B. Hendrick, A. Ryan, J. Mearns, severely. Colour-Sergeant J. P. Christie, slightly. Sergeants J. O'Donnell, severely; M. Walsh, severely. Privates T. Gale, J. Stone, E. Brophy, T. Osborn, J. Connolly, M. Bray, J. Weir, H. Ashworth, B. Hughes, M. Quilligan, J. Morticity, M. Boyle, T. Cronigan, C. Parsons, J. M'Kinnon, J. Carney, J. Davidson, W. Meara, H. M'Intyre, J. Boyle, M. Dasser, *alias* Dea, T. Stevenson, S. Magson, J. Lyons, T. Fleming, W. Taibot, J. Frawley, J. Murnaghan, M. Burns, J. Hillier, J. P. Doyle, J. Doyle, J. Chassey, J. M'Grady, severely. Colour-Sergeant A. M'Diarmid, D. Barrett, J. Campbell, T. Walsh, M. O'Grady, severely. Colonel-Sergeant W. Parsons, P. Pope, slightly. Sergeants C. White, J. Farren, slightly. Corporals D. Tierney, J. Buscicott, P. Foote, M. Neylan, T. Pickers, J. Halgenfield, W. Armstrong, slightly. Privates M. Kilbridge, C. Lock, W. Scorgie, J. Matthews, T. Johnston, H. Spring, L. Lennon, J. O'Sullivan, J. O'Connell, J. Whelan, J. M'Gee, J. Legg, J. Brockhurst, J. Stephenson, T. Sullivan, J. Flood, W. Carter, M. Flynn, J. O'Halloran, J. Hogan, M. Sinnott, S. Bowen, E. O'Leary, J. Hennessy, J. Flanagan, J. Geary, C. Melican, J. Elliott, J. Brannan, J. Hoare, P. Cronan, W. Herling, G. Bridges, J. Kennedy, J. Strong, W. Mahoney, W. Broughton, J. Parker,

Hopkins, M. Dillon, J. Cleary, slightly. Privates—J. Hayter, severely; J. Newman, slightly. Corporals T. Frolovo, W. Smith, severely; P. Elliott, W. Hill, W. Corbett, F. Biddlecombe, slightly. Lance-Corporal G. Stroud, slightly. Privates W. Gibbersou, J. M'Sharry, G. Fox, E. Hennessey, J. Healy, E. Short, J. Robinson, J. Taylor, severely; J. O'Connell, P. O'Donnell, P. Parry, S. Sigurd, J. Lawrie, J. Doherty, W. Bume, F. Everett, J. Nell, K. Buchanan, J. Darknell, P. Campbell, P. King, J. Morrissey, H. Dickson, J. Russell, J. Tibball, severely; J. Dunne, P. McGrain, J. Webster, severely; J. O'Brien, J. O'Connell, J. O'Donoghue, J. O'Leary, J. O'Malley, J. McGuire, E. Brown, M. Goiman, S. Hedley, J. Conroy, P. Lynch, J. Kenny, S. Dunphy, C. P. Mitford, J. Mitchem, K. Hewitt, J. Perdue, C. Mills, J. Crossley, E. Dixon, J. Robinson, G. Middleton, J. Dwyer, P. Kirby, J. Terriss, J. Day, J. Frizzle, M. Sullivan, J. Smith, slightly.

95th: Colour-Sergeant J. Woolnough, severely. Privates—W. Walker and P. Burke,

severely.

2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade: Sergeant-Major J. Waller, severely. Colour-Sergeant M. Stada, severely. Sergeants D. Cook, W. White, J. Tams, J. Scaford, severely. Corporals R. G. C. Funn, S. Wincombe, H. Warren, W. Harris, J. Cowlishaw, slightly. Buglers H. Murray, dangerously; D. McCartha, slightly. Privates W. Brown, T. McDonald, W. Hicks, T. Lewis, W. Birckett, H. Buchanan, H. T. Chapter, D. Turnstall, dangerously; G. Cox, W. Picken, M. Cook, J. Walton, R. Crosbie, J. Branning, H. Banks, J. Longland, J. Clements, C. Crawley, E. Smith, J. Johnson, F. Jones, J. Tams, J. Scaford, severely. Private J. Adams, C. Finn, S. Nicholls, T. Hunter, J. Brewster, T. Boskely, T. Banks, G. Beadle, White, G. Key, W. Graham, E. Saunders, C. Butt, J. Waldron, P. Gatton, W. Haynes, G. Moore, H. Trundell, T. Pinfold, J. Booth, R. Garner, J. Jones, W. Wilkinson, J. Parkinson, M. Mack, G. Jacobs, T. Cook, K. Clarke, H. Fancourt, T. Ward, J. Wesson, J. Asher, R. Day, J. Mack, J. Davis, A. Simpson, H. Selwick, R. Green, J. Hann, J. J. Jones, J. Carter, J. Bryant, S. Love, W. Dewden, W. Williamson, J. Alston, J. Burgess, D. Richards, W. Chapman, T. Lennard, S. Seayward, M. Eynden, slightly.

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| 8-13 | 9-13 | 10-13 | 11-13 |
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[illegible]

Total.—29 officers, 36 sergeants, 6 drummers, 314 rank and file, killed; 124 officers, 142 sergeants, 12 drummers, 1608 rank and file, wounded; 1 officer, 12 sergeants, 163 rank and file, missing.

Admiralty, Sept. 26.

Royal Albert, off Sebastopol, Sept. 15.

Sir,—The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty will have been already informed by my letters from Kerch of last June, and by my recent telegraphic messages from hence, that the Russians had annihilated their fleet in this part of the world, leaving the Allies undisputed masters of the Sea of Azoff, as well as of the Black Sea; that they had blown up and abandoned their last holds on the coast of Circassia; and that, after a gallant defence against an unparalleled siege, they had been defeated and obliged to evacuate the south side of the harbour of Sebastopol, on which are situated the naval and military arsenals, the public buildings, and the town.

2. I have now to request you to acquaint their Lordships that the enemy has not succeeded in his endeavours to destroy all the forts on the south side. Fort Paul, it is true, is literally blown to atoms, and Fort Alexander is very much damaged; but the Quarantine Fort has not suffered considerably by the explosion of the magazine, the sea-face remaining perfect, and most of the guns being fit for use, few of these being even spiked. At Fort Nicholas the preparations for blowing it up had not been completed; and, though the flames have made some havoc in the interior, the stonework appears to be uninjured, and the earthworks on the sea-defences remain in a perfect state.

3. The five docks and the adjoining basins are magnificent, and, together with the steam machinery for filling them from the Tchernaya and for pumping them out, are in excellent order; and the resources of all kinds still remaining after the enormous expenditure during the siege, showed very plainly the importance the enemy attached to having a large dépôt at the threshold of the Bosphorus.

4. The bottom of the splendid harbour is now encumbered with more than fifty sunken vessels, including eighteen sail-of-the-line and several frigates and steamers, whose menacing attitude but a short time ago materially contributed to bring on the war in which we are now engaged.

(Signed) EDMUND LYONS.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOLE.—The glorious event was celebrated with great éclat in the village of Smishy, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, on the 20th inst., the anniversary of the battle of the Alma. A splendid pavilion was erected for the festivity by Mr. W. R. Dick and Mr. R. M. Dunn; the tricolor and union-jack floated from the church pinnacles; a Sax-horn band was engaged for the occasion, one-and-twenty powerful cannons fired salutes during the day, and all the children in the village were regaled with buns and wine. The interior of the pavilion was tastefully decorated with choice flowers and evergreens, and banners; and tea was served here to a very large company. Dancing was then commenced with great spirit; and the amusements concluded with balloon ascents and a display of fireworks. The pavilion was brilliantly illuminated. The adjoining field, it may be interesting to add, was the site of the tournament so celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in his romance of "Ivanhoe."

Such is the scarcity of hop-pickers, and symptoms appearing of the plant being deteriorated, that the "crier" went round Maidstone, the other day, calling forth all disposed for such work with a promise of good pay.



BURNING OF "THE SANTA MARIA" FRIGATE IN SEBASTOPOL HARBOUR.—SKETCHED BY J. A. CROWE.

BURNING RUSSIAN VESSELS IN SEBASTOPOL HARBOUR.

THE Engraving upon the front of this Number, and the two Illustrations upon the present page, show the destruction of two of the enemy's frigates, which were terrific episodes in the fall of the great Russian fortress. The details are as follow:—

About six o'clock on the evening of the 5th inst. one of the Russian frigates was set on fire. As the flames ran up the masts, a cloud of illuminated smoke rose to a great height, and hung over the harbour, as long as the vessel continued to burn.

The constant flashing from the guns and mortars of the batteries on shore, the shells revolving, and appearing like so many shooting stars, crossing each other in their flight, as they came from opposite sides, bursting as they neared the surface again, or showing out for an instant, in dark relief, the outlines of batteries into which they fell—rockets with their long tails of fire rushing through the sky—the continued roar of the can-

nonade, and a whole fleet as spectators, made up a scene that would be a fortune to a London panorama.

(For further details of this conflagration, see our Special Correspondent's letter, at page 386.)

Two days after, about two p.m. (on the 7th inst.), the Allies fired a second frigate; there was a very strong breeze at the time from the north-west, and the flames soon enveloped the vessel and spars. The masts fell during the course of the afternoon, the light from the smouldering hull being seen all through the night.

THE LATE M. BINEAU,

EX-MINISTER OF FINANCE, AND ORIGINATOR OF LOANS BY NATIONAL SUBSCRIPTION.

M. BINEAU was born in the year 1805, in the Department of Maine et Loire. At that time the Empire had commenced, under happy auspices.

Peace and Concord were established in the interior of France, and in the exterior the genius of Napoleon conducted the *Grande Armée* against Austria. He who was destined to become one of the principal Ministers of the Napoleon dynasty heard in his cradle the songs of triumph composed in celebration of the victories of Austerlitz and Jena. A very different state of things existed when he was of an age to enter College. During the Restoration he went through a brilliant course of study, and entered the *Ecole Polytechnique*. For upwards of two years of unwearied assiduity he preserved a high rank in that institution which provided France with her best generals and statesmen. At the end of that term he joined a corps of Mining Engineers. Notwithstanding that he was continually occupied in rendering important services to the State in his official capacity, he found time to publish many excellent works. He devoted himself earnestly to the study of English railroads, and endeavoured by showing the progress which was being made in our country, to excite emulation in his. In 1840 he was made Engineer-in-Chief. The following year the electors of the department of Maine et Loire made



BURNING OF "THE SANTA MARIA" FRIGATE IN SEBASTOPOL HARBOUR.—SKETCHED BY E. A. GOODALL.



THE LATE M. BINEAU, FRENCH MINISTER OF FINANCE.

him their representative in the *Chambre des Députés*, where he placed himself under M. Thiers, among the lenient opponents of the Guizot Ministry. He was re-elected several times, and up to the Revolution of 1848 continued to occupy a seat in the *Centre Gauche*. In the Legislative Assembly he took a prominent part in the debates relative to railways, the navigation of the interior, and finance. His delivery, and his sound simple manner of "putting a case," commanded the respect even of his most obstinate opponents. Among the measures which he brought forward, and which the Government of Louis Philippe ill-advisedly adjourned to an indefinite time, may be mentioned that of *rente* reform, which M. Bineau at length put into practice himself.

During the Republic M. Bineau continued to have a voice in the councils of the nation. He was chosen a member of the *Assemblée Constituante* by upwards of a hundred and twenty thousand votes. He afterwards joined the *Assemblée Législative*. He was one of the first to espouse the cause of the Prince-President, and obtained, in 1849, the post of Minister of Public Works. But political embarrassments, however, distracted the attention of France from the excellent measures which the new Minister was anxious to introduce. The 2nd of December, however, opened out for M. Bineau a brilliant career. He was named Minister of Finance in the January of 1852, and had the honour of carrying two important bills. The first, the reduction of *rentes*, passed on the 14th of May, 1852, saved the nation an annual sum of eighteen millions of francs. Two years afterwards—in the month of March, 1854—the *Corps Législatif* voted a loan of 250 millions of francs to defray the expenses of the war in the East. M. Bineau, instead of applying to the Bank, as he was advised,

opened a national subscription. The approval of the Emperor, aided by the ability of his Minister, surmounted all the difficulties exaggerated and imagined by the advocates of banking monopoly. The plan was crowned with the most brilliant success. Ninety thousand subscribers responded at once to the appeal of the Government, and the sums raised reached in a few days double the amount which was actually required for the prosecution of the war. By this unexpected success of an undertaking which the partisans of the old system had condemned as a dangerous adventure, M. Bineau suddenly found himself a distinguished man. But fatigue, anxiety, and responsibility, which wear out the soundest constitutions,

TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO C. W. C. HUTTON, ESQ.
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

at length had their effect on M. Bineau. He was compelled, by a serious illness, to retire from the Ministry, and to decline an appointment as member of the Academy of Moral Science and politics, made by the Emperor out of respect for his talents. Death at length released him from the miseries of a sick room, depriving France of one of its most able Ministers, and the Emperor Napoleon of one of his staunchest friends.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN CAMPBELL, BART.
FROM A FAMILY PAINTING.

On the 11th September his funeral was celebrated in the beautiful church of the Madeleine with great pomp. The *Maréchal Vaillant* (Minister of War), M. Baroche (President of the *Conseil d'Etat*), M. le Comte d'Argout (Governor of the Bank of France), M. Elie de Beaumont (Inspector-General of Mines), bore the pall; while a crowd of illustrious personages gathered around the coffin. In the midst of the public rejoicings for the fall of Sebastopol, a mournful procession wended its way to the Madeleine to pay respect to the memory of a man who, to use the words of his eulogist, "while furthering the interests of the Emperor, contributed also to the prosperity of his country, and seconded, as far as was in his power, the efforts of the Allied nations."

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL SIR J. CAMPBELL, BART.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN CAMPBELL, Bart., whose Portrait we give in the present Number, fell heroically leading the attack on the Redan, on the 18th of June. He had held the command of the Fourth Division during the absence of Major-General Bentinck, and, on his return, gave it up, and was appointed to the command of a brigade in the expedition to Kertch and against Anapa. The evacuation of the latter place, rendering the proposed expedition for its reduction unnecessary, the brigade and Sir John Campbell were recalled to the head-quarters before Sebastopol, and he arrived on Saturday, the 16th June. It was proposed to form a second Highland Brigade, and give him the command; but, in the mean time the attack on the Malakoff and Redan was decided upon for the following



H.M. FLOATING BATTERY "GLATTON."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. SCOTT ARCHER.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Monday, the 18th June, and the command of part of the British attack was offered to, and gladly accepted by, Sir John Campbell.

On that eventful morning the storming party, with its reserve and support, was ready in the Quarries, under his command, anxiously but with buoyant hope awaiting the concerted signal for attack. It was given. In an instant, with their gallant General at their front, the troops, consisting of two companies of the 1st battalion Rifle Brigade and the 57th Regiment, broke cover in chivalrous style, and, with loud cheers, rushed up the natural glacis towards the Redan. No sooner were they half-way across it than the fire from the Redan and the Malakoff opened, and a murderous shower of grape and canister poured on them like a heavy storm of hail. They had believed the Malakoff was already in possession of the French, and did not expect this fire from that direction, but they advanced undismayed by the cruel decimation of their numbers, until they found themselves checked by the abattis, or chevaux-de-frise, erected in great strength on the outside of the ditch of the Redan, and which defied their attempts at destruction. Three times the devoted band was beaten back by the galling fire—three times it re-formed and led forward; but at last it was obliged to retire, and, falling back, make the best of its way to the protection of the Quarries.

A few yards from the front of the abattis were found the bodies of Sir John Campbell and Colonel Shadforth, close to each other, in the midst of a heap of killed and wounded, and Sir John Campbell was buried on Cathcart's hill, close to the quarters he had occupied all the winter. We quote the following *precis* of Sir John Campbell's eminent services from a memoir which appeared in a late number of the *Naval and Military Gazette*—

At the opening of the present war this lamented officer was appointed Brigadier-General on the Staff, and from the moment he embarked for the scene of action was ever at his post. After thirty-six years' service, through the arduous campaign of Burmah, and the changes of climate incidental to foreign quarters—from the enervating shores of the Mediterranean and West Indies to the snowy regions of North America—through the dread trial of fever at Varna, the battle of Inkerman, and the bitterness of death in the last fearful struggle, he has gone down to his grave with no other honour on his breast than the Ava medal which he won in his boyhood, and which he but lately obtained.

Sir John Campbell entered the Army as an Ensign in the 38th Regiment, in 1821, and accompanied his father, Sir Archibald Campbell, G.C.B., to India the same year—Sir Archibald (then Colonel) Campbell assuming the command of the 38th at the Cape, on his way out. In 1824, Sir Archibald being selected to command the forces sent to Burmah, his son was placed on his Staff, and, though very young, his conduct during the Burmese war elicited such frequent notice in General Orders that he received the thanks of the Governor-General in Council. Remaining in the ceded provinces till 1829, he returned to England and joined the Depot of the 38th; but on his father's appointment to the government of New Brunswick, in 1831, he was again placed on the Staff. After this he served with his regiment in the Mediterranean, West Indies, and Nova Scotia, returning from the last-named place, in command of the 38th, in 1851. He became a Major-General by a late Brevet, and was placed on the list of pensions for good service.

Sir John Campbell was born in 1807, and succeeded to his father's title and estates in 1843. In 1841 he married Helen Margaret, only child of Colonel Crow, H.E.I.C.S. The present Baronet, Archibald Ava, was born the 27th Jan., 1844. Colonel the Hon. A. A. Spencer, of the 44th Regiment, who has been reported in the list as "slightly wounded," is married to a sister of Sir John Campbell. Captain Snodgrass, Aide-de-Camp to Sir John, "severely wounded," is the only son of another sister—the widow of the late Colonel Snodgrass, 38th Regiment.

TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO MR. CHARLES W. C. HUTTON.

A NUMBER of influential shareholders in the General Screw Steam Shipping Company have recently evinced their gratitude towards Mr. Charles W. C. Hutton, by the presentation of a testimonial, consisting of a Centre-piece and Salver in massive silver. Of the former we give an engraving, with a copy of the inscription:—

Presented, with a Salver, to Charles W. C. HUTTON, Esq., by his fellow-shareholders, to testify their grateful appreciation of his arduous, untiring, and successful efforts in elucidating the financial condition of the General Screw Steam Shipping Company, and otherwise promoting its future prosperity. May, 1855.

Greatly enhancing the value of this spontaneous compliment, the plate, at the request of their committee, was presented on behalf of the subscribers by Mr. Raikes Currie, M.P.; since which, at a general meeting of the proprietary, Mr. Hutton has been unanimously re-elected an Auditor of the Company.

H.M. STEAM FLOATING-BATTERY "GLATTON."

THE inapplicability of our large ships of war for the attack of the Russian stone fortresses, and strongly-fortified harbours, has led to the construction of a large number of floating-batteries, some forty in number, which are very shortly to be launched against our powerful enemy. These vessels are built from one model, and are pierced for ten or twelve guns; except two batteries, the *Glatton* and the *Trusty*, which are pierced for sixteen guns. We have engraved the *Glatton*, built by Messrs. Green, already afloat, and which, by the latest news, reached Gibraltar on the 10th inst., on her way to the Black Sea.

We agree with the writer of a paper in the *Artisan*, that these floating-batteries are "awkward, but formidable-looking things." Their dimensions are:—

| | Feet. | Inches. |
|-----------------------------------|-------|---------|
| Length between the perpendiculars | 172 | 6 |
| Breadth extreme | 43 | 8 |
| Depth in hold | 14 | 7 |
| Draught | 7 | 9 |
| Tonnage | 1469 | tons |

The two decks (the lower one to be the fighting deck) are of 9-inch oak, resting on 10½-in. by 10½-in. beams, placed 1 ft. 9 in. apart from centre to centre, and supported in the middle by stanchions of iron hinged at the top, so as to be struck or hung up when in action. The frames, iron plates, and planking of the sides form a solid mass 2 feet thick; the iron plates outside being 4 in. thick, planed on their edges, placed close together, and bolted to the woodwork with 1½ in. bolts. The port-holes are 3 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in., and (says the *Artisan*) "look much larger than absolutely necessary, and too inviting for the aim of the enemy to give us that confidence we could wish: nor can we entertain the opinion that their decks are either shot or shell proof; and why such things as these should be completely equipped and rigged, we cannot, for the life of us, divine. The Admiralty is decidedly masting-mad."

The engines of these batteries are of 150-horse power, non-condensing, and have four tubular boilers with two furnaces in each; the boilers being of a cylindrical form, with flat ends, and capable of working up to a very high pressure. These batteries have been fitted with a screw, 6 feet diameter, in the usual place; but other two, one on each side, will now be added to give more propelling power; the shallow draught and small area of the screw, in consequence of the necessarily small diameter, rendering this addition necessary: for, with a pressure of 60 lb. to the square inch, and the engines making 130 revolutions per minute, the speed attained was but a little over three knots per hour.

The *Glatton*, Captain Arthur Cumming, and the *Meteor*, 14, Captain F. B. P. Seymour, left Falmouth on the 22nd. We gather from the letter of one of the crew of the *Glatton*, that, on her touching at Brest, some of our officers complained to the master shipwright there that they could not steer the battery, even when they were towed at 5½ knots. The shipwright replied that the French battery *Tonnant* was alike unmanageable. Until two rudders were put, one on each quarter, when she steered perfectly well. After leaving Brest a leak was discovered in the *Glatton*, aft, near the shaft. The writer of the above letter says:—"It runs in about a bucket a minute; but that is nothing to those who sail in batteries." The addition of a rudder was tried—first the after leeboard was lashed up and down the after boat's davit, to act as a quarter rudder; and this not answering well, one of the gun davits was fitted by hooking it "into the stern-post like a swinging boom to a ship's side goose-neck fastened, pieces of board being nailed on to the end, and guys taken to the after cat's heads on each quarter. The ship always carried a starboard helm, so this, roused well on and belayed, had a wonderful effect." They had fine weather across the bay until the evening of the 29th, when the cables all parted, and the ship was in a heavy swell. The steam was got up immediately, and the fires were kept banked up; she rolled in the trough of the sea, until the steam was up, going whichever way she liked; but, when the steam was up, they managed to steam along pretty fair.

The award of persons competent to form an opinion upon the merits of these Batteries, does not appear to be in their favour. A well-informed writer in the *Hampshire Advertiser*, says of the *Glatton* and *Meteor*:—

They will neither sail, steam, stay, nor steer, with satisfaction or dependence; and as quarters for a healthy ship's company, they are certain hot-beds for fever, sickness, or suffocation. Men employed in the magazines of these ships,

after working a short time, have been hauled up senseless. Ventilation is the only remedy that can do the crews any good, and this can only be obtained by the utter metamorphosis of the ships. They have no keels; and what is to prevent them from toppling over when they get their batteries on board, we cannot see.

The writer in the *Artisan* strongly protests "against masting such things as these batteries, as only offering targets to the enemy, and giving him the license to do a maximum of mischief in a minimum of time, by bringing it all down about the ears of those on board, and perhaps silencing the battery entirely, or fighting under the peril of setting fire to the wreck; not to mention the greater number of men which such a system of equipment requires; while their steam power and other assistance which they might have would surely be sufficient to carry them to the scene of their operations, and then leave them to their steam-power."

A few words may be added as to the name *Glatton*, which some of our contemporaries have oddly misprinted "Glutton." Towards the close of the last century, in 1795, nine Indiamen were purchased by the Government for war purposes, and one of these was named *Glatton* by her owner, probably from the place of the same name in Huntingdonshire. On July 15, 1796, her Majesty's ship *Glatton*, Captain Trollope, of 1256 tons, 56 guns, carrying twenty-eight 68-pounders on her lower deck, unhesitatingly engaged, single-handed, a squadron of French ships, with the loss of only two men wounded; the enemy losing 70 in killed and wounded, and a sunk frigate. The largest of the French frigates was 300 or 400 tons larger than the *Glatton*. "It is in memory of this exploit," says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, "that the Admiralty have called one of the new floating batteries the *Glatton*. May she be equally successful against the Russians."

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Sept. 30.—17th Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY, Oct. 1.—St. Remigius. Pheasant shooting begins.
TUESDAY, 2.—London University opened, 1823.
WEDNESDAY, 3.—Old St. Matthew.
THURSDAY, 4.—Sir John Rennie died, 1821.
FRIDAY, 5.—Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, born, 1717.
SATURDAY, 6.—St. Faith. Louis Philippe born, 1773.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON-BRIDGE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 6, 1855.

| Sunday. | Monday. | Tuesday. | Wednesday. | Thursday. | Friday. | Saturday. |
|---------|---------|----------|------------|-----------|---------|-----------|
| h m | h m | h m | h m | h m | h m | h m |
| 4 49 | 5 59 | 6 58 | 7 57 | 8 56 | 9 55 | 10 54 |

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SEBASTOPOL.

We have received, direct from Sebastopol, from our several CORRESPONDENTS and ARTISTS,

SPLENDID PICTURES

OF

THE STORMING AND BURNING

OF

SEBASTOPOL.

We are also informed by those gentlemen that by successive posts they will forward to us Drawings and Sketches of the INTERIOR and RUINS OF SEBASTOPOL. These, as we receive them, will appear from week to week in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. Price 5d., with a Supplement Gratis every week.

OFFICE, 198, STRAND, LONDON.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1855.

It is equally due to the gallant Englishmen whose lives have been wasted on the blood-stained Redan, and for whose want of success in their terrible task a cruelly untrue reason may be assigned, as it is to the nation which sent them forth to the struggle, that the history of that day's work should be well understood wherever the name of Sebastopol is named. We have before us the despatch of General Simpson, which was waited for so anxiously, and which so little rewarded the expectants; we have the communications of the Correspondent of this Journal, who outstripped every one of his colleagues, and supplied the first details which reached this country; and we have the letters of the gentlemen who furnish our contemporaries with information from the Crimea. After addressing ourselves to an examination and comparison of all these documents, we arrive at a conclusion which, painful as it may be, is a thousand times better than the suspicion that British soldiers failed in their duty, or that the flag of Britain received spot or stain.

As every line recording the deeds and sufferings of the victors of Sebastopol will be read with the most intense interest, it is not necessary to present here any general summary of the operation. Who in England cannot recount the story of the final day, from the first opening of that awful fire, to the yet more terrible spectacle of the flames raging and roaring over the lost city?

Assuming, therefore, that we write upon points whose connection with the history of the day is well understood, let us ask the reader to place himself, not where our heroic officers are leading their men to the assault,—not where the overpowering forces of the Russians are bearing downwards and backwards the scant numbers of their assailants; but to the trench where sits, muffled in his cloak, an English Commander, who is fast losing the most splendid opportunity that has for forty years been afforded to a British General.

The signal rockets had not yet ascended from Chapman's attack, and General Simpson was possibly considering with what phrases he should mention in his despatch what men he had selected for the service. "I determined that the Second and Light Divisions should have the honour of the assault from the circumstance of their having defended the batteries and approaches against the Redan for so many months, and from the intimate knowledge they possessed of the ground." Such was the form into which he finally threw his recital. Was there nobody, even at that eleventh hour, to point out to the General that the attack about to be made, which had been previously attempted in an unhappy hour by Lord Raglan, was against a tremendously strong fortification, and one which would not only be defended by the best troops of Russia, but one which from its construction actually gave, on mathematical principles, an overmastering power to any defenders, and one which could only be confronted by almost preternatural valour in the assailants? Was there no one to remind him, next, that the very reason he assigned for selecting these particular divisions for this heroic achievement, was that which should have exempted them from it—namely, the long and severe service, which had in great part sacrificed their original material, and substituted raw recruits for veteran soldiers? Did his eye never glance to his "reserve"—those terrible Highlanders, who never failed in an onslaught while enough of them survived to raise the Highland cry—and did it not occur to him that to those indomitable soldiers, and not to unskilful and inexperienced recruits, should be committed the honour of England? It would seem not;—for up flew the tricolor on the Russian parapet—up soared the signal rockets, and the British stormers rushed to their death.

Their intimate knowledge of the ground was the reason for their selection. In five minutes two hideous tests proved the rottenness of this excuse for a fatal blunder. Our own Correspondent says:—"The distance our men had to cover, when they issued from the advanced trenches, was much greater than all had expected. It measured 287 paces, along every inch of which they were assailed by a heavy fire of musketry." The *Times* Correspondent bears out this statement, remarking, also, upon the proximity to which the French had worked their attack, so that they almost sprang, at a bound, upon the enemy, while we had this fearful distance to traverse. But our men rushed on to the ditch, and their "intimate knowledge of the ground" was again shown. "It was not very wide," but they had not known how wide; their ladders were too short, and they were obliged to descend the fifteen feet and scramble up on the other side.

There is no need to dwell on the sad, yet glorious story. The Redan was gallantly and nobly won. Even these raw recruits, supported by some veteran comrades, and led by officers whose heroism has scarcely been equalled and never surpassed in history, seized the Redan. Crowds of Russians hurried up, and opened a merciless fire upon the English, who were slaughtered rapidly, but did not think of flying, though amid the bewildering terrors of the fight, and with leaders with whose persons many of them have hardly had time to become acquainted, they did not make that one desperate charge which older soldiers would have dared, and which might have saved the day. They fell on all sides; but a reinforcement—such as at that instant the French were hurrying up to their own stormers—would have secured the victory. Messenger after messenger was dispatched for help; each was wounded: but where was the eye that should have been upon the fray and rendered messengers needless? Where was the military instinct—where was the common sense, that should have told a General that 1500 men could not hold their own against the overwhelming thousands who had been brought against them? No supports were sent, or only a few "driblets," that straggled up, and added to the confusion and carnage. Finally, the noble Colonel Windham extricated himself from the *mêlée*, and miraculously escaped to demand succour. The answer of General Codrington was, "Do you think you really can do anything with such supports as I can afford?" Hastily taking what was thus reluctantly offered, Colonel Windham hurried to the aid of his men; but it was too late. The Russians had forced them from the Redan. They were slaughtered, crushed, mutilated; a few only escaping under cover of our fire. Thus the Redan was lost!

But Englishmen were wont never to be beaten, or never to know that they were so. Where was the reserve, to dash upon the exulting Russians, and regain the honours of the day? General Simpson did not send it, as "the trenches were, subsequently to this attack, so crowded with troops, that I was unable to organise a second assault." The Duke of Wellington declared that if 30,000 soldiers were placed in Hyde-park, he did not believe there were twenty officers in our army who could take them out of it. General Simpson evidently is not one of the possible twenty. By his own showing he could not clear his trenches for a necessary assault.

Is it necessary to state in terms the conclusion at which we, in common with all who read the despatches from the Crimea, must arrive? There is neither spot nor stain on the flag of England, and no breath of suspicion must tarnish the renown of her devoted soldiers. They went to their death,—fought gallantly, and died like heroes. The deeds of such gallant men as Colonel Windham make the hearts of Englishmen glow with pride and affection; and if they do not atone for the errors of such evidently incompetent men as General Simpson, they prove that if younger officers had but a chance, the honour of England need fear no stain. Of the Commander whose culpable blunder selected the untried ranks for the most perilous service; whose still more grievous error or negligence left them to be slaughtered, unaided, upon the lost Redan and in its bloody ditch; and whose self-confessed unskilfulness forbade him to avenge their deaths and regain their conquest, what further shall we say? While we write we are compelled to call him

Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's Army in the Crimea; but we trust the telegraphic wires will speedily convey a message to intrust the command to other hands.

A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING is to be offered up to-morrow in all the churches of the kingdom, for the signal success which, under the blessing of Almighty God, has befallen the arms of the Allies, in the just and necessary war which they have been reluctantly compelled to wage against the Emperor of Russia. Our country is not like France and Sardinia, in which there is but one form of Christianity. Amongst us all forms and kinds of dissent are not only tolerated, but stand upon a perfect equality before the law. It is, therefore, competent for any body of Christians, or others, amongst us to refuse to join in the solemn act of National Prayer and Thanksgiving in which the members of the Established Churches of England and Scotland will think it their high duty and privilege, not only as sincere Christians, but as true patriots, to participate. But we do not imagine that any sect amongst us will stand aloof on this occasion. The great war in which the country is engaged is a war that appeals to no sectarianism; but is based upon the fundamental principle of all religion—the support of the inoffensive weak against the invading strong; of the rights of humanity against usurping spoliation; and of the independence of nations against the force and the machinations of a Power that has broken all laws, divine and human, for the attainment of its selfish and unjustifiable objects. One Protestant and two Roman Catholic countries are leagued with a Mahometan State, against a nation of Greek schismatics—not on a doctrinal question of religion—but on a broad question of international right and justice. The British people—with a unanimity never before witnessed either in war or in peace—have supported, and will continue to support, the struggle, with all the energy and resources of the nation. In this Thanksgiving to the Great Disposer of Events for the success that has so far attended their efforts and those of their allies, they will forget for once the minor differences of religious opinion that continue to separate them, and join with fervent piety—each in their own form of worship—in the solemn Thanksgiving which the Queen has enjoined upon the Churches of England and Scotland, and recommended by her and their example to all other religious bodies within her realms. Thanksgivings have often been rendered to Heaven for success in a bad cause. No feeling of this kind will diminish the moral beauty of the spectacle which the country will exhibit to-morrow. The prayers which will then ascend to the Throne of Grace, will be prayers unsullied by any selfish consideration. Great Britain has no objects to serve in the war but those of Right, and can gain nothing by it but the triumph of Civilisation—and consequently of Peace. It is for Peace that they have taken up arms, and the people may hope—with the continued blessing of Heaven upon their arms—that Peace will in due time issue from the conflict, and be no more broken in the days of this generation.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

APPOINTMENTS.—*Rectories:* The Rev. W. Hazel, to St. Peter's, Wallingford; the Rev. T. W. Goodlake, to Broughton Poggs-cum-Filkins, Oxfordshire; the Rev. C. Lowndes, to Hartwell, with Little Hampden, Bucks; the Rev. H. H. Woods, to Tidmarsh, Berkshire; the Rev. Joseph Baker, to Neen Sollars, near Tenbury. *Vicarages:* The Rev. J. H. Milne, to Thatcham, with Greenham and Midgham, Berkshire; the Rev. R. E. Hollinsed, to North Moreton, Berkshire; the Rev. H. L. Dodds, to Stretton Magna, near Leicester. *Incumbencies:* The Rev. J. Taylor, to St. John's-in-the-Vale, Keswick; the Rev. D. Thomas, to Penmachno, Carnarvonshire.

IRON CHURCHES.—To-morrow, the 30th inst., the Iron Church erected in the Vinegar grounds at Kensington will be opened by Archdeacon Sinclair. It is handsomely fitted up for the accommodation of 800 persons, and is the first sacred edifice of this material put up in the metropolis. The arrangement is that ss. a year shall be paid for each sitting to the contractors, Messrs. Hemming and Co. of the Clift Iron-works, Bow.

PRUSSIA AND THE REPORTED NEGOTIATIONS.—The *New Prussian Gazette* states that it can announce with certainty that the statement made by the *Independence Belge*, as to the Cabinet of Berlin having demanded of the Western Powers to resume negotiations, is not true. The statement had previously been contradicted, but was on Monday repeated by the *Belgian Journal* in the most absolute manner. The point is one on which the *New Prussian Gazette* is likely to be peculiarly well informed; but on Tuesday the *Independence* returns to the charge, to declare that its original statement was strictly accurate, and that whoever believes he may contradict it is misled.

THE NEW SEBASTOPOL.—Nicolaiëff will be the main spot at which the administration of the Black Sea will continue to be concentrated, as at present it is. People begin to see now that Sebastopol, on account of the difficulty of communication with the mainland, was by far too advanced a post for the maritime power of Russia, the defence of which becomes very difficult from the moment that the fleet is compelled to inactivity. It is reserved for the Emperor Alexander to give a fresh development to the Russian navy in the Black Sea. It is understood to be the intention of Government henceforth to build none but steam-ships of war, of all sizes, up to 131 guns, like the *Wellington*. A vessel of this description (war steamer) will be first built at Nicolaiëff this year; in addition to this class of vessel, light vessels of a single row of guns and floating blockhouses for the defence of the coast are to be looked on for the future as an indispensable constituent of the navy.—*Letter from St. Petersburg.*

THE ZOUAVE AND HIS CAT.—The *Gazette de Lyon* of the 19th, states that, among the numerous wounded soldiers just arrived there, a soldier of the 2nd Zouaves excited particular attention. He was dressed in a republican hat, with a plume, a frock-coat buttoned up to the chin, and had with him a cat minus one leg. It appears that he was performing a character at the French theatre before Sebastopol, when the drum beat to arms. Without having time to don his theatrical costume, he was soon in the trenches, where he lost one arm from the splinter of a shell, and had his right ear carried away by a musket ball; his cat, which remained during the engagement on his shoulder, losing its paw at the same time. Even in the hospital he would never part from his cat, which has come with him to France, where the Zouave figures in the same dress that he wore when the alarm was given.

THE INTERIOR OF THE REDAN.—My first entry into the interior, on the morning after its abandonment, was made by a bridge of broken fascines and gabions laid hastily over the dead bodies that had just been gathered into the ditch for burial, which has since been done by levelling over them a portion of the parapet above. The ghastly piles nearly filled the vast trench to a level with the outer surface, and the thin covering of earth which now conceals them from view barely falls below the summit of the low bank in front. What first struck me in passing up the cut made by our sappers through the broad parapet was the unusual solidity and strength of this last, averaging thirty or thirty-five feet along its entire front. On such a solid mass of gabions, fascines, sand-bags, and earth, I need hardly say that artillery of even the heaviest calibre could have no sensible effect: sixty-eight or ninety-eight pound shot might enter, but they could not penetrate. Compared with this massive structure of mud and wickerwork, the thickest of our own or the French works is as paper to a deal board. Then within, besides the great superiority of their mantlets, strong ropes curtains hung across the embrasures to shelter the gunners from the besiegers' riflemen. You saw the cover provided for their artillerymen when not actually working the guns, in little retreats proof against any but the very heaviest splinters of shell. But there, again, are nothing when compared with the shot and shell proof chambers for the shelter of larger bodies of troops, which abound throughout the work. I dived into several of these half subterranean waiting-rooms, and found many of them fitted up with fireplaces, cooking conveniences, benches, and other suitable furniture; whilst in others of smaller dimensions, and which had evidently been occupied by the officers, there were in addition beds, chests, chairs, tables, and in some even handsomely glazed cupboards, containing empty wine-bottles, and other traces of their occupants' regard for creature comforts. On a shelf in one of them I lighted on a cheap Faringdon-street reprint of "Paul Clifford," and an old copy of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—the latter with sundry engravings of scenes from the siege.—*Daily News Correspondent.*

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS TAKEN DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, SEPT. 27.

| Month and Day. | Corrected Reading of Barometer at 9 A.M. | Thermometer. | | Mean Temperature of the Day. | Departure of Temperature from Average. | Degree of Humidity. | Direction of Wind. | Rain in Inches. |
|----------------|--|------------------|-----------------|------------------------------|--|---------------------|--------------------|-----------------|
| | | Highest Reading. | Lowest Reading. | | | | | |
| Sept. 21 | 30.256 | 73.2 | 45.1 | 58.5 | + 3.1 | 91 | W. | 0.00 |
| " 22 | 30.272 | 74.6 | 45.2 | 58.2 | + 3.0 | 85 | E.N.E. | 0.00 |
| " 23 | 30.230 | 77.9 | 47.5 | 63.9 | + 8.9 | 75 | N.E. | 0.00 |
| " 24 | 30.423 | 65.2 | 43.2 | 54.0 | — 0.8 | 77 | N.E. | 0.00 |
| " 25 | 30.431 | 67.2 | 45.2 | 54.6 | — 0.1 | 72 | E.S.E. | 0.00 |
| " 26 | 30.220 | 65.7 | 33.3 | 49.0 | — 5.1 | 76 | N.E. | 0.00 |
| " 27 | 29.932 | 72.2 | 29.7 | 49.6 | — 4.6 | 83 | — | 0.00 |

Note.—The sign + denotes above the average and the sign — below the average. The numbers in the seventh column are calculated on the supposition that the saturation of the air is represented by 100.

The reading of the barometer has varied during the week from 30.43 inches on the 25th, to 29.82 inches on the 27th. The mean for the week, at the height of eighty-two feet above the level of the sea, was 30.22 inches.

The mean temperature of the week was 55.4°—being 0.6° above the average of the corresponding week during thirty-eight years.

The range of temperature during the week was 48.2°—being the difference between the highest reading of the thermometer, 77.9°, on the 23rd; and the lowest, 29.7°, on the 27th.

The mean daily range of temperature during the week was 29.0°.

The weather during the week was fine and clear, the sky being almost wholly free from cloud. Fog was prevalent during the morning of the 27th.

Lewisham, 28th September, 1855.

JAMES GLAISHER.

HEALTH OF LONDON.—During the week ending last Saturday the births of 1658 children were registered in London: of these, 841 were boys and 817 girls—exceeding their averages of the ten preceding years by 148 and 149 respectively. The number of deaths during the week was 981 (viz., 466 males and 465 females)—a number which indicates a satisfactory condition of the public health, and is a decrease of about 100 on each of the three previous weeks. To diseases of the zymotic class 253 deaths are attributed—of these 72 are due to diarrhoea, 50 to scarlatina, 16 to hooping-cough, and 11 to small-pox; to diseases of the tubercular class, 158—of these 115 are due to consumption; to diseases of the heart, 48; to diseases of the respiratory organs, 88; to diseases of the digestive organs, 55; to diseases of the brain, nerves, &c., 100—of these 31 were caused by convulsions, and 24 by apoplexy; and to violence, cold, privation, and intemperance, 25 deaths are referred.

THE SUNDAY BEER BILL AND THE DEFENCE ASSOCIATION.—A dinner was given on Wednesday night at Highbury Barn, by the Licensed Victuallers' Metropolitan and Provincial Defence Association, to celebrate their first anniversary, and to commemorate the passing of the new Sunday Beer Bill. The large room of Highbury Barn was literally crowded with guests, many of whom were ladies in ball costume, a notice having been given that when the dinner was over the tables would be removed and dancing would commence. Between 600 and 700 persons sat down to dinner. There were, amongst others, the Hon. F. H. Berkeley, M.P., who occupied the chair; Mr. Cobbett, M.P., Mr. Brady, M.P., Mr. Wakley, Mr. D. W. Harvey, and a number of gentlemen forming deputations from various parts of the country. After the usual loyal toasts, Mr. Cobbett, M.P., in proposing the health of her Majesty's Ministers, who had given every facility for the passing of the Sunday Beer Bill, said the name of Lord Palmerston was, of course, particularly included. Lord Palmerston was not responsible for the present war, which was the work of his predecessors, but he had shown spirit and consistency in carrying it on, and, he trusted, would conduct it to a termination which would be for the interests of England and of Europe. The company was afterwards addressed by Mr. Wakley, the Hon. F. Berkeley, and other gentlemen.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM ASSOCIATION.—The committee of this association are actively engaged in making the necessary arrangements, through their agents, for the holding of sectional meetings in the city, metropolis, and the principal towns throughout the country, in furtherance of the objects of the association, previous to the expected re-assembling of Parliament.

THE VICTORIA-PARK ENCROACHMENTS.—On Monday morning notices were posted round the eastern parts of London, convening a meeting in Bishop Bonner's-fields, Bethnal-green, on Sunday afternoon next (to-morrow), at two o'clock, for the purpose of considering the question relative to the threatened encroachments upon the ornamental portion of Victoria-park. A meeting was called for Sunday last, and a great number of respectable inhabitants assembled in the inclosure of the Park, but the proceedings were interrupted by one of the constables. A demonstration is threatened to-morrow, and a large body of police has been ordered to be in attendance.

DR. ARTHUR HILL HASSALL is a candidate for the appointment of Health Officer for the City of London.

MR. DISRAELI AT AYLESBURY.—The annual meeting of the Royal Bucks Agricultural Society was held at Aylesbury on Wednesday. Mr. Disraeli was one of the guests, but he did not make any political use of the occasion, his speech being simply a dissertation upon agricultural societies in general.

A TESTIMONIAL TO MR. SAMUEL COURTAULD, in recognition of his services in the memorable Baintree church-rate contest, was presented on Tuesday at that town.

ROLVENDEN, KENT.—On the arrival of the news of the fall of Sebastopol in the rural village of Rolvenden, on Tuesday afternoon, the inhabitants, on their return home from the hop-gardens, collected all the fowling-pieces they could get together and fired repeated *feu-de-joie*, amidst cheers for the Queen and Army, a merry peal of bells, and a shower of rockets.

RAILWAY ROBBERY.—In the notice of the robbery at the Huddersfield Railway Station, in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of last week, the locks were erroneously stated to be "Chubb's Patent;" whereas, on examination, they have proved to be merely locks of a common and insecure description.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.—Close to the railway, half-way between the Col de Balacava and Kadikoi, Mrs. Seacole, formerly of Kingston and several other parts of the world, such as Panama and Chagres, has pitched her abode—an iron storehouse, with wooden sheds and outlying tributaries, and here she doctors and cures all manner of men with extraordinary success. She is always in attendance near the battle-field to aid the wounded, and has earned many a poor fellow's blessing.—*Letter from the Camp.*

EQUALISATION OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, AND COINS.—A meeting took place on Monday in the Palais de l'Industrie, on the proposal to equalise weights, measures, and coins, all over the civilised world. Baron James Rothschild was called to the chair. Lord Ebrington explained the object of the meeting, after which the chairman proceeded to state that the Exhibition had shown, in a striking way, the inconvenience attending differences of modes of calculation for the products of various countries, and the great advantages that would necessarily follow the adoption all over the world of uniform standards of value. France had cleared the way for such reform by her system of decimalisation, which was found to work exceedingly well. An animated conversation took place, not on the subject of the principle under consideration, which was unanimously admitted, but as to the mode of application—some thinking that the proposed reform ought to begin with an assimilation of currency, while others contended that it would be better to commence with weights and measures, as the French themselves had done. The Government began by decimalising measures, and then applying the principle to weights before they touched the coin, and by this means avoided giving a shock to established habits and prejudices. The question being put from the chair, the majority pronounced in favour of following the French example. It was then agreed that an association should be formed for the purpose of effecting a general assimilation of measures, weights, and money.

The Municipality of Leipzig has voted 2000 thalers (7500*l.*) for celebrating the jubilee of the establishment of religious peace at Augsburg in 1555.

M. Maelzel, the maker of several hundred automata, lately expired at Vienna. His Panharmonicon, composed of an orchestra of 42 automaton musicians, who executed with perfect precision the overtures of "Don Giovanni," of Mozart; of "Iphigénie en Aulide," of Gluck; and of the "Vestale," of Spontini; as well as a number of airs from various operas, was long exhibited in the principal cities of Europe.

The Hull Tuesday Reporter, one of the recently established penny newspapers, expired suddenly a few days ago, after entailing some loss upon the proprietors.

A boy aged fourteen has committed suicide in Birmingham Gaol by hanging himself. He was a mischievous unruly inmate, and had been threatened with punishment.

The valuable library of the Marquis Campana, at Rome, has been enriched with a precious engraving of the Divine Comedy of Dante, executed in 1484, at Venice, by Ottaviano Scoto of Monza. On the margin are passages taken from the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio" of Dante, in the undoubted handwriting of Galileo.

Miss Burdett Coutts is passing the season in the south of France, and is likely to remain absent from England some months.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty and the Prince, with the youthful members of the Royal family, continue to enjoy excellent health amid the mountains of their Highland home. His Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia remains the guest of the Queen, and accompanies her Majesty and the Prince Consort on the excursions which the late fine weather has enabled them to make almost daily in the vicinity of Balmoral.

On Tuesday se'nnight the Queen, with his Royal Highness the Prince, her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, and his Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia, drove to Birkhall, and from thence to the Lynn of Dee. Her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses mounted their ponies at the Ford of Inchbobart, and rode to Balmoral.

On Wednesday her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, and attended by Viscountess Canning, rode out on horseback. His Royal Highness the Prince, and Prince Frederick William of Prussia, went to the hill for deer. Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson, of Invercauld, had the honour of dining with her Majesty.

On Thursday the Queen, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, and by his Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia, drove to Corriemulzie, and thence to the Lynn of Quoich, returning home by Invercauld, where her Majesty honoured Mrs. Farquharson with a visit. Lady Agnes Duff, with Lady Duff, received her Majesty at Corriemulzie. The Duke of Argyll arrived to-day to relieve the Earl Granville as Minister in attendance upon the Queen.

On Friday her Majesty, with his Royal Highness the Prince, and his Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia, walked out in the neighbourhood of the Castle. Dr. Sutherland, the Chief Commissioner for making inquiries into the sanitary condition of the troops in the Crimea, had the honour of joining the royal dinner party in the evening.

On Saturday the Queen and his Royal Highness the Prince, with their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and Prince Frederick William of Prussia, drove to the Alt-na-Guissach, and rode thence on horseback to Loch Muick and the Dnu Loch.

On Monday last her Majesty held a Privy Council at Balmoral. His Royal Highness the Prince, the Lord President of the Council, the Duke of Argyll, and Viscount Canning, were present. On the same day her Majesty, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince, the Princess Royal, and Prince Frederick William of Prussia, drove out in the afternoon round Craig Cluny, returning by the north side of the Dee. Major the Hon. L. Curzon arrived with despatches from General Simpson, and had the honour of an audience with her Majesty.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has returned to town from visiting the Duke and Duchess of Richmond at Gordon Castle, N.B.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary are about to leave Kew on a tour of visits in the provinces.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Orleans, the Count de Paris, and the Duke de Chartres, have recently joined the ex-Queen Amelie, and the members of the ex-Royal family of France, at Claremont, from Germany.

Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston will not leave town for any lengthened period this season. The noble Viscount and Viscountess entertained the Ambassador of France and a select party at dinner on Wednesday evening.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

Upon the two ensuing pages we engrave three Illustrations—1. The retreat of the Russians from the burning town of Sebastopol; and, 2 and 3, the destruction of two of the most important forts. These incidents are minutely described in the letters of our Special Correspondent. We here give the details by the artists of the respective sketches:—

EVACUATION OF THE SOUTH SIDE OF SEBASTOPOL BY THE RUSSIANS.

At daylight on Sunday morning, Sept. 9, 1855, the Russians were seen to be in full retreat, crossing in a continued stream by their bridge to the north side; they had sunk their ships—the masts of which were sticking above water, one large line-of-battle ship had not quite gone down, but lay with her poop high out of the water. Before leaving, the Russians had set fire to the forts and buildings behind them, and the smoke had risen and formed into a dense mass of cloud over the harbour. The morning was calm, with a light air from S.E., which brought off with it a disagreeable smell from the burning town.

The Russians effected their passage across in the most orderly manner, Fort Constantine and the batteries on the north side firing from time to time. By about eight o'clock (a.m.) they appeared to have all got over, and soon after they removed the bridge. The smoke prevented our seeing the batteries of the Allies, but from the shot falling into the water it was evident that the enemy were not going over without serious interruption. It should be mentioned that they had not destroyed their steamers, some of which were actively employed in assisting the retreat.

At about eleven o'clock a boat went over, and some men from her set fire to the poop of the two-decker (which was sunk near the south side), and it afterwards burnt right down to the water.

Throughout the day the whole presented a grand and constantly changing spectacle, which it was almost impossible to turn from for a moment. The weather being only partially cloudy, bursts of sunshine at times came out, lighting up some portions, leaving others indistinct and in shade, producing the most striking and scenic appearances; constant explosions taking place; one of the grandest of these being the blowing up of Fort St. Paul,—the masses of stone being thrown from it to a great distance across the harbour; this single explosion reducing in a moment the whole of the massive building to a heap of rubbish.

DESTRUCTION OF FORTS PAUL AND ALEXANDER.

On Saturday, 8th September, the assault was given at half-past twelve. The Russians opened fire from Fort Constantine, the batteries extending along the north shore, inside the Fort, the line-of-battle ships moored across the mouth of the harbour, and the steamers. At twenty minutes past one, the French flag was seen upon the redoubted Malakoff, where, amid storms of shot, shell, and Minie bullets, it continued to wave. Once it disappeared for a while, but some daring spirit planted it again, and the *Hambal* confirmed the good news by a signal, "the French flag is on the Malakoff." We plainly saw the English charge into the Redan. Back they came in still unbroken wave. They rallied—formed under a small hillock, charged again and again; at last, success rewarded their determined valour, and they established themselves in the Redan, almost at the same moment that saw our brave Allies in possession of the Malakoff. From point to point, from hill to hill, flashed and roared the guns. The mortar-vessels in Streitzka Creek played on Forts Alexander and Nicholas, sometimes dropping a shell as far as the Russian ships. At four o'clock the sheers was observed on fire; the Malakoff, too, was clothed in flame, which burnt more lurid as night drew near. Around these fiery centres were seen twinkling, like thousands of bright stars, the rapid discharges of musketry. Extending lower down, in the direction of the dockyard buildings, this fusillade appeared to be as rapidly and vigorously returned; proving that the Allies were in the town, and stoutly fighting to drive out the Russians. It was a fearful hand-to-hand struggle, mid flame and smoke and storm and darkness. When morning broke the large ships had disappeared; the Russians had sunk them as they lay. They were employed bringing their wounded people across the bridge of boats; one or two steamers then came to destroy this bridge, leaving the great Fort Alexander in flames, with its two hundred guns. After this, the steamers, six in number, crossed over to the northern shore, ranged themselves inside Fort Constantine, under protection of its guns, and those of the powerful batteries beside and beyond it, keeping their steam up. At ten o'clock, the telegraph informed the Admiral that the French were in the Malakoff, the English in the Redan, Garden Batteries and Dockyard buildings, and that the enemy was running away in the direction of Mackenzie's Farm.

A Russian officer of Engineers was taken prisoner at the Malakoff: he told his captors they need give themselves no further trouble, for as soon as the Malakoff was taken, the Russians would offer no further opposition: he was right, the south side contained no live Russians; it was on fire, and frequent terrific explosions were seen and heard. At eleven o'clock a flag of truce appeared on the top of Fort Constantine, and a boat came out with a flag of truce at her bow. Two French boats pulled in to meet her; a parley was held, which lasted about eight minutes; the boats returned, and the white flag was hauled down.

During the whole of Saturday it was blowing a gale, with a very heavy sea running from the north-west. The Admiral had all ready for going in—carpets up, things packed up and sent below—but it would have been madness to weigh in such weather. Few of the best steamers could have stemmed the wind and sea, and several ships must have been risked or lost on a dead lee shore. Even had they gone in they would not have effected any thing in saving the lives of the Allied troops; they might have injured the ships, which the Russians themselves sunk in the night time. The whole town is on fire, and every hour is marked by some tremendous explosion, shaking even our ships and spreading out its dark feathery masses, dotted with lighter patches from bursting shells into the lurid air.



RUSSIAN STEAMERS.

FORT CONSTANTINE COVERING RETREAT. STEAMERS ASSISTING RETREAT. SUNKEN FRIGATE.

LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP SUNK. FORT PAUL (BLOWN UP ABOUT 5.30 P.M.).

FORT NICHOLAS.

PORT ALEXANDER.

QUARANTINE.

SEBASTOPOL. SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 9.—THE RUSSIANS RETREATING OVER THEIR BRIDGE—VESSELS SUNK, AND THE TOWN AND FORTS IN FLAMES.—SKETCHED FROM H.M.S. "ST. JEAN D'ACRE," BY O. W. BRIERLY.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

(Continued from Supplement, page 367.)
(From our Artist and Special Correspondent.)

RUSSIAN STEAMERS. FORT CONSTANTINE COVERING RETREAT. STEAMERS ASSISTING RETREAT. SUNKEN FRIGATE. LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP SUNK. FORT PAUL (BLOWN UP ABOUT 5.30 P.M.). FORT NICHOLAS. PORT ALEXANDER. QUARANTINE.

against the Central Bastion and the Flagstaff Redoubt on the western side of Sebastopol. Had all these attacks been simultaneous, success would probably have crowned the efforts of the Allies on more than one point, and the French might have established a firm footing on the west, whilst we effected a lodgment on the Redan. The operations were not undertaken simultaneously, perhaps because the Commanders were unwilling to risk the loss of life consequent upon failure, had we been repulsed at all points. The Malakoff was therefore stormed first, and the attacks on other points undertaken after. The consequence was that time was given to the Russians to make preparations, which rendered their resistance effectual on all but the first point, spiritedly carried and maintained by the French.

My last letter was interrupted somewhat suddenly by the close of the

mail, and I was unable to complete the narrative of all the incidents of the 8th. The failure of the French storm of the Central Bastion remains therefore to be recorded. The columns, concentrated in close proximity to the work, were formed at an early part of the day; but the signal to storm was not given till two o'clock in the afternoon. The enemy had an imposing force, concentrated in expectation of the attack, as the fierce bombardment, kept up by for sixty-two hours on the left on the French, had led him to anticipate the most powerful assault there. In consequence of this 20,000 men were moved to that point; while the defences on the proper left of the position were made good by draughting the 14th Division into the town. The storming parties of the French rushed firmly on to the assault, and effected a lodgment in the Central Bastion

after a short and spirited combat. The Russians were either killed or driven out, and left the work in the hands of the stormers; but this success was momentary. Heavy masses were speedily advanced to the front, which engaged the assaulting party with all the advantage of freshness. The contest then assumed a close and deadly aspect, and the French, overpowered by a downpour of missiles of every description, were forced to draw back in the same way as our stormers had retired from the Redan. A short time elapsed, and the red forms of our allies were observed falling back over the parapets of the Central Bastion, jumping down into the ditch, and scrambling up the counterescarp. A momentary panic was then visible, in the midst of which the French General in command (whose name I regret to be unable to record) rallied his men in the most gallant

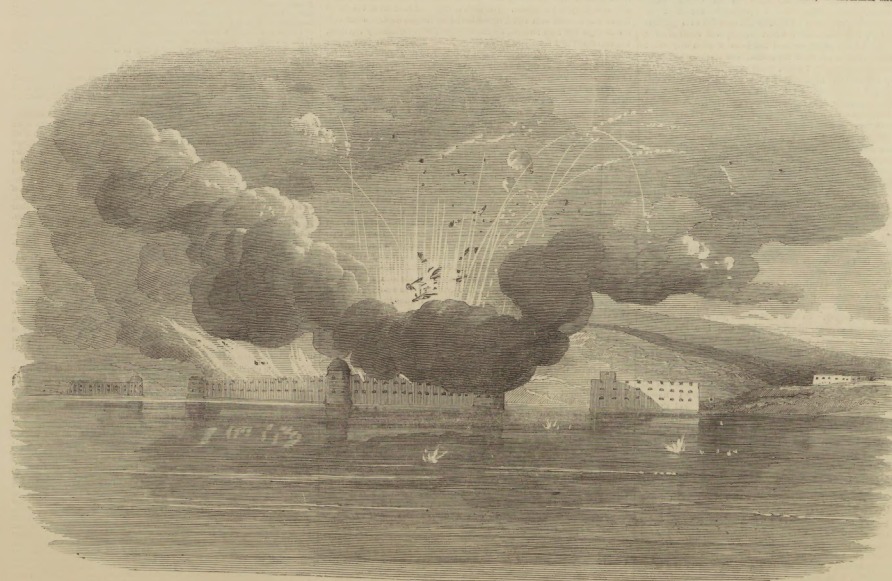
manner, and led them a second time to the assault. This second effort was apparently as irresistible as the first, and the stormers again made their way into the body of the work, notwithstanding prodigious efforts on the part of the Russians. Another struggle in the bastion followed, and, fresh supports coming up to the enemy, the French again wavered, and, falling in ammunition, assailed by stones, cold grape, and pickaxes, they were finally forced out of the work, and the Russians left masters of the field. This was the only action fought on the western side of Sebastopol, the attack on the Flagstaff Bastion having been abandoned after the failure of that on the Central Redoubt.

One grand result compensated the Allies for the carnage which had marked the operations of the day. The Malakoff taken, gave us such a

hold over the remainder of the town, that it was obvious the Russians could not remain there. The movements of the French Generals on this successful point were vigorous and decisive. They turned not only the first, but also the second line of the Russian defence, exposing the rear of the Redan to a sweeping fire, which was immediately opened from the Malakoff with the guns captured in the place, and those which had been dragged into the redoubt in rear of the stormers. At sunset every disposition had been made to maintain the advantages obtained, and a dropping fire from the Russians in the Karabelnia suburb alone told where isolated contents showed the despairing energies of the beleaguered pitted against the persevering efforts of the besiegers. Gradually, as the gloom of night spread its dark mantle over the town, a mournful silence suc-



SEBASTOPOL, SEPTEMBER 9.—FORT ALEXANDER ON FIRE.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



SEBASTOPOL, SEPTEMBER 9.—THE BLOWING UP OF FORT PAUL.—(SEE PAGE 375.)

ceeded to the roar of battle, and songs of victory alone broke the stillness of the atmosphere as the wind moaned amongst the innumerable tents of the Allied Camps, and swiftly drove heavy lowering clouds over the dark grey of the sky. The crowds which had assembled on the hills, hovering round and swooping at times upon the wayworn soldiers who straggled from the field to give the details of the victory, gradually thinned and disappeared. A hum as of masses moving through Sebastopol was then heard, and presently portentous clouds of smoke were seen to issue from the houses which lay clustered along the sides of the harbour. From the base of the columns of smoke flames then began to issue, and as midnight came, glaring masses of flame burst out from the town and proclaimed the Russians vanquished and retreating. Undisturbed in their work of destruction, the enemy were allowed to proceed; and as the forked fire illuminated the horizon, spreading from house to house and obscuring the sky with dense masses of smoke and vapour, a few belated spectators witnessed the scene of a burning city destroyed by its defenders. The flames spread rapidly from street to street, and the stillness of the night, and the howling of the elements, was broken by a series of terrible explosions, which startled the echoes of the surrounding hills, shaking the ground for miles and casting up burning fragments from the earth high into the air as forts and redoubts were blown up. The ships of the Allies, wearing at their anchors, were illuminated by the glare which burst from the magazines of the works along the shore, as they were exploded in succession by the retreating Russians. Then the roar of the flames gained the ascendancy over all other sounds, and whilst fitting forms were seen amongst the burning masses, the retreat commenced. Long before the columns of the Russians began to cross the bridge of rafts on their way to the north, the Redan had been occupied by the Highland brigade in charge of the trenches. Volunteers from several regiments entered the work shortly after midnight, and found it deserted of defenders. At dawn the masses of the enemy were still swiftly crossing the bridge and lining the hills of the Severnaia, whilst the *Vladimir* and other steamers covered the passage with their broadsides. With the exception of these the harbour was tenantless of any floating vessel, except boats. The stately three-deckers which had so proudly rested on the waters of Sebastopol were sunk, and their places only marked by the breaking of the waters over their white masts, as the waves were dashed along them by a north-east gale. Shortly after day-break the last straggler of the Russian army had abandoned the south side, and the bridge of rafts was cut adrift and taken in tow by the steamers. The only souls in the town were convicts left to keep up the fire of the town, who did their work with unflinching energy; but who were not left undisturbed in their labours, as crowds of soldiers—chiefly French—entered the town even before the Russians retreated; and, fearless of the explosions which took place at intervals, ransacked the houses, and either took the incendiaries prisoners or shot them when they met. Few sights can be conceived more grand than that of Sebastopol burning in the morning. The western side was in a mass of blaze, and flames were issuing from the largest buildings. The churches alone were spared, and the mushroom steeple of one, as well as the Athenian columns of another, and the pointed spires of a third, were fitfully thrown into light when the north-east wind wafted the smoke into the air, and removed the curtain of flames which at times covered the scene. Light, red, and yellow smokes were relieved by black ones of equal density, and at the base of all shone the flames which fed them. Fort Nicholas, the dockyard buildings, and the Naval Hospital were illuminated by the sheer hulk, which burnt with uncommon brilliancy; and the Karabelnaia suburb, which had been so thoroughly destroyed as to require no further efforts of the Russians, loomed dusky in the distance. Between the dockyard and the suburb, Fort Paul stood perfect in light, and all behind was in partial obscurity.

At an early hour I moved down through our trenches, ploughed up by the missiles of the Russians, and made my way towards the Great Redan. Fatigue parties were bringing up the bodies of officers killed in the assault of the previous day; the men appearing dejected, as much perhaps by the humiliation of failure, as by the duty which they were then performing. Still the scenes which met the eye as it wandered around were sufficient to make men elated. Trench after trench passed by as I made my slow progress to the front, filled my mind with wonder at the immensity of labour expended in making the approaches. The advanced parallels and covered ways leading to them were especially wonderful to contemplate; and the dangers of such close proximity to an enemy under so feeble cover, gave rise to a profound sentiment of gratitude to our brave soldiers who for months had occupied such perilous positions, and daily renewing efforts, which happily had received their final reward. The distance which our men had to cover when they issued from the advanced trenches to attack the Redan, was much greater than all had expected. It measured 287 paces, along every inch of which they were assailed by a heavy fire of musketry from parties, thrown out into the ditch, and from the embrasures on the flanking works of each side. A field piece pushed forward into the first embrasure on the left face of the Redan poured out grape on the advancing column, which was also swept by a raking fire of the same kind from large guns in the flanking defences. The ditch was about fifteen feet deep, and not very wide; the counterscarp about thirty-two feet high, but much cut up by shot and shell, so that when the ladder-party reached the Redan the soldiers were able to proceed without its assistance, jumping down and then scrambling up the opposite side, after killing the sharpshooters thrown out by the Russians. Many brave fellows had met their death on the counterscarp, where they still lay; but burying parties were already busy collecting the dead, both English and Russian, and consigning them to common graves. On looking down into the Redan, the wonder was how any of the stormers had escaped after the Russian supports came up to drive them out. Heavy traverses lay right across the angle of the work, forming with its sides a large triangle. In the traverses were embrasures, from which field-pieces poured in a terrific fire of grape, whilst the incessant musketry and the fall of heavy stones, cold shot, and implements, rendered the place untenable. Beyond the traverses, which were numerous and heavily armed, was a wide open space looking towards Sebastopol, where any number of men could deploy. To have held such a place would have required immense masses of men, which were not sent into the Redan, either because our movements were too slow, or because we were not prepared for the species of ground that was discovered there. Beneath the traverses, which were of enormous height and breadth, were subterranean recesses, formed by heavy beams, aired by numerous apertures, through which the Russians entered or emerged, and where it was impossible for them to receive any harm from hostile fire, however heavy it might be. Heaps of shot and shell—the latter filled with powder, having the charge and fuse attached—filled an enormous magazine, and were heaped in corners ready for use, together with grape canisters. Quantities of cohorns lay about the works perfect for use. Beams of wood, pickaxes, hatchets, buckets, and other implements, were plentiful; and there were signs in the habitations below of permanent occupations by the same men. Shoemakers' and carpenters' tools, and quantities of chairs and tables, pictures rudely representing sacred subjects, occupied a portion of the space; whilst in one corner was the luxurious residence of the commander of the work, fitted up with costly furniture—chairs, tables, bedstead, mirror, and articles of toilet. Having visited the Redan, I proceeded to the right, crossing the head of our sap, which was strewn with grape-shot, musket-balls, and fragments of uniforms, towards the Malakoff, from which the Redan is separated by a deep ravine. Following the advanced parallel down to the bottom of the ravine, a narrow road, invisible to the enemy, running through an old cemetery, took me into the French parallel, which wound up the opposite slope to the spacious front of the Malakoff. Here the

ground was far more heavily ploughed up by shells than in front of the Redan. The surface was broken into innumerable craters, varying in depth from two to three feet—the missiles, which were fired in incredible numbers from the united guns of the Allies, alighting in a heavy loam into which they sank before they exploded. In respect of the ground the French obviously had a great advantage over us as they were enabled to proceed with great rapidity in this soft substance whilst our engineers toiled to raise mounds and sink trenches on a surface of solid stone. The French parallels were advanced under favour of this advantage to within thirty paces of the ditch of the Malakoff, whilst two shafts for mines were easily pushed forward close to the scarp. The craters formed by the bursting of these infernal engines lay opened as I passed, and whilst one was the receptacle for dead Russians, the other was rapidly becoming filled with the bodies of the French slain. The numbers in both these extempore graves were already enormous, and yet they contained not a tithe of the mass which still encumbered the Malakoff, into which I speedily entered. A bridge of ladders, over which the French artillery had made its way into the work, led across the ditch and a sloping path, through an embrasure into the redoubt.

The Malakoff was vastly different in construction from the Redan. Not being open at the gorge, it formed an isolated work, to which access was difficult on every side. But it offered so many obstacles to an enemy attempting to force it, that had the Russians not been surprised the French would probably never have taken it. There were no less than three traverses in the redoubt, all of them excavated like those of the Redan, all bomb-proof, and capable of holding 2000 men. Each of the traverses commanded the other; and the passages from one traverse to the next were so small as to be easily defended by a small body of men. Once the enemy was vanquished in the body of the work, it was, however, an easy matter to keep it, for the assailants had cover and advantages not possessed by the assailing forces. When the French, therefore, gained a speedy hold of the work, they kept at bay an immense number of the Russians, who, having to struggle up a steep ascent to enter the work, laboured under disadvantages similar to those encountered by our men in the storm of the Redan. The Russians here appear to have fought like brave and well-trained soldiers. They made their way into the body of the work, and drove the French from cover to cover for a time, having the advantage of numbers; but the odds against them were too great. The supports of the French poured in so continuously, and in such numbers, that they were overpowered; and from cover to cover, as they had momentarily driven out their assailants, they were in turn pushed back, strewing the ground with their dead and wounded. The struggle everywhere was terrific. There were places where encounters at close quarters took place, and Russians and French lay thickly heaped upon each other, so as to form mounds of dead. The diversions caused by the steamers was but momentary. It hardly turned the issue of the fight for a moment. But whilst it lasted the slaughter caused by sharpshooters was very great. The Russians who were wounded crawled as they best could into their usual places of cover—the casemated traverses—there to draw their last breath or secure themselves from further peril. The French bravely pushed on, followed the retreating enemy down the steep way leading from the redoubt, and, from their commanding positions, swept down all opposition. Following the Russians, they got inside the second line of defence, armed with ships' carromades, killed the gunners at their pieces, and destroyed everything before them. The slaughter then was almost as great as in the Malakoff. The dead, however, were all Russians, as if the fire of the French had fallen in the midst of heavy and retreating masses. The First Chasseurs de Vincennes, who, with the Zouaves, had been the heroes of the fight, still held the place when I visited it, and the 20th of the Line had joined them. The colours of the latter floated proudly on an eminence close to the ruins of the round tower which once had formed a prominent part of the defences. The lower story of this piece of masonry still stood offering sharp outlines of hewn stone to the eye. Beneath it was a huge excavation and a gallery leading underground into the ditch, where traces were still visible of a passage to two mines intended to be exploded against the French. From the Malakoff the view extended on one side over the Russian works towards Careening Bay, and on the other over the Redan. Its guns commanded everything on both sides of it, and rendered the Little Redan and Black Batteries as untenable as the Great Redan. The ground in front of the former, however, bore evident traces of the immense resistance offered by the Russians. The ditch and ground in front of the Little Redan was covered with slain, whose bodies lay heaped on each other as if the struggle had been renewed continually, and been incessantly repulsed. I endeavoured in a former letter to describe the encounter at that place. I have only to add that the killed and wounded on the ground amply bore out the impression of the intensity of the struggle there. After a time, however, during which the French and Russians held a position on opposite sides of the work—the latter firing from their banquettes, the former from the counter-scarp—the latter were forced to retire, in consequence of the commanding position of the captured Malakoff. In their retreat they suffered severely from the fire of the French.

During the progress which I made from work to work the fire still continued to rage furiously in Sebastopol; and the slow matches left by the Russians had communicated to magazines and blown up the buildings which contained them. One of the large forts on the western side of the town blew up at half-past ten in the morning; and at three, as I was sketching in the Malakoff, Fort Paul exploded with a report that shook the ground. Masses of stone were projected into the air, and covered the harbour and docks with spray. A dense cloud of vapour, emitting a sulphureous smell, hovered over the spot on which the fort had stood, and when it blew away exhibited a confused conical-shaped mound—all that remained of a building which a few minutes before reared its two stories of solid stone in the air, and showed rows of embrasures bristling with guns. The smoke as it blew away, left the air full of a white floating powder, which fell in flakes upon the Malakoff, inundating the men around with its white particles. In the distance, Fort Nicholas was smoking so as to portend an explosion there also, and the Dockyard buildings, as well as two old steamers moored to the quay, were burning fiercely. As the tide of unarmed soldiers seemed to flow from the Malakoff in that direction, I followed the stream as it poured into the town, watching the plunderers gutting the ruined houses of their contents, and endeavouring to carry off the most portable articles. The Sebastopol people had not, however, left much behind them, and with the exception of a few chairs, tables, and common utensils, little was found of any value. Although the French General-in-Chief had agreed with General Simpson that no plunder should be taken out of the town, and this agreement was kept up by the latter with a severity which caused no little murmur, the French soldiers were but partially stopped in their proceedings, and brought up to Camp everything they found to be saleable. They were busy in the large square buildings of the naval hospital as I passed there; on the houses of the Karabelnaia, and even in the church near the Dockyard. These buildings being in rear of the Redan, and in full view of the Mamelon Vert, had suffered severely from shot and shell, and they tottered to their foundations, although built of the same solid stone as the forts. Cannon-balls had entered and penetrated walls three feet thick, and proved that Sebastopol stone is of too soft a texture to resist battering. Now I could give you a description of the state of other parts of the town visited since the evacuation, but time fails to do the subject justice. It is only necessary to remark that, in capturing Sebastopol, we took the great military and naval arsenal of this portion of Russia. The number of guns in our possession is countless. Huge anchors are innumerable; but I have failed to discover any mortars larger than cohorns; and there is no ammunition left in the place. The

town is now under the care of the French, who have undertaken the police duties. On our part General Wyndham has been appointed Commandant.

During the week which has elapsed since their departure the Russian have been very busy strengthening their position on the north side of Sebastopol. They have erected a line of powerful works, which stretch across the land from the sea to the shores of the harbour; and their redoubts are between Constantine and the new line of works; the other, more inland, are in course of construction. The whole army appears to be encamped along the hills up to Mackenzie's Farm, and they have built works all round them, forming an intrenched camp. I cannot say what the intentions of our commanders are for the remainder of the season, or whether it is proposed to keep the army inactive till next spring.

On Wednesday, the 12th, the last of the *Vladimir* and its consorts was seen, the masts and funnels appearing above water where the Russians had sunk them.

POSTSCRIPT.—SEBASTOPOL, Sept. 15, 1855.

The French are at this moment marching the whole of the First Corps to Baidar. They are under the command of General de Salles. The English force seems not about to move. We are busy, as well as the French, in arming Sebastopol.

The Naval Brigade is to be broken up forthwith.

Extract from a letter of an officer on board her H.M. —, off Sebastopol, dated 16th Sept., 1855.

Yesterday I went all over Sebastopol, entering on the extreme left (French), and steering right through the town, and up to the Redan (English); in landing we came to the French advance battery, right opposite Constantine, which, by-the-by, is extremely jealous, for she let fly three or four shells right across amongst us. On leaving we went across the open ground for the Quarantine Harbour, and then on to the French advance trenches, after jumping over about five or six trenches in the rear. The vast magnitude of these is wonderful; what with magazines out of number, and exceedingly well-built trenches, for the cover of soldiers, the work must have been laborious. Here, the ground was as much composed of shot and broken shell, Minié bullets innumerable, &c., as it was of loose stones. We wended our way through the advance trenches, and towards the Russian rifle-pits; and, on issuing from the French trench, we came on the small advanced rifle-pits, capable of holding, perhaps, four riflemen. Then we crossed into the advanced Russian battery, now in ruins, the magazine having been blown up. From this we had to scale an immense bastion. Here we looked down on the top of the immensely-strong and closely-built embrasures. The guns were spiked with good-sized nails; and this was full of French shot and shell. We then entered the town; but I must first tell you that on the right of this immense bastion, or battery, commenced the wall—of great strength; and at each angle sweeping the face of this last-described bastion, were two heavy guns loaded with grape, to enfilade and keep in check any attempts to storm by infantry: this place was never attempted. To continue. We entered the town, and here it was marvellous to see what our artillery had done, houses swept away, and their foundations alone remaining—a heap of ruins, and blackened by exploded shells, &c. The French and English are quartered in the town, not a house of which remains beyond its shell; for the inside is cleared, and the roof blown to the clouds; the pieces of shell, shot, and Minié bullets, are in millions lying about; not a square yard in the place is without a sign of what artillery and riflemen have done. After clearing the town we came to the foot of the Redan. At the bottom was a plain and a road. At the bottom of this road were guns, and a ditch, in fact wherever a gun could be brought to bear on an advancing foe, there was a gun pointing; in the most extraordinary places were to be seen the muzzle of a gun. The Russians had got so hard-up for gabions that they took the ships' tanks out, and filled them with earth instead. Thus, when we got into the Redan, they met our eyes. The inside of the Redan was a place indeed worth seeing. The artillery had cut up the ground all round most fearfully, and everything appeared to be erected on the ruins of a town or village swallowed up by an earthquake. Here, in the Redan) could be seen the remains of the desperate struggle—torn red coats, muzzles of muskets, odd epaulettes, ramrods, tailors' gear, broken sponges, odd boots, old Russian articles of clothing; to say nothing of the most awful of all—the dead, where they had been struck, there they had clasped their hands in agony, and in this form they remained when dead. I was very much shocked to see an English lady riding about unconcerned, and many hearts that day sickened to see a young female form on horseback riding through such scenes: one was a French lady. After leaving the Redan we went up to the Malakoff; and here it was much the same.

The Russian barracks are very large, but a perfect ruin, capable of holding in its best days, I should say, 40,000 men. Two of our seamen were wounded yesterday: they picked up a shell with a fuse in it and hove it down; it exploded, and slightly cut one man's neck and ankle; the other man, I think, was burnt a little. Whilst walking about, the Russians commenced blazing away across from the North; but no one was hurt. Now I think I have given you enough: so God bless you!

The telegraphic reports bring our intelligence from the captured city down to the 23rd inst.; but the despatches contain nothing very definite. Prince Gortschakoff still held his position on the plateau on the northern side, waiting to see what the Allies will do next, and was enabled to announce to the Czar that up to that date nothing had been done.

The *Argus* English steamer, which arrived at Constantinople on the 17th, brought intelligence that the English and Sardinian troops were making their last preparations for being in a condition to pursue the enemy.

Great uncertainty prevailed respecting the probable movements of the Russian army. The plans of the Allies also remained secret, despite all the reports in circulation. When the steamer which brought this news to Constantinople left the Crimea a grand council of war was being held by the Generals and Admirals of the Allies.

The French troops were still occupied in demolishing the fortifications of the southern part of Sebastopol. There was much talk in the Camp of an expedition against Odessa. Not a single shot had been fired from Fort Constantine at the departure of the *Argus*, and all was quiet in that part of the town. The Allied fleets had not yet penetrated into the harbour; but the explosive machine on board the *Robert Love*, which was lying at Balaclava, had been removed to Sebastopol, where it will be of service to clear the entrance into the port. The bottom of the harbour is now encumbered with more than fifty sunken vessels, including eighteen sail of the line and several frigates and steamers, some of which will, no doubt, be recovered when we have time for that kind of work. Three or four hundred deserters, principally Poles, that have reached the Allied Camp, state that demoralisation had reached its height in the Russian army. Such was the confusion at first, that the soldiers, worn out with fatigue, remained twenty-four hours without rations. The Russian loss was estimated at 18,000 men.

A letter from Vienna, of the 18th, in the *Post Ampt Gazette*, of Frankfurt, says:—

According to the latest accounts from the scene of war, the Russians continue to send reinforcements to the Crimea. The Sixth Division of the Second Corps of Infantry has arrived at Bagtcheserai, and the Second and Fifth Divisions of the same Corps are on their way thither. Bagtcheserai and Simpheropol, where the chief stores of the Russian armies are, are both well fortified. But if Marshal Pelissier succeeds in forcing these points, the Russian army is undone. Once deprived of these magazines, it must either retreat upon Perekop, or lay down its arms. In the last encounter the Russians are stated to have had sixteen generals and 19,000 men killed or wounded.

A portion of the Allied Cavalry is said to have received orders to embark for Eupatoria; and the Russians, anticipating an attack, were extending their lines towards Bagtcheserai.

REPORTED OPINIONS OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—We find a curious speech ascribed to the King of Prussia by the *Emancipation* of Brussels. "A few evenings ago," says the Berlin correspondent of that journal, "a Russian officer congratulated the King of Prussia on having courageously maintained peace in spite of the solicitations of the Western Powers, and his Majesty replied as follows with some emphasis, as if anxious to be heard by the people around him:—'Yes, I have had the courage to maintain peace, which is of so much importance to Germany and the whole world; but if Russia displays misplaced exigencies, and if she thus extends war on the shores of the Baltic, in Italy, and perhaps elsewhere, I should also have the courage to counsel efficaciously the return to order on the part of those who should continue to disturb it. I am in accord with the Emperor of Austria; I foresaw the disaster of Sebastopol, and I believe that it would have been well to have avoided it. It was not without my consent that my Minister was present at the Te Deum at Paris. After all, when a country goes to war alone, it must expect adverse fortune. Believe me, the war must be brought to an end; it is still time to come to a fair arrangement. The opportunity is a good one, and we are ready to facilitate matters; but to-morrow, perhaps, it will be too late. Our patience ought not to be abused, and difficulties ought not to be increased. This, sir, merits serious attention.' "The *Emancipation* says that it has been assured that the text of some of the above expressions is literally exact, and that the general sense of the others is correctly given.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK ON LITERATURE, ART, &c.

THERE is to be a farewell dinner to Mr. Thackeray—previous to his departure, on the 13th of next month, for America—to deliver his four lectures on the four Georges. The guests will consist—so we are assured—principally of authors, artists, and actors of eminence, and persons distinguished in the learned professions. It will not be a public dinner—but one partaking more of a private character. It is fixed for the 11th, and Mr. Charles Dickens has consented to preside. This mark of good feeling on the part of his brethren in the art and mystery of good writing is particularly due to Mr. Thackeray. Few authors have more friends among the craft than the author of "Vanity Fair," and few restrain their powers of sarcasm, or indulge in more genial outbursts of delight on the success of his fellow-labourers, than the supposed-to-be sarcastic Mr. Thackeray. We hear very much, that is more than promising with respect to the coming lectures. A rich and idle Londoner with a love of letters, could not do better than follow Mr. Thackeray to America, and have, with our American brethren, the first of the treat designed for brother Jonathan.

The leading subject of conversation in artistic circles has been the arrival in England of the marble statue of her Majesty, designed for one of Barry's magnificent recesses in the new Houses of Parliament, and executed by Mr. Gibson, of Rome. Her Majesty is seated, and her figure, were she erect, would be eight feet high. Two emblematic figures will assist the pedestal, each seven feet high—but these will not be in England until April next. The statue—it has been seen by a select few—is at Westminster near its final destination.

Travellers fresh from Rome speak with perfect delight of the marvellous manner in which Mr. Gibson (the greatest living English sculptor) has coloured two marble statues of Venus and Cupid. People who went to see them, resolved to be displeased, left willing converts to this revival of an ancient practice. Some expected to see a kind of Madame Tussaud sort of work, whereas they found high art in marble—heightened in beauty, and even chastened in expression, by the dexterous employment of a little colour. Both are commissions of long standing. The Cupid is for Mr. Holford's new and stately house in Park-lane—now, we suspect, nearly completed.

We have great pleasure in inserting the following letter from a friend and admirer of the late Mr. Pistrucci, relative to the long-talked-about medal commemorative of the battle of Waterloo. If the medal is finished why should it not be hardened forthwith and published? Perhaps Mr. Pistrucci's will may contain something on the subject. An artist so eager for reputation as Pistrucci can never have wished that his matrices should remain merely as matrices:—

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

Sir,—In your memoir of Pistrucci, last week, you speak of the Wellington Medal not being finished. It has been finished and delivered now about five years, and why it is unpublished and unknown, a conversation I had with Pistrucci, at his cottage in Old Windsor, will better explain than a whole Blue Book on the matter.

That the Wellington Medal is the most glorious work ever produced by die-sinker there is not, from those who have seen it, a second opinion. That it ever will be published is a very great doubt.

I had business with Pistrucci in the year 1848, when he showed me the medal all but finished. He was then working on it, giving it those finishing touches which masters in painting and sculpture generally give to their works when in their best humour. He expressed himself bitterly to me on being ousted from his berth in the Mint by one indebted to him for the little he knew, and he said, "When I do deliver it, my successor does not know how to harden it; and, as he has got my berth, and been the means of depriving me of the greatest part of my fame, I shall certainly not do his work for him."

Now, Pistrucci was as successful in hardening his dies as he was in cutting them, and his successor as unfortunate; and, between the refusal of Pistrucci to harden after he had delivered it, and the fear of his successor splitting it in the process, it never yet has been hardened.

Adams, the medallist, who is now the nearest approach to Pistrucci in the execution of his work, will, I am sure, if you take the trouble, corroborate my statement—viz., that it has been delivered finished, and in the hands of the authorities of the Mint, for nearly the last five years.

Pistrucci has left to medallists and die-sinkers a legacy worth all he has been paid ten times over. In introducing the finishing of dies with the lathe of the seal-engraver, after the heavy or rough work is done with the scalpel or chisel, a die may now be done better in one week than it could before be done in two. One peculiar advantage Pistrucci had over other men—he was gifted with an eye of almost microscopic power; and I have seen him sign his name so small that, without a powerful glass, it appeared a mere line; on examining with a glass, every letter was well defined.

Trusting you can find room in your journal for this slight tribute to one who has elevated the coinage from the low state it was in fifty years since to its present state of respectability, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
GOLDFINCH.

Our correspondent is too severe on Mr. Wyon. Mr. Wyon had great delicacy of touch, and great elegance of composition. His leading deficiency was a want of boldness.

What we take to be the last of the Parliamentary Blue Books of the season has just been issued, and is one of the most instructive. It is the evidence before the Commons' Committee on the cost of Parliamentary printing, and on the value of Major Beniowski's plan for printing from logotypes. The principal witness is the celebrated author of the "Commercial Dictionary" (Adam Smith's ablest successor), who has held, since 1838, and much to the advantage of the country, the situation of Comptroller of her Majesty's Stationery-office. Mr. McCulloch tells us that the cost of printing, and of the paper required for such printing, reaches the enormous sum of £200,000 a year—divided pretty equally between the cost of printing and the cost of paper. Nor is this surprising when we reflect how much useless printing is executed for the Houses of Parliament—that 10,000 copies of Reports are printed when 500 copies would be amply sufficient; and that, according to Mr. McCulloch's showing, we are paying Messrs. Hansard (on a contract anterior to Mr. McCulloch's time) an annuity of from five to seven thousands a year on work which they will be glad to execute hereafter, and with a very fair profit, without any such annuity at all.

There is a morsel of Mr. McCulloch's evidence that is especially characteristic, and we will add, remarkably true. He is asked if he would give the papers printed by Parliament to the several Mechanics' Institutions throughout the country said to be requiring them. Mark his answer! "If I had the power of refusing them, I would not give them one; I would not inundate the country with such stuff as most Parliamentary Papers are. If you could get a Sir Isaac Newton to cull out of the million pages of trash the five or ten per cent of good that there is in them, and circulate that throughout the country—that might be useful."

ZOUAVES AND SAILORS PLUNDERING.—As soon as it was dawn (Sunday, 9th) the French began to steal from their trenches into the burning town, undismayed by the flames, by the terrors of those explosions, by the fire of a lurking enemy, or by the fire of their own guns, which kept on slowly discharging cannon-shot and grape into the suburbs at regular intervals, possibly with the very object of deterring stragglers from risking their lives. But red breeches and blue breeches, tepi and Zouave fez, could soon be distinguished amid the flames, moving from house to house. Before five o'clock there were numbers of men coming back with plunder, such as it was; and Russian relics were offered for sale in camp before the Russian battalions had marched out of the city. The sailors, too, were not behindhand in looking for "loot;" and Jack could be seen staggering under chairs, tables, and lumbering old pictures, through every street, and making his way back to the trenches with vast accumulations of worthlessness. Several men lost their lives by explosions on this and the following day.—*Times Correspondent.*

STATE OF THE BIRMINGHAM "IDOL" TRADE.—The following is the translation of an advertisement, in Hindustani, of idols for sale, of Birmingham manufacture:—"Yamen (god of death), in fine copper, very tasteful. Nirondi (king of the demons), in great variety; the giant he rides is of the boldest design, and his sabre of the present style. Varounin (god of the sun), very spirited; his crocodile in brass and whip in silver. Couberen (the god of wealth), this god is of the most exquisite workmanship, having stimulated the best powers of the manufacturers. Smaller demi-gods and minor demons in every variety. No credit, and discount allowed for ready money."

NATIONAL SPORTS.

ALTHOUGH October promises us a remarkably interesting Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire Stakes, its first week has no meetings of much mark. Market Rasen has a little gathering on Monday, and Kelso and Chester have had theirs fixed for Tuesday and Wednesday. The Alma Stakes at the latter place has hardly a winner in it except the stout little Stork, who will have to carry a penalty. The remainder of the week is taken up by Bedford on Wednesday and Thursday; the York Union Hunt on Thursday; and Wrexham on Thursday and Friday. Steeplechasing will soon be here again, and we have heard a rumour that a Yorkshire nobleman proposes to add a very handsome amount to one in the neighbourhood of old Ebor, provided a good water jump can be selected; this being in his eyes, to use a legal phrase, "the charging point" of the whole thing. It is said that Sir Tatton Sykes has given £2000 for Andover, at whose inability to appear on the turf this year he hinted as far back as July, and intends to put him to the stud at Sledmere. This is the second Derby winner the veteran Baronet has purchased within a twelvemonth, a fact which shows no small spirit in a man of 83, and we believe that he made a £2000 offer for Kingston last year, after he broke down the Whip.

The comments upon Rifleman's untoward defeat in the St. Leger have called forth a very temperate and candid letter from Mr. Osbaldeston, who states that the horse did not do the strong work attributed to him on the morning before the race (when the fact of Nat riding Saucebox as well as Rifleman in his gallops might have led to the mistake), and that the remittant fits of rheumatism in his feet, added to the want of a stronger pace to the Red House, alone lost him the St. Leger. It seems that he was taken out by Mr. Osbaldeston, Mr. Spooner, and Nat to the course at half-past six on Friday morning, and that although, in consequence of his lameness, all three advised Mrs. Osbaldeston not to start him, she declared that he should go if it broke him down, and his running in the Don Stakes, when a night's rain had cooled the ground, very considerably proved her decision to be as correct as it was dashing. Her husband and trainer were, we believe, equally against the horse going for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, but as she owns him solely, and is as good a judge of racing as Miss Ann Richards, of Ashdown Park memory, was of coursing, she did not by any means fear Fandango as they did. She refused a 3000 guinea offer for her favourite when he was a two-year-old, and it is believed that she took a £10,000 to £500 bet about him for the St. Leger at Brighton. Her husband also states that she refused £8000 for the horse before the St. Leger, and might have had £5000 not to run him. There seems to be a notion among trainers, from the horse's damp look, and a hurried movement of his lips just before starting, that he had been "got at," and the same inferences have been drawn from the ceaseless opposition shown to him by some of the great book-makers, who seldom make a mistake. He certainly ran, to our eye, more like a horse who felt uneasy from the ground, than from his stomach; and Mr. Osbaldeston has every right to repudiate the insulting insinuation that either he or his wife could have been parties to such a shameless proceeding. The public mind was, however, very naturally sensitive after the mysterious way in which he was scratched for the Derby, and he and Acrobat will long be remembered in connection with these two great races. Each of them was scratched for the Derby (for which they would probably have run second), then beaten for the St. Leger, and each restored his prestige most gallantly in the Don Stakes. We should think it most doubtful whether the owner of Saucebox will renew his Doncaster offer to give 4 lbs and a very fast horse to make running in a 1000 guinea side match over the St. Leger distance, as Mrs. Osbaldeston is quite ready to match Rifleman either at the Houghton or the Second October Meeting, when the ground is pretty certain to be softer. The principal incident of the past week has been the reappearance of King Tom, very well and fresh, to judge from the style in which he cut down his opponents over very hard ground. Great care and patience have, as in the case of Stockwell, quite triumphed over the feet infirmity which deprived the turf of both of them so long. His half-sister is very promising, though not so large-boned, and was purchased at the Burleigh sale by Earl Darnley for 600 guineas. The declaration of bankruptcy which has just been made in the case of Mr. Mare has been a great disappointment to the Newmarket people, as he had a small stud there, with Godding as trainer and Sam Rogers as rider, and had built a range of model stables with house complete during the last three years. He has never had anything of much mark, and his handsome Annandale two-year-old, George Brown, had sadly disappointed him, and borne the "light blue and orange cap" to very little purpose this season.

The tryers will resume their scarlet coats next week, and Scotland, faithful as ever to her national sport, leads off with the Biggar St. Leger (open) on Tuesday and the following days. Belleek (Fermanagh) is also fixed for Tuesday and Wednesday; and the Everley Club will put their dogs once more into the slips at Amesbury, and invite Mr. McGeorge's piercing ken, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Lord Sefton's well-knit frame, in his green coat, and his silver couples slung across his shoulder, will be sadly missed from both the plains of Alcester and Wiltshire, as the modern race of coursers not a little lack the enthusiasm of their seniors. Cricket has come to an end, and it almost gives one a chill to record a water-fixture, but the ensuing week will see the last of them, too, and the Prince of Wales Yacht Club take their closing trip on Saturday, starting from Folly House at three p.m.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

TUESDAY.

Match: 200, h ft.—Plenty filly, 1. Tyre, 2. Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Anglo-Saxon, 1. Persia, 2. Buckenham Stakes.—Polmoodie, 1. Eastern Counties Handicap.—Flacrow, 1. Strood, 2. Match: 50, h ft.—Bandalore, 1. Middleton, 2. Hopeful Stakes.—Intimidation, 1. Spindle, 2. Grand Duke Michael Stakes.—Claret, 1. Strood, 2. Sixth Triennial Produce Stakes.—King Tom, 1. Boer, 2.

WEDNESDAY.

St. Leger Stakes.—Habena, 1. Vandal, 2. Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs.—Looye, 1. Lord Raglan, 2. Eighth Triennial Produce Stakes.—Mary Copp, 1. Intimidation, 2. Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Monoda filly, 1. Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Alyone, 1. Plumpton Maid, 2. £50—Black Swan, 1. Triton, 2.

THURSDAY.

Rutland Stakes.—Nina filly walked over. £50 Plate.—Cranbourne, 1. Quince, 2. Seventh Triennial Stakes.—Rifleman, 1. Hind, 2. Queen's Plate.—Homily walked over. Sweepstakes.—Anglo Saxon, 1. Roebuck, 2.

NORTHALLERTON RACES.—THURSDAY.

Trial Stakes.—Hospodar, 1. Saraband, 2. Two-Year-Old Stakes.—Mirage, 1. Byrsa, 2. North Riding Handicap.—Braxey, 1. Eulogist, 2. Amateur Stakes.—Evangeline, 1. Foxberry, 2.

RUSSIAN STORES CAPTURED OR DESTROYED.—General Pelissier says:—"Of the 4000 cannon found at Sebastopol, at least 50 are of brass. Others were thrown into the roadstead at the time of the retreat. I have ordered them to be sought for. We have already taken 200,000 kilogrammes of powder away from the place, and there is still more to be found. The number of projectiles will exceed 100,000. A despatch from Admiral Bruat, of the same date, announces that the vessels of the Allies destroyed in the Sea of Azoff, between the 6th and 11th of September, five fisheries on the coast of Servianak, and 63 in the lakes and rivers of the neighbouring coast; they burnt 31 store-houses, containing nets or provisions, and 98 boats laden with provender and provisions."

THE RUSSIAN INFERNAL MACHINES.—Some of the Highlanders went into the Redan on Sunday morning, and finding it altogether abandoned provisionally left it immediately for their former position. They had no sooner done so than a mine was sprung, and a tremendous explosion followed. The enemy had very probably perceived their entrance, for which they had been waiting, and then caused the explosion. Our allies were not so fortunate on the right. The 11th Regiment of the Line and other troops, who had assaulted the Little Redan, were establishing themselves there for the night. Just about the time when the explosion occurred in the Redan opposite to our works, another mine was sprung in the Little Redan. It produced a frightful effect, hurling a great number of French into the air, and scorching or otherwise injuring many more. It is said that as many as three hundred suffered by this explosion. The providence of the French engineers prevented a similar catastrophe at the Malakoff. They had examined for mines and galleries, and had crumpled a large pipe charged with gunpowder. This they had carefully unstranded, and they had separated each end from communication with the other. It was subsequently proved to be a channel of communication between the mine in the Little Redan and one in the Malakoff; had it not been that the continuity of this tube had been destroyed, an explosion in the Malakoff would have taken place almost simultaneously with that in the Little Redan; and numbers must have perished.—*Letter from the Camp.*

THE FRENCH LOSSES.—The *Moniteur* of Wednesday contains particulars of the French loss. Our allies have 5 Generals killed, 4 wounded, and 6 captured; 24 superior officers killed, 20 wounded, and 6 missing; 116 subaltern officers killed, 224 wounded, and 8 missing; 1489 sous-officers and soldiers killed, 4259 wounded, and 1400 missing. Total French loss, 7551.

MUSIC.

MR. COSTA'S NEW ORATORIO.—The copyright of the oratorio of "Eli," which created so great a sensation at the late Birmingham Festival, has been purchased by Messrs. Addison and Co., of Regent-street, by whom it is to be forthwith published, not only in the usual arranged form, but in full orchestral score. It will be carefully revised, and will contain several important improvements suggested to the composer by the effect of the performance at Birmingham. This great work, we understand, will be produced at Exeter-hall, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, early in next season.

THE THEATRES, &c.

ASTLEY'S.—We must now expect that at certain theatres "The Fall of Sebastopol" will form the subject of stage illustration. Mr. Cooke has patriotically devoted his amphitheatre to this national purpose, and, on Monday, employed his extraordinary equestrian resources to realise, as far as possible, the results of the great siege. Mr. Stooqueler is the author of the drama, which, of course, is one of strong domestic interest, with a vivacious Irishman to boot, the colouring of which is in contrast with the stirring incidents that form the public portion of the story. The latter set before us the French Encampment, with its Zouaves, and fresh reinforcements continually arriving; the English army at Balaclava, the Russian heights by moonlight, with a view of Sebastopol, and troops of Guards, infantry, and Cossacks proceeding to a sortie; a surprise in the trenches; a grand inspection of British troops before Sebastopol; and the closing attack on the Malakoff and Redan. The latter is commenced in the circle, which is connected with the stage by means of an inclined plane. The storm of exploding shells and cannon, with the flash and smoke and glare of blazing ruins, realise the scene to the eye and ear in a fearful manner. The victorious Allies are at length visible, as the cloud of combat clears away, and rend the air with their shouts and vivas. The effect is altogether very startling, strange, and truth-like.

YUCCA GLORIOSA, OR ADAM'S NEEDLE.—In the grounds of T. Tryon, Esq., Bulwick-park, Northamptonshire, is a fine specimen of the above plant, with two fine spikes of flowers. When planted in March, 1852, it had not a single root, being the old stem broken off above ground from a plant that flowered in 1849, with all shoots and suckers removed to form new plants. In 1853 another plant flowered—making three in six years, and there is every prospect of a pair of fine plants flowering in 1856 that are not more than six years of age—being suckers from the plant that flowered in 1849. Probably there is no place in this country where so many have flowered in so few years, and when so young.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.—Chambers Hall, Esq., has bequeathed to the St. Mary Hospital, Paddington, £1000; and to the Salisbury Infirmary, £1000. Mr. Edward M. Cole, of Bristol, has left £200 to the Churchwardens of Christ Church, Clifton, towards erecting the tower; and to the Bristol Royal Infirmary, Bristol General Hospital, Bible Society, Church of England Missions, Female Penitentiary, and the Orphan Asylum, each £50; and to the New Orphan House, Ashley Down, £100. Miss Louisa Duff, of Dorking, to the Church Pastoral Aid, £800; British and Foreign Bible, £100; Church Missions, £100; Moravian Missions, £100; London City Mission, £100; Ladies' Hibernian Female Charity School, £200; Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Jews, £100; and to the Society for Poor Country Clergymen of the Established Church, and the Clothing Society for their Families, £200 to each.

WILLS.—The Will of the Right Hon. Charles William Earl of Sefton, of Croxeth-hall and Belgrave-square, has been proved under £50,000 personality. Sir William Abraham Chatterton, Bart., of Castle Mahon, Ireland, and of Rells Park, Essex, £16,000 personality within the province of Canterbury. John Gwatkin, Esq., of Vivyan, Cornwall, £50,000. John H. B. Esq., St. John's College, Cambridge, £10,000. The Venerable George Hodson, M.A., Canon of Lichfield and Archdeacon of Stafford, £9000.

RAILWAY STATE CARRIAGE FOR THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

THIS magnificent saloon State Carriage has been recently constructed by Messrs. J. Wright and Sons, of Birmingham, for the use of his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt, on the Alexandria and Suez Railway. It is of large dimensions, being 26 feet 6 inches long, by 8 feet 6 inches wide, and 6 feet 8 inches high in the inside; divided into three compartments communicating with each other by double sliding doors. The State room, 14 feet long, occupies the centre, and is trimmed with rich amber-coloured silk damask well padded; the curtains are of the same material, lined with white silk. A large chair, covered with crimson silk damask, in a frame richly carved and gilt, is provided for the Viceroy; there are also five smaller chairs en suite for the officers of State; and a very beautiful oval marqueterie table, with ormolu mountings, occupies the centre of the saloon.

On the right of the State saloon is a retiring-room, fitted up with a costly pier glass, a couch, a satin-wood wash-table, &c. The windows are of plate-glass, ornamented with the Crescent, and the Star of Egypt.

The third compartment is for his Highness's servants, and is lined throughout with satin-wood relieved by elegant gilt mouldings; it contains a sofa or divan, also a bracket-table and a chiffonière, as a receptacle for a massive silver kettle and coffee-pot with spirit lamps, for making coffee. The floor in all the compartments is covered with a rich Axminster carpet, manufactured expressly for this carriage; and the interior is lighted at night by four patent lamps in the ceiling, with chased and gilt mountings.

Particular attention has been paid to the ventilation by apertures over the windows. The carriage, though complete in itself, has a second roof, supported upon large richly-carved gilt blocks, giving an open space between the two roofs, to secure a constant current of air, to keep the interior as cool as possible.

The exterior of the carriage is elaborately decorated with scroll-work in gold and relief, tastefully interspersed with groups of flowers on a ground colour of pistachio green. The Viceroy's insignia, surrounded by trophies, are painted on the doors. The decorations are specially designed with reference to Eastern love of gorgeous effect, rather than in accordance with English taste. The body of the carriage is mounted on an iron under-frame of the most approved construction, on six wheels with patent safety tires and patent axles; the under-frame is highly ornamented, and the ends are cased in wood elaborately carved and gilt.

On the whole, this railway carriage reflects the highest credit on the builders, for the taste and skill exhibited in every part of its construction.

The general design and details were prepared and forwarded to England from Alexandria by the Director-General of the Egyptian Government Railway and Transit Administration, and have been admirably carried out by Messrs. Wright. The upholstery is by Messrs. Holland and Sons.

This superb carriage has been taken out to Alexandria by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Indus*. From its large dimensions it can only be conveyed on deck: the case containing the body alone weighs upwards of fifty tons.

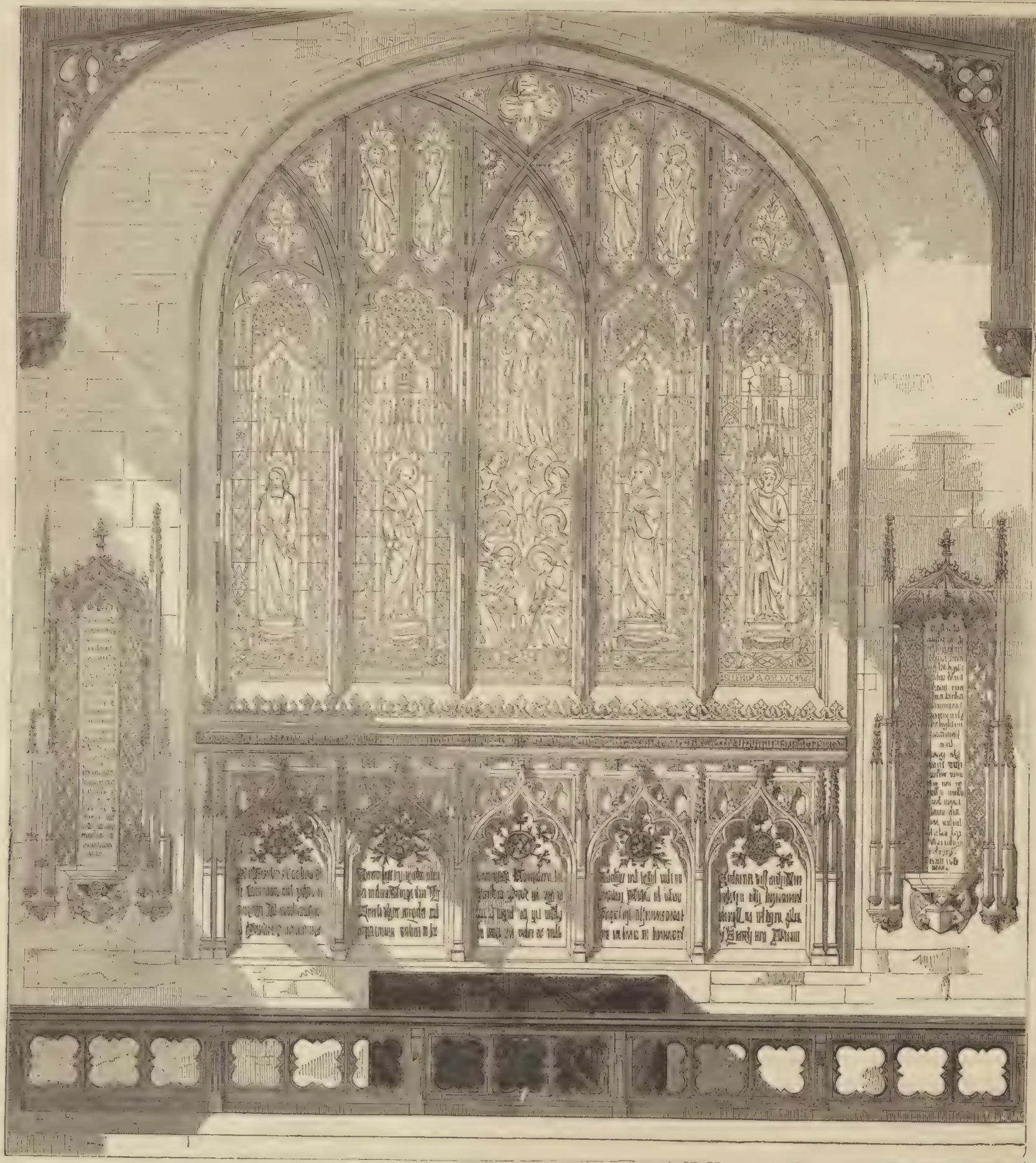
This carriage will be used by the Viceroy on the railway, which will shortly be opened the entire length between Alexandria and Cairo.

In connection with the subject of railway development in Egypt, it may be mentioned that the Viceroy has given orders for the formation of the line across the desert between Cairo and Suez, a distance of eighty-four miles; which, from the perfectly level nature of the ground, can be executed with the greatest facility. Two cargoes of rails have already left Wales for Alexandria, his Highness being very anxious that this most important work shall be carried out as speedily as possible.

THE ROYAL MEMORIAL TO THE LATE JOHN CAMDEN NEILD, ESQ., IN NORTH MARSTON CHURCH, BUCKS.

ALTHOUGH the eccentricities of this gentleman, who, it will be remembered, bequeathed his estates to her Majesty some three years ago, were freely commented upon by the press at the time, the fact of his existence would probably have passed away from public recollection altogether had not this tribute to his memory on the part of his Royal legatee revived an interest in the matter. That very isolation which induced Mr. Neild to select as his heir an illustrious lady personally unknown to him, and which enabled her to receive his bequest without in the slightest degree interfering with any claims of kindred or affection, involved the legatee in the responsibility of taking care that a monument becoming the social position of the deceased should record, if not the virtues—which scarcely appear to have thriven in a somewhat miserly breast—at least the fact of the mortal career of a gentleman by birth and education, and a personal benefactor. This responsibility appears to have been duly felt, and through a sense of it, no doubt, the Memorial we engrave has been caused by her Majesty to be executed.

In this instance a very happy illustration has been afforded of the manner in which a monument may be so introduced into a church as to serve the double end of commemorating the departed, and at the same time of adding to the beauty of the structure in which it is to be erected. It is too often the case that large sums of money are spent upon monuments which disfigure rather than adorn the buildings in which they are placed.



THE ROYAL MEMORIAL TO THE LATE JOHN CAMDEN NEILD, ESQ., IN NORTH MARSTON CHURCH, BUCKS.

Often a quarter of the money spent upon the marble urns over which allegorical figures swaddled in drapery mourn the virtues of the departed squire, would have sufficed to repair the simple old chancel for which such costly memorials are a world too fine, or would have added whatever feature of use or beauty the structure might most have demanded. From such, as we deem it, culpable extravagance in lavishing on the dead sums which would have been better bestowed in ministering to the necessities or spiritual gratification of the living—the Royal lady by whom the monument we engrave has been erected must be regarded as entirely free; since not only has it been so devised as to add a graceful feature to the noble old church of the parish in which Mr. Neild's property was principally situated, but its cost has been less than a third of the whole sum spent by her Majesty in restoring simply, but most thoroughly and substantially, the chancel, which at North Marston forms an unusually large and important feature of the church.

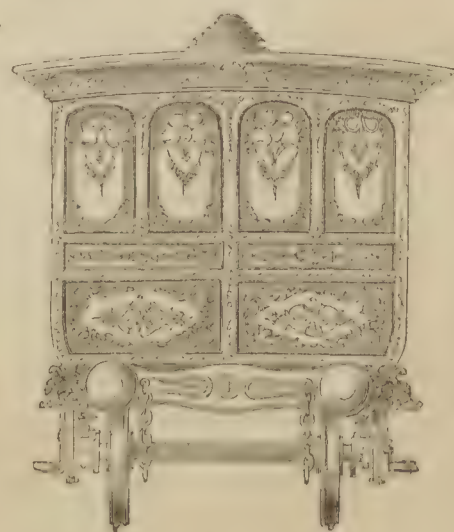
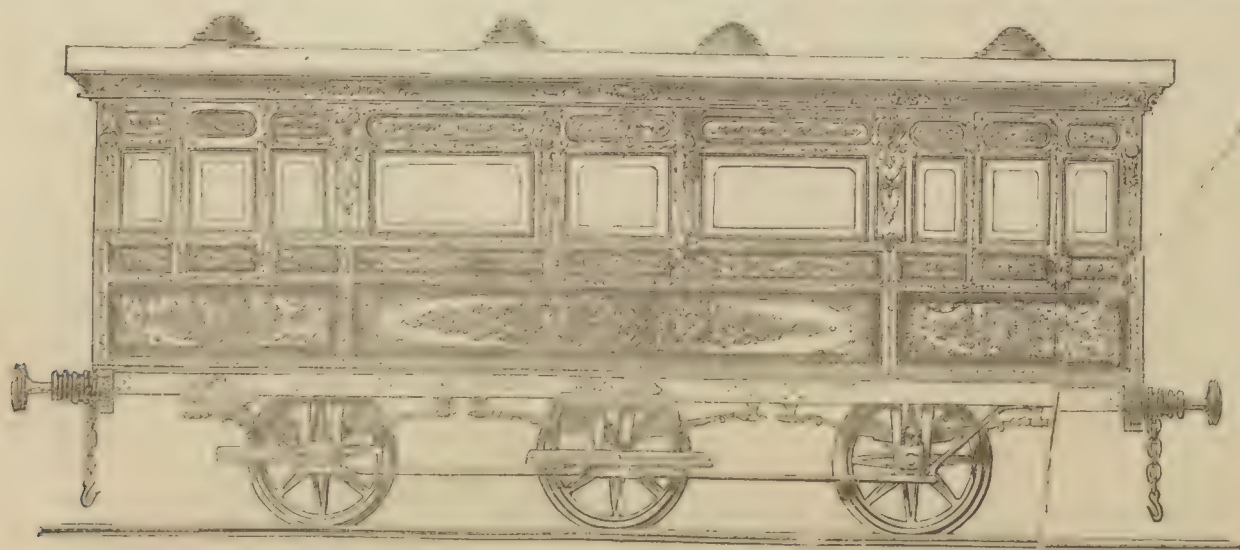
The subject which has been selected for the window is the Ascension. High up in the centre compartment appears our Saviour, and at his feet are grouped the Apostles, whom he is supposed to have just left—some of whom are attentively examining the prints upon the earth left by his ascending feet. This mode of symbolising the duty of the church is of not unfrequent ancient occurrence, being to be met with in various mediæval sculptures, as at Ely, and in some of the early block books. In the four other principal bays stand the four Evangelists, under canopies, whilst in the minor openings above are angels and the Holy Dove descending as it were to meet the ascending Saviour. Along the bottom of the whole runs the text, "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." The window has been executed with the greatest care, and a very happy result, by Miss Harriet Clarke, assisted in the ornamental portion of the work by Messrs. Ward and Nixon. Beneath the window is a

rederos sculptured in Caen stone, by Mr. Cundy, of Pimlico. Upon its frieze is carved the commemorative inscription, which states that—

This Reredos and the Stained-glass Window above it were erected by her Majesty Victoria (D.G.B.R.F.D.), in the eighteenth year of her reign, in memory of JOHN CAMDEN NEILD, Esq., of this parish, who died August 30th, 1852, aged seventy-two.

In the compartments of the rederos, as well as in the backs of two niches, one on each side of the Communion-table, the Creed, Lord's Prayer, &c., have been emblazoned; and these portions of the work, as well as whatever coloured decoration has been introduced, have been carried out by Mr. Miller, of Brewer-street, Golden-square.

Mr. M. Digby Wyatt was the architect her Majesty honoured by her selection on this occasion, and it is from his designs, and under his superintendence, that the whole of the works have been carried out.



RAILWAY STATE CARRIAGE FOR HIS HIGHNESS THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



MR. GORDON CUMMING'S LECTURE.—RIDING OUT THE BEST IVORY-ELEPHANT.—SHOOTING FROM THE SADDLE.—PAINTED BY HARRISON WEIR.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

"THE SULTAN" was revived at this theatre on Monday week. The character of *Rosalina* was vivaciously and gracefully supported by Miss Blanche Fane. Of this lady we this week present our readers with a portrait. A more pleasing and attractive vaudeville actress has not for a long period visited the English stage. The daughter of a gentleman whose own performances, under the *soubriquet* of Mr. Ranger, have bestowed occasionally great delight on the public, in comedy, and in some excellent pieces of his own composition, in which Frenchmen and Irishmen have the lead, we may readily conceive that she has been instructed in her art both by precept and example. For some considerable time Miss Fane was contented to be regarded as an amateur; but for the last year or two she has wisely matriculated in the provinces, having performed in the Theatre Royal,

MR. GORDON CUMMING'S LECTURE AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

We are happy to find that, notwithstanding London is empty, "the Lion Slayer at Home" receives a goodly company every evening, at his artistic

salon in Piccadilly. So prompt a recognition was due to the lecturer's taste and talent, and the original and exciting character of the narrative of perilous adventure and incident bristling with points of interest. By way of illustration of this remarkable exhibition, rather than engrave the salon, however picturesque in its way, we have selected one of the scenes



MISS BLANCHE FANE, OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.



Liverpool, in order to qualify her for a professional position on the London boards. The success with which she has appeared in "Court Favour" and "The Sultan" will, no doubt, introduce her to a round of characters, with which she cannot fail to delight many an audience previous to her departure for America, for which, we believe, that her engagement at this theatre is intended as a preparation. She, indeed, promises to be one of the most interesting actresses in the present era of the stage. Her figure is *petite*, but elegantly formed; her complexion and hair are fair, while her entire deportment gives every evidence of good breeding and education, without which no permanent eminence can be attained in the higher walks of the dramatic profession. Altogether, it may be safely predicted that Miss Fane will, with care and industry, attain a high position in that profession where so much depends on youth, talent, and personal attractions.

On that occasion, many a life, have within the brief period since then, fallen in the trenches or in the final deadly assault on the Redan.

PATTERNS of SILKS, &c., POST-FREE.

no numerous testimonials daily received by the advisers of its superlative excellence. Those who desire a pure and wholesome Wine should not omit to purchase it. Dinner Sherry, 25s., 3s.; Standard, or Natural, 36s.; Old Ruby Beeving Port, 42s., 43s.; Moselle (muscatel flavor), 36s., 42s.; St Julien Claret, 30s., 36s.; Red Hermitage, 36s., 48s., 63s.; Milk Punch, 3s.; Sparkling Chamagne, 42s., 48s.; Carriage-free to all Rail Stations in England. Price Lists of all Wines, &c., will be forwarded (free) on application. Just published, "Guttering from the Wine Lands," to be had of all Booksellers.—FOSTER and INGLE, Mre-cour, MI-
stant, Chesham.

gentlemen wishing to dispose of any of the articles named, will be practically waited upon at any time or distance, by addressing the letter as above. Parcels sent from town or country will get instant attention, and the utmost value remitted by Post-office order.—Established 1801.

USEFUL INFORMATION.—Messrs. A. MARION and CO., receiving repeated demands for samples of their papers and envelopes which are now sold in every elegant desk, have composed a useful packet of envelopes, and a set of quires of plain and fancy papers and 25 envelopes. Each article is numbered, and a list is inclosed which will give the greatest facility in selection. This will be found very convenient to persons residing in the country. Price of the above packet 6d., or 1s. if by

[illegible]



INVESTITURE OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH, BY LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—SKETCHED BY E. A. GOODALL.—(SEE PAGE 382.)



ENGLAND! DEAR ENGLAND!

A SONG OF VICTORY.

Cheerfully, and with martial emphasis.

THE POETRY AND MUSIC BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Where is the slave who of

(A) (B)

f *p*

Eng-land despair - ing, Aids not her cause when she sum - mons her sons? Where is the knave who when foe - men are da - ring,

p

Par - leys for safe - ty, or crouch - es and runs? Eng - land ne'er grew them, Her soil ne - ver knew them; Wholesome's the earth in our

isle of the sea! Our mai - dens would flout them, Our chil - dren would scout them; We'd hoot them with scorn from our land of the free!

f

I.
Where is the slave who, of England despairing,
Aids not her cause when she summons her sons?
Where is the knave who, when foemen are daring,
Parleys for safety or crouches and runs?
England ne'er grew them,
Her soil never knew them;
Wholesome's the earth in our isle of the sea!
Our maidens would flout them,
Our children would scout them;
We'd hoot them with scorn from our land of the free!

II.
Foemen may dare us with haughty defiance,
Low as Sebastopol's tow'rs shall they fall;
Strong in the right in immortal alliance,
England and France shall o'er-master them all.
Shame and perdition
Shall track their ambition;
Justice shall gleam in the glaive that we bear,
And nations benighted
To victory lighted
Shall learn from our greatness what free men can dare.

III.
England! Dear England! our fathers before us
Bled for thy freedom, and left us their fame;
England, our darling! the mothers who bore us
Gave us their blessing entwined with thy name.
Ours be the glory
To better thy story;
Lofty and pure be thy banner unfurl'd!
If great we receive thee
Still greater we'll leave thee,
England! Dear England! the queen of the world!

* For symphony after third verse go to (A) and end at (B).

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

(From our Artist and Special Correspondent.)

[The following appeared only in a portion of our last week's impression]:—

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, Sept. 5, 1855.

THERE are few spots more calculated to impress one with the greatness of the contest in which we are engaged before Sebastopol than the ground which separates our advanced parallels and saps from the formidable works of the Russians. It is not merely because the ground is strewn with projectiles of every kind—shot, shell, slugs, grape, grenades, and the like—that it has a desolate and peculiar air, but it appears to have been rent into fragments by the passage of some tornado. Large holes are blown into mounds of rock, blackened and powdered by explosions. Huge lumps of stone are strewn around amongst the iron and leaden missiles of war; whilst splintered muskets and shreds of human clothing attest the presence and direction of men. In spots the earth and rock, more capriciously formed than in others, rear themselves in misshapen undulations and projections, of which the soldiers on either side take advantage to form a shelter for their bodies. It is a sort of debatable land, alternately occupied by friend or foe; the favoured spot contended for nightly and held indomitably by its temporary occupant. Here the solitary sentry takes his dangerous post, couched or rampant, looking out for enemies, who prowl at the dead hours of the night, as much in quest of some one to surprise as to see that no surprise is intended. These are services of danger, but necessary to ensure the safety of many; for at no great distance in the rear are parties of men, unarmed, bearing gabions; others are casting earth into those that have already been placed; others, again, are filling sacks with ballast at a distance, for the ground is rocky and will not bear digging. The sap must perforce be a flying one—not the full sap, which gives greater security and is more lasting. In dead silence these operations are carried on; but still the labours of the party are watched, and when a gleam from the explosion of a large gun shows where men are at work, the temporary cover is rudely tested by showers of grape, or by slugs from the rifles of the enemy. Such as I have endeavoured to describe them are the open spaces in front of the Great Redan, where saps are nightly advanced towards completion. Such also is the nature of the ground between the French advances and the Russian Malakoff and Little Redan. These are the favourite spots for Russian sorties, and those in which the old soldiers of both armies show the most telling examples of patience, skill, and courage.

If a few young soldiers carrying gabions and sand-bags take an alarm natural enough to their inexperience—as happened during a sortie on the 31st of August—the more wary men soon deprive the enemy of the advantage he has temporarily obtained. He is steadily driven back, carrying off perhaps some gabions and muskets, but leaving not a few dead behind. Still, these interruptions are serious, and the sagacity of the enemy teaches him to renew them as often as he can. The French, as well as our works, have more than once borne the marks of well-directed assaults; but this mode of annoyance, in order to be completely successful, requires more daring than appears to have fallen to the share of the Russians of late, and for the last few days the sorties they have made have been repulsed with so much ease, as to make us believe in a deep discouragement. On the last occasion, when they moved out of their trenches in numbers, they were observed by the French on the sides of the Mamelon advancing stealthily towards the head of the sap on the right slope of the Redan, and before they could open and surprise us, our men were apprised of their presence, by ironical cheers from our allies, who urged them on by crying out “Bono Russ,” and then terrified them by cries of “Bono Anglais.” This terrible rillery seemed to paralyse the Russians, who marched on feebly, and gave way without coming to close quarters, after receiving a furious fire, which lasted about ten minutes. This sortie took place on the 4th, being the last of a series which commenced on the 31st of August, and continued on the 2nd and 3rd of September. It was on these occasions that our army lost some valuable officers. On the 2nd, Captain Fraser, of the 95th, had his thigh fractured by a shell, and he died shortly after. Captain Forbes, of the 30th had his arm shot off, and did not long survive. On the night of the 3rd Captain Pechell of the 77th was on duty in the fifth parallel, a work hitherto left incomplete. He went out with Captain Parker to post sentries in one of the pits which are so plentiful around, when he was shot. The Russians had had the pit before us, and formed an ambuscade. Their discharge killed four men, but did not touch Captain Parker. That officer succeeded in killing two of the enemy with his revolver, and then retreated with one man remaining. After a short time the enemy cleared the pit, where our sentries were again posted. During a vigorous cannonade, kept up on the night of the 2nd, a lucky shot struck the raft-bridge in the harbour of Sebastopol, and rendered it impassable for the whole of the following day. The necessary repairs were, however, effected without further interruption, and the continual stream of traffic to which we had been accustomed again poured over from side to side. Carts innumerable passed to and fro at all hours, not affording externally any indications of their contents. It is difficult, indeed, by those or any other signs to say what the intentions of the enemy may be. It is obvious that the new bridge is intended as a means of final retreat, and it is even said that a large number of guns has been taken from the south to the north side, a large reserve artillery being posted on the Katscha. Still the Russians have not been so dispirited by our bombardment of the 17th and 18th of August, and the continual musketry which plays on the Redan and Malakoff, to abandon the idea of repairing the works and mounting new guns. These works, silenced or nearly so on the 18th, have gradually reopened their embrasures, and fire occasionally from several guns. Two or three in the Malakoff are particularly intended for the Quarries Battery on the spur of the Redan-hill, and several on the Redan throw grape into our advances and sap unsparringly. There is no doubt, I am told, that the Fourth Division which fought on the 16th at the Tchernaya has been ordered into Sebastopol, whilst its General was sent to St. Petersburg for misconduct on that day. The army in Sebastopol is increased by this means to 60,000 men, and a recent addition of men has been made from the new militia regiments raised by the Emperor. An amusing story is told with respect to a body of these men, who arrived to the number of 17,000 in the Crimea. They were a rude, undisciplined set, inefficiently armed and accoutred, wearing, indeed, nothing more destructive than their own peasant dress and bushy beards. General Gortschakoff ordered a body of these men into the trenches, where they refused to go, saying, with truth, that they were peasants, unaccustomed to fight; and that they came to labour, and so serve their country. Gortschakoff, however, would not allow their excuse; and, having first dismissed them into the interior in disgust, sent for 8000 of them, whom he incorporated with the troops, after shaving and otherwise altering their outward aspect.

The divisions which now remain out beyond the Tchernaya, in the vicinity of Mackenzie's Farm, are the 5th, 7th, 12th, 16th, and 17th. The Grenadier corps is said to have arrived at Kief, from Warsaw, on its way hither. If that reinforcement arrive even after the capture of the south side of Sebastopol, we may expect a general engagement, in which the Russians may expend a final effort to dislodge us. The army outside Sebastopol and in the hills near the Tchernaya has been a source of perpetual alarm to the Allies since the 16th of August. Regiments have been turned out at night, not once or twice, but four times within the last week, and the Highland Brigade has been again permanently detached from the front to take a position near the Piedmontese at Kamara. On the night of the 3rd the prospect of an attack was considered so imminent, that all the steam transports in Balaklava had steam up, and cast

off their stern-warps in readiness to tow out ships. The cavalry brigades have also been out nightly, but hitherto the enemy has not answered official expectation by appearing.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, Sept. 8, Six a.m., 1855.

AT a quarter past five on the morning of the 5th, as the sun had just risen in a pure sky, the whole of the batteries from Kamiesch to the Dockyard Creek were opened by the French with a vivacity and precision almost unparalleled since the commencement of the siege. Salvo after salvo was poured upon the astonished enemy before he began to answer, and many minutes elapsed before the great works which front those of the French opened a well-fed cannonade, which for a few hours equalled that which opposed it. As the time stole on, however, a marked diminution was noticeable in the vigour of the Russian batteries; and, although from the lines forming the first, the second, and even the third defences of Sebastopol, guns were continually discharged, the artillery had not the rapidity or precision of its first discharges. For many hours the bombardment was confined to that portion of the town in which it was supposed that the French had discovered troops and stores, gathered together as if in a comparatively safe place. However, about noon, the French right near Inkerman opened with several new batteries, whilst many of those in our trenches broke forth and joined in the general roar. The Russians were observed at the early outbreak of the fire to muster in considerable numbers on the northern side; and, whilst a large staff was visible scanning our lines, a number of companies was observed marching down to the bridge of rafts and crossing into the town. Large working parties at the same time crossed from the south to the north side, having doubtless been interrupted in their labours by the violence of our efforts. Had it not been for a gun at distant intervals fired from embrasures in the Redan, one might have supposed that the work was completely empty. The day continued to wear on, and the usual aspect of the embrasures from Inkerman to the Dockyard Creek seemed to be little altered from that which had been daily visible for a week past. An occasional shot from Chapman's and Gordon's, now and then a shell from the mortar batteries entering into the Malakoff and Redan, announced their presence in those works by clouds of red dust and white smoke, darting in columns into the air, and then sailing slowly to leeward. The batteries on the Russian side of Inkerman seemed not particularly hard upon us; and whilst the fire was still kept up in salvos on the western, the eastern portion of our redoubts was comparatively silent. In no previous bombardment, however, did the French exhibit such determined good will as in the attack on the Russian right, the effect on the ear being like a gigantic roudale on a prodigious instrument; and the guns on the right no sooner emitting their brilliant flashes and dazzling clouds of smoke, than the fire ran along the line down to the sea-shore, in perfect time, and with the same speed almost as if a gunpowder train had been fired from one end to the other.

It was very soon discovered that the Russians were replying with shot to our attacks, and seemed inclined to spare their shells; and this, not unfairly, led to the supposition that they were becoming sparing of their hollow ammunition. The Redan, although comparatively idle, showed that it was not silenced, and at intervals sent shots into our advanced trenches and Chapman's Battery. A bold spectator was seen for a moment on the parapet of the work, and then observed to run along the side, skipping from embrasure to embrasure. Finally he jumped back into the work apparently unheeded and unhurt. It is generally believed that the Redan and Malakoff are casemated with heavy beams of wood similar to those which were found in the Mamelon Vert, and the defenders descend into places of safety when they find the fire against them too heavy to bear.

Towards the afternoon the English attacks began to take a more decisive part in the bombardment; and the French unmasked several new batteries, which played with great effect upon the works of Careening Bay, the Little Redan, and the Malakoff. Clouds of smoke and dust enveloped that portion of the Russian defences; in the midst of which the French vigorously pushed the parallel connecting the heads of their saps against the Mamelon Vert and the Malakoff. Still, the batteries which had been built to damage the shipping appeared to be silent; and a general opinion gained ground that they had been rendered useless by the alteration of the position of the ships, which lay quiescent as usual in a line from Fort Nicholas to Fort Paul. Our artillery had been deprived early in the day of one chance at these ships by the dismounting of a 65-pounder in our right attack.

Towards evening the fire became more dense on the right, and almost rivalled in vivacity that which the French kept up at intervals on the left. The Quarries Battery, with its eight cohorns, its mortars, and 32-pounders, made the Malakoff earthworks fly about in clouds. The embrasures of the guns directed against it were damaged, and rents were made in the magazine, though here the thickness of the old tower, converted into a receptacle for powder, saved the redoubt from a perilous explosion. The casualties in this as well as in the other works were slighter than they had ever been known; and we had to deplore the loss of one officer only—Captain Anderson, acting engineer of the 31st, who was killed in an early part of the day.

The shades of evening fell upon the scene. The French works on the left had ceased firing, and took a necessary respite after the hard work of the day. But the right continued their efforts, and the Quarries' Battery, as well as others on the Inkerman right, commenced a well-directed blaze of rockets—the former against the Karabelnaia suburb, the latter against the shipping in the harbour. A fire was kindled in a short time, in that portion of the town immediately situated behind the Barrack, near Fort Nicholas, but a far more important one was lighted in one of the two-deckers belonging to the enemy. It lay in the line of ships stretching across the harbour, broadside on to the Malakoff, in the vicinity of Fort Paul. In the grey of the evening a slight flame alone marked the spot where the fire had taken hold of the vessel; but as darkness closed upon the scene, it became more intense, and evidently baffled the endeavours of the Russians to extinguish it. The flames were not long in covering the whole of the upper decks, and licked the spars and rigging with forked and flashing tongues. The stately masts reared their white forms above the blazing mass as the ropes and shrouds peeled and cracked away, and continued to stand long after the lower yards had fallen, and thrown up in their fall volumes of smoke and sparks. A few shots indistinctly heard were supposed to be the mortars on deck exploding from the heat; but no explosion marked the presence of a powder magazine; and it was supposed, with reason, that the Russians had flooded it. The fire grew fiercer and the night darker every moment. Black clouds scudded swiftly from the westward, and the smoke, issuing from the guns which roared along the lines joined with the dark vapours of the sky, spread a baleful curtain over the scene. In the midst of the obscurity the blazing ship cast a lurid glare over Fort Paul, which came into light behind it, tinged with streaks of red the masts of the ships which surrounded it, and threw its quivering rays upon the edges of Fort Nicholas and Fort Alexander. The Battery of Gordon was relieved in darkness upon the burning pile, and the clouds of smoke which issued from its guns formed great banks of darkness more black than those which overhung the Malakoff and Redan. In the same moment the French left poured forth a salvo upon the works opposed to it, and was answered immediately by the Russians. The air was filled with flashes and minute specks of revolving shells, whilst the enemy were observed to cast into the works of our allies those bouquets of grenades which are so dangerous to the soldier, although harmless to fortifications and heavy guns. Presently the mainmast of the two-decker fell in through the deck beneath it. A broad

glare accompanied the fall. Then the mainmast disappeared, and the foremast drooped its head till it appeared to overhang the water; the bowsprit held to the last, and was seen licked by the flames, which issued from every port-hole. Then the glory of the scene began to fade. The bright red flickered; the smoke was thinner; and soon the Russians had nothing left upon their waters but the black and smoking wreck of what once had seemed a large and noble vessel. The name of that ship was the *Santa Maria*.

The bombardment lasted the whole night without interruption, and day broke almost on the same scene as had been enacted the previous day. The fire, however, had only been kept up at a moderate speed. At half-past five, the 6th, it broke out afresh—not merely on the French left, which continued to bear off the prize for quickness and precision, but throughout the English lines in the centre, and the French right. It slackened at intervals, then increased in density, and slackened again, as the guns became heated and required a pause. Strong breezes from the westward drove the smoke in heavy columns on the Russians, and at certain times enveloped the town in masses of vapour. The hulk of the *Santa Maria* lay like a log upon the water, near Fort St. Paul, and the remainder of the shipping appeared in the morning light huddled together in close proximity to each other, where they had been moved on the previous night to escape the dangerous vicinity of the fire. The Russians soon, however, went to work, and replaced their ships in position, hauling in a new two-decker to fill the space vacant by the loss of her consort. The Russians, whose vigour had appeared impaired during the previous day were singularly inactive on this the second of the bombardment. Still they kept up at certain moments a return of a few shots. The Redan continued to fire at intervals from guns at the extremities of its western and eastern faces, and from other works along their line. Their efforts were most marked on the left attack, and the Malakoff hardly gave a sign of life. Our sea-service mortars fired at intervals on the ships without doing any damage, and the Russians continued to stream to and fro from north to south along their bridge of rafts, unmindful of the fire of the Allies. In the evening their works showed evidence of the violence which they endured, and the batteries became more and more rugged every hour. The third line of defence opposed to the French left seemed, it is true, to keep up an undiminished fire, but the efforts of the Russians were utterly unavailing to create a pause in the activity of our bombardment. The day passed in this wise without any serious loss to the Allies, and as it closed, a large fire in the Karabelnaia suburb became visible by the columns of flame and smoke which it raised.

The Allies continued the work of the previous thirty-six hours by an unceasing fire which lasted during the night, and the echoes of the hills were again broken at dawn on the 7th by a terrific salvo commencing on the French left and gradually spreading to the centre and right. Crowds of spectators, attracted by the hope of an assault, lined the heights at every available point to obtain a glimpse of the expected action, but the Generals were evidently satisfied that the terrible fire they had kept up for so many hours had been sufficiently prolonged. At half-past eight there was a pause; and, as if by enchantment, there was a cessation of explosions from end to end of our lines. The stream of spectators slowly disappeared from the heights, and every thing seemed as still as if no hostile forces were busy in dealing destruction against each other. The ships of the Allies were pitching in the bay of Sebastopol, whilst the sailors hung their hammocks to air in the rigging. The steamers lay blowing off their steam at anchor, and the stillness of the hour was not broken by the Russians, who, no doubt, were pleased enough at their momentary respite. It was, however, but a pause of an hour. The French left burst again at half-past nine into its accustomed roudales. The English centre recommenced its fire, and Inkerman joined in the chorus which deafened every one by its roar. Volumes of smoke and streams of fire belched from the iron mouths of the guns, as the deadly missiles were hurled, to become the messengers of death and destruction. The mortars gave out their rumbling and cavernous noise, as they sent high into the air their large and hollow projectiles—the circular curl of their smoke still hovering over the pieces, long after the deadly shell had done its work, and burst in the enemy's trenches. In the midst of the din two tremendous explosions took place on the left of a slope, and covered with their volume of sound the roar of 400 pieces of artillery. Two fire-balls, or *fougasses*, had been sprung in the advanced parallel, close to the Malakoff and Little Redan, and formed craters ready to be crowned with parapets and form part of works nearer than ever to the enemy. A grand cheer was given by our men as the explosions took place, and then the spectators again turned their attention to the continuation of the bombardment. The day was spent in alternate pauses and outbreaks of fire similar to that just described, and the works of the Russians seemed at last to have received such a shaking as I had never before witnessed. The embrasures of the Redan and Malakoff, and of the batteries towards Careening Bay, seemed to have lost all shape, and appeared like jagged mounds of earth, in which one could scarcely conceive the defenders to be safe. Still in the deep angles of some of the batteries a few shots were fired; these, however, were hourly less frequent, and the Russians began to fire more constantly than they had ever done before from their batteries on the northern shore. The Black Battery, which had long been the terror of the defenders of the Quarries, was so mauled and cut up as to be no longer able to reply, and small fires here and there in the town marked the places where distant shells had exploded. In the midst of all this, however, the church, a large building in the form of a temple, and numerous other buildings, purposely spared, hitherto remained apparently untouched, and preserved the fairness of their proportions. At four o'clock a shell from our mortars again successfully struck a two-decker anchored near Fort Nicholas, and in a short time volumes of smoke issued from her. She was in too dangerous proximity to the rest of the fleet to be left in her position, and she was speedily taken in tow by a steamer which hauled her into a berth near the Karabelnaia. There she continued to burn invisible to us until darkness came on and showed us the flames rising from her hull, and consigning her like the *Santa Maria* to destruction. At six o'clock another grand salvo along the whole line again covered the Russian works with projectiles and smoke; and, as it did so, a shell from a mortar struck the deck of the *Constantine* 120, and, covered her with dust and smoke. The earth upon her deck saved her probably from the fate of her consorts, for the smoke and dust cleared off in a few minutes, exhibiting the sailors busy in the rigging, whilst an active man was seen hoisting the Imperial flag in token of defiance on the jib-boom.

During the day great activity was visible amongst the staff of the various Generals: it seemed as if a vague anxiety and secret preoccupation prevailed throughout the camps. Officers rode about in all directions, and soldiers were to be seen in groups commenting upon the probabilities of an approaching assault. The new draughts, of which several had arrived on the two previous days, were especially surrounded and complimented by all the soldiers on their luck in having probably to distinguish themselves. At noon a large force of Sardinians was moved from the position of Kamara to take the place of French troops probably intended to act elsewhere; and in the English camps all the field hospitals were emptied of their sick and wounded, in anticipation of an event which all expect. To-morrow is anxiously looked for, to end our suspense, and show whether Sebastopol is to be ours or not; for, if the Malakoff were not taken after this bombardment, it is difficult to suppose that Sebastopol can fall this autumn.

One piece of intelligence, hitherto omitted, I have to subjoin. Omer Pacha returned to the Crimea on the 5th inst., and has been in communication with the Allied Generals. I cannot say whether his stay be intended to be permanent or not. It has been blowing a gale all day from the northward and westward, veering this evening to the north-east, and a very hard gale.

CAPTURE OF THE MALAKOFF AND EVACUATION OF SEBASTOPOL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, Sept. 10th, 1855.

THE great question of preponderance in the Black Sea was finally and irrevocably decided on the night of the 8th inst., when the Russians, having been beaten from the Malakoff by the French, evacuated the town of Sebastopol after setting fire to it in several places, and burning their ships. This event which had been so long desired that most of the sanguine commenced to despair of its accomplishment, has cast a joy upon the French Camp in which our men rejoice, although they feel deeply the regret of having had so little share in the glories of the day. Our allies attacked and won the Malakoff at the same moment that we attacked and were repulsed from the Redan. Victory for once was denied us, for reasons which may probably be inferred from the narrative that follows.

The bombardment which had been kept up with less vigour than usual during the night of the 7th, broke out at daybreak into a complete fire from end to end of our lines. It burst over every part of the Russian works with the fury of a tornado, sending up clouds of dust and smoke, which were driven into our camp by a cold north wind, blinding the men whose duty called them to the trenches, and filling the air so densely as to render objects indistinct at a certain distance. As the bombardment commenced, preparations for the assault were made in the camps of the Allies, and numerous regiments were drawn up under arms at dawn. It had been considered proper to forward the men in detachments, and not in columns so as to keep the enemy as much as possible ignorant of our intentions. The storm was intrusted to the Second and Light Division, portions of which were to form immediate supports, whilst the rear was to be kept by the Fourth Division, the Guards and Highlanders, and the Third Division. Sir William Codrington had the general command of the storm, and was supported by General Markham. There was no visible movement on the part of the Russians, and the northern camps, as well as the bridge, were unusually quiet. They seemed passively to wait for the cessation of our fire, answering but at intervals only from their guns, and either unable or unwilling to reply. At half-past nine all the regiments of Second and Light Divisions, as well as the Generals and Staff, had made their way into the trenches; General Codrington taking up his position in the fifth parallel, whilst General Markham had his in a pit called Egerton's Pit, in the third parallel. The stormers consisted of portions of the 30th, 41st, 55th, and 62nd, from the Second Division, of the 90th, 97th, 23rd, and 88th, from the Light Division. The ladder parties were told off from the 3rd Buffs and 97th Regiment. The supports of these regiments, as well as other regiments of the same division were in reserve in the fourth and third parallels ready for action. At the foot of the Malakoff had also been massed stormers from the French First Division, consisting of 400 men of the 1st Zouaves and 450 men of the 1st Chasseurs de Vincennes, under the command of General MacMahon. The Fifth Division furnished stormers for the Little Redan and the works on the proper left of the Malakoff. The Second Division kept the trenches whilst the Fourth was in reserve. General Pelissier and his Staff rode through the British Camp on the way to Inkerman at half past eleven, passing the Guards and Highlanders as they moved up the Woronzoff road to the trenches. General Simpson took up a position near the Picket-house on the Woronzoff road. There were few spectators on the hills on account of precautions taken by General Simpson to stop all egress from Balaklava. But the few who were fortunate enough in gaining admittance to Cathcart-hill were blinded by the dust and saw nothing, and the only eye-witnesses of the storm were those who took part in it, or those who formed the supports of the stormers. At a few minutes before noon the bombardment was urged to a terrific blaze of fire, which poured upon the Russians from embrasures, purposely kept closed until that moment. At ten minutes past twelve the signal for the storm on the Malakoff was given by the explosion of two mines close to the counterscarp, and in the confusion caused by the smoke and uproar the Zouaves and Chasseurs rushed on. They made their way over ground ploughed up by the explosion of shells, and full of holes, and elevations of jagged and irregular formation. Their speed was scarcely impeded by this obstacle, and they jumped down the ditch and up the sides of the works without using the scaling-ladders. The Russians, who were completely taken by surprise, were driven out of the redoubt or killed, or left the French perfect masters of it; the short distance of twenty-five yards, which separated the ditch of the Malakoff from the parallel contributing not a little to the fortunate issue of the storm. In the meanwhile two other attacks had been almost simultaneously made upon the Russians with far less fortunate results. General Codrington, hearing the signal of the assault on the Malakoff, after a short pause gave the order to storm the Redan. The ladder-parties of the 3rd and 97th dashed out, and favoured by tolerably even ground, passed the abatis which was no sensible obstacle to their progress, and planted their ladders on the salient angle of the work. The stormers, less active than they had been, were delayed by their inability to issue from the parallel, except by one aperture, and when they succeeded in reaching the scarp of the Redan, the ladder party had already mounted to the assault. The stormers followed, mounting on each side of the salient angle, and fought their way into the Redan, killing the Russians within the first traverse; but, in their eagerness to outstrip each other, the parties on the left pressed across the work to join those on the left, and in doing so fell into the concentrated fire of the enemy, whose supports, upwards of 2000 in numbers, were rapidly coming up. A hand-to-hand conflict followed, desperate in its nature,—the Russians fighting for the hold with the tenacity of bears, and using every sort of missile, in addition to their arms. Stones, loose grape, stocks of broken muskets, were hurled in volleys from the summit of the traverses, on our men, whose ammunition began to fail. They in their turn grasped at stones, and hurled them against the Russians; who now, encouraged by the arrival of reinforcements, and the diminution of our men, poured down upon our devoted stormers, and fought with them hand to hand. Many were the despairing efforts that then took place—men clung to men, and the agony of both was undergone on the same spot. This was too terrible to last. Either our Generals must bring on supports, or the stormers retreat. The former was delayed, and the remnant of our men gave way in disorder from the parapets and embrasures which they had so gallantly stormed. At this time there were several regiments in the 3rd, 4th, and 5th parallels which did not move sufficiently quick, and were not in time to save the relics of the stormers. The Redan was thus won and lost. The French attack on the Little Redan and works upon the Carcening Bay were failures for other reasons. The troops moved resolutely on, rapidly crossing a broad space which lay between them and the Russian redoubts. They were thrown into considerable confusion by rows of holes called *trous a loup*, into which the men stumbled in the middle of the darkness caused by dust and smoke; their attack was deprived by this of its firmness, and was repulsed by the enemy. The struggle, however, was maintained doubtfully for a considerable time. The first body of stormers, almost annihilated by the musketry of the Russians, covered the parapets of the works with their bodies; when fresh supports came up, and struggled to gain the summit of the scarp; but at every fresh attempt they fell back discomfited into the ditch, covering the ground with dead and dying. The Russians not only had the advantage of position, but they had been materially assisted in this portion of the attack by the fire of the steamers which fired broadsides upon the Malakoff and the counterscarps of the Little Redan. The *Vladimir*, always so ably handled that when anything daring was done by the Russians, the French said, "*c'est du Vladimir*," steamed rapidly up under the very mouths of the French batteries on Mount Sapouné, delivered

her broadside, and then majestically steaming round, delivered a second, without eliciting in the confusion any reply from the French. These broadsides committed dreadful havoc, and threw the ranks of the assaulting columns into inextricable confusion. Notwithstanding every adverse circumstance, however, the French maintained their ground at the foot of the scarp and in the ditch of the Little Redan and Black Batteries, firing resolutely at every Russian who showed himself over the parapet, whilst the Russians on their part were equally quick in returning shot for shot when a Frenchman raised his person more than usual. This part of the fight partook at last of a certain Indian character, the struggle from cover to cover resembling those of which we have all read in the glowing pages of Cooper.

These painful phases of the combined assault proceeded whilst the main attack on the Malakoff rapidly lost its early characteristics. It is difficult to give such a picture of the work as may furnish an approximate idea of its proportions and aspects. But the description of it will, perhaps, be sufficient to afford some conception of its nature, and characterise the aspect of this as well as the Redan and other forts held by the Russians. The ditch was about fifteen feet deep, and the scarp twenty feet high. The embrasures and platforms were elevated above the level of the work, which was divided into parts by traverses of irregular shape, in which small openings were left for the passage of men. These traverses were mostly quarried works, the galleries of which were supported by double rows of gigantic beams of Norway pine, and the height of earth forming the roof made every vault bomb-proof. The traverses generally measured 12 to 15 feet in height, and being most irregular in their form must have rendered complete possession extremely difficult. The Redan was similarly arranged internally; and this peculiarity of construction accounts for the inactivity of the Russians during the last bombardment, the soldiers concealing themselves in their catemates till such time as the heavy fire should cease. It does not appear either that the guards of these works were changed oftener than monthly, for every portion of this quarter bore proofs of permanent occupation; that of the Commander being filled with arm-chairs, pictures, and luxuries; whilst workshops for carpenters and masons were fitted up. The very security of the soldiers in these strongholds must have increased a chance of surprise, and the instant occupation of the work and destruction of its defenders in a short period are a proof of it. The Russians, however, did not passively allow their enemy to enjoy his new possession. They had no sooner been driven out than they attacked the French with the energy of despair, and the Zouaves and Chasseurs found themselves defenders instead of assaulters of the Malakoff. They fought with all the energy of pride and success, and for a considerable time kept up an unequal struggle against superior numbers. The Russians trusted more to stones and missiles of that nature than to their muskets, and from the summits of the traverses they heaved all kinds of miscellaneous articles, such as stones, beams, buckets, old grape-shot, and muskets. The French, short of ammunition, replied with the same weapons, varying their resistance by rushes at the point of the bayonet. They were giving way, however, before the advancing Russians, discouraged by intelligence of impending failure at the Redan and Black Works; but, at the critical moment, the supports of the division marched up, and entered the work on all sides. The Imperial Guard, consisting of Grenadiers and Zouaves, swarmed into the Malakoff and commenced a desperate conflict. Hand to hand amongst the labyrinthine windings of the redoubt, amongst shell-holes, broken gabions, and irregular elevations, each side fought and bled. They fell side by side, and in many instances above each other. The ground was strewn with them so as to be completely invisible. To add to the horror of the moment the shells from the Redan and steamers fell in numbers upon the portion of the work in possession of the French, and added to the heaviness of their losses. But the Russians were unable to regain the Malakoff. As the French poured in fresh supports every moment, and brought in field artillery over a hasty bridge into the redoubt, the Russians slowly yielded, and commenced a retreat which ended in a rout. The scene of it was the way leading from the Dockyard to the Malakoff, a road traced inside of the second line of defence, to which the Russians trusted as a means of retrieving their losses. A long series of batteries had been erected from the foot of the Malakoff to the Naval Hospital, part of them bearing upon the Redan, and part on the Malakoff. A large six-gun battery at the base of the southern front of the hospital had been armed with 68-pounders, and the windows in the ground-floor of the hospital on the eastern face had been turned into embrasures from which ships' carronades played upon the Malakoff and the ascent to it. The rapidity of the French movement when the Russians first commenced their retreat, prevented the latter from using their second line of defence efficaciously. The hand-to-hand conflict down the descent did not enable them to kill a foe without destroying a friend; and thus the French passed down from the Malakoff towards the town until they came to the base of the hill, and on a level with the Dockyard. From that spot they receded, moving to their right, and driving the Russians through the streets of the Karabelnaia suburb; whilst the field-artillery and some of the lighter guns left in the Malakoff were turned against the second line of defence, which it successfully enfiladed. Darkness now supervened, and the Russians, under its cover, withdrew from the works of the Karabelnaia, the Little Redan, and Black Battery.

(For the remainder of our Correspondents' Letters on Sebastopol see page 376.)

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

(From Tuesday night's Gazette.)

At the Court at Balmoral, the 24th day of September, 1855—present, the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

It is this day ordered by her Majesty in Council that his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury do prepare a form of prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God for the signal and repeated successes obtained by the troops of her Majesty, and by those of her allies, in the Crimea, and especially for the capture of the town of Sebastopol; and that such form of prayer and thanksgiving be used in all churches and chapels in England and Wales, and in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, upon Sunday, the 30th day of this instant September, or upon the Sunday after the ministers of such churches and chapels shall respectively receive the same.

And it is hereby further ordered, that her Majesty's printer do forthwith print a competent number of copies of the said form of prayer and thanksgiving, in order that the same may be forthwith sent round and read in the several churches and chapels in England and Wales, and in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

At the Court at Balmoral, the 24th day of September, 1855—present the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

It is this day ordered, by her Majesty in Council, that all ministers and preachers, as well of the Established Church in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, as of the Episcopal Communion, protected and allowed by an Act passed in the 10th year of the reign of her Majesty Queen Anne, cap. 7, do, at some time during the exercise of Divine service in their churches, congregations, or assemblies, on Sunday, the 30th day of this instant September, or on the Sunday after the ministers or preachers of such churches, congregations, or assemblies respectively, shall be enabled so to do, put up prayers and thanksgivings to Almighty God for the signal and repeated successes obtained by the troops of her Majesty, and by those of her allies, in the Crimea, and especially for the capture of the town of Sebastopol.

FORM OF PRAYER.

In accordance with an Order in Council, issued at Balmoral on the 24th inst., his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has issued the following "Form of Prayer and Thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the signal and repeated successes obtained by the troops of her Majesty, and by those of her allies, in the Crimea, and especially for the capture of the town of Sebastopol":—

"O Lord God Almighty, the Disposer of all human events, in whose hand is power and might which none is able to withstand: We, Thine unworthy servants, desire to approach Thy throne with the tribute of praise and thanksgiving. We bless and magnify thy name for the successes granted to our

countrymen, and the armies allied with them, now engaged in a mighty warfare, and defending the rights and independence of nations; and especially for the signal victory by which the stronghold of the enemy has been overthrown. We acknowledge, O Lord, that the wisest counsels and the strongest arms, without Thee, cannot but fail: for Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the victory, and the majesty; and therefore, not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name, be all praise and glory ascribed.

"Continue, we beseech Thee, Thy favour to the Allied forces, both by sea and land. Let not the glory of their progress be stained by ambition, or sullied by revenge: but let Thy Holy Spirit support them in danger, control them in victory, and raise them above all temptation to evil. And grant that this and all other successes which have crowned the bravery and rewarded the endurance of our armies, may issue in the return of peace, and the restoration of Christian brotherhood among nations.

"Finally, O Lord, we entreat Thee so to dispose and turn our hearts, that Thy mercy, now manifested towards us, may engage us to true thankfulness, and incline us, as a nation, to walk more humbly and devoutly before Thee, by obeying Thy holy word, by reverencing Thy holy day, and by promoting throughout the land the knowledge of Thee, the only true God, and of Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent. To whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen."

The Prayer is "to be used at morning and evening service after the General Thanksgiving in all churches and chapels in England and Wales, and in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, upon Sunday, the thirtieth day of this instant September, or upon the Sunday after the ministers of such churches and chapels shall respectively receive the same."

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SIR ANDREW VINCENT CORBET, BART., OF ACTON REYNALD, COUNTY SALOP.

THIS much-respected Baronet died on the 13th inst., aged fifty-five, at Brancepeth Castle, the seat of Viscount Boyne, after three hours' illness. Sir Andrew was son and heir of the late Sir Andrew Corbet, of Moreton Corbet, who succeeded to the family estates at the death of his uncle, in 1796, and was created a Baronet in 1803. The Corbets of Moreton Corbet had a previous Baronetcy, conferred in 1642 on Sir Vincent Corbet, which became extinct with his grandson, another Sir Vincent, in 1838. The family is one of the most ancient in England, having been founded by Corbeau, a noble Norman, who accompanied the Conqueror to Hastings, and was employed by Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury and Arundel. The Baronet, whose death we record, married, 19th September, 1820, Rachel Stephens, sister of Rowland, present Viscount Hill, and had several children, one of whom died recently in the Crimea. The eldest son, the present inheritor of the title, Sir Vincent Rowland Corbet, third Baronet, born 11th of August, 1821.

LIEUT.-COLONEL WILLIAM GRANVILLE ELIOT.

COLONEL ELIOT was the eldest son of Francis Percival Eliot, Esq., of Elmhurst Hall, Staffordshire, and was born in 1779. At an early age he entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich as a Cadet, and obtained his first commission, as Second Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1796. In 1803 he embarked for Hanover, and served there, under Lord Cathcart, as Captain, in command of a field-battery of artillery. In 1803 he was warmly engaged in the battles of Roleia and Vimiera, in Portugal, where he commanded a battery of field-artillery. In 1808 and 1809 he was in the retreat of Sir John Moore's army to Corunna, and had charge of the reserve ammunition, which he had discretionary orders to destroy, but saved the whole and embarked at Oporto. He continued to act through the succeeding campaigns of the Peninsular struggle with equal energy and ability. In 1813 he joined, in command of two rocket-troops of the Horse Artillery, the army near Antwerp; he was in action with the enemy's flotilla near Fort Lillo; and at the attack of the fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom. In 1828 he obtained his Lieutenant-Colonelcy; but, from ill-health, he was soon after that obliged to retire from the army.

Colonel Eliot received a gold medal for the battle of Vimiera, the silver medal and clasps for Talavera and Roleia, and the gold medal and Hanoverian Order of Knighthood for his services in that country.

In 1810, he wrote and published a treatise on the Military Defences of Portugal, which reached a third edition; and he was also employed in editing and revising a manual of artillery, entitled "The Pocket Gunner."

The Colonel was much beloved by the men under his command; and upon his appointment to the Horse Artillery in 1813, the non-commissioned officers and privates of his late company presented him with a silver snuff-box as a testimony of esteem and regard.

Colonel Eliot married, in 1806, Harriet, daughter of General Gotter Mann, of the Royal Engineers, Inspector-General of Fortifications; and, secondly, in 1815, Anne, daughter of Samuel Heywood, Esq., Serjeant-at-Law. He died at his residence, Valebrook Lodge, near Hastings, August 26, 1855, in the 76th year of his age.

The Colonel's only son, Captain Granville Heywood Eliot, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, was accidentally drowned in the river Shannon, near Athlone in 1844.

Lieut. J. Granville Harkness, of the 55th Regiment, now in the Crimea, is the grandson of the deceased officer.

MRS. LYDE BROWNE.

THIS lady, who expired on the 15th inst., at Lutwyche Hall, Shropshire, in her 91st year, was the only daughter of Stephen Riou, Esq. (of the family of De Rieux, of Languedoc, driven from France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes), by Dorothy, his wife, of the ancient family of Dawson, of Ferriby, Heworth, and Farlington, in the county of York, who trace through many distinguished families uninterrupted descent from Edward III. Mrs. Lyde Browne was related to men who followed the profession of arms, and she had continually to suffer the loss, in their country's service, of those most dear to her. Her maternal grandfather, Major George Dawson, died of privation in the disastrous expedition to Carthage under General Wentworth. Her father, having obtained from George II. a commission in the Guards, served with distinction as a volunteer in Holland; and of her two brothers, Philip Riou, the elder, served under Lord Heathfield at Gibraltar, and died Senior Colonel of Artillery in 1817; the younger, Captain Riou, R.N., was, in 1790, miraculously preserved in the wreck of the *Guardian* frigate, which he refused to quit, though her crew deserted her. He was afterwards killed at the battle of Copenhagen, while engaging with his little frigates the crushing fire of the Tre Kronor battery. Nelson, in his despatch, honoured Riou with the title of "the gallant and the good." Mrs. Lyde Browne was the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Lyde Browne, of the 21st Fusiliers, whom she married in 1800. This gallant gentleman lost his life with Lord Kilwarden, the Chief Justice, who was slain in the streets of Dublin on the fatal night of Emmet's insurrection, the 23rd July, 1803. By her marriage, Mrs. Browne had an only daughter, Charlotte Riou, who is married to M. G. Benson, Esq., of Lutwyche, in the county of Salop.

* * A War Obituary of those officers who have recently and gloriously fallen at the capture of Sebastopol, being in preparation for publication in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, any communications on the subject sent at the very earliest moment will be carefully attended to.

BAGTCHESERAI, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF THE CRIMEA.

THE report from Vienna that the Russian troops are retreating from Bagtcheserai and Simpheropol to Perekop has drawn attention to that part of the seat of war. Both towns, as the accounts from St. Petersburg have already informed us, were completely crowded with sick and wounded soldiers before the evacuation of Sebastopol. It is easy to guess, therefore, that Prince Gortschakoff would not find room for his army there, should he think of retreating from the north side of Sebastopol. The removal of troops northward from Bagtcheserai and Simpheropol may, perhaps, be to make room for some portion of his which he has been sending there. We learn from Mr. Daaby Seymour that—

Bagtcheserai was the capital of the Tartars during their occupation of the Crimea, and, like Karasoubazar, retains much of its Eastern character, owing to the ukase of Catherine II., which is still in force, and by which the Tartars are allowed to retain exclusive possession of these two cities.

The distance from Simpheropol to Bagtcheserai is 30 versts (22½ English miles), and the road runs along a waste steppe, except a mile and a half of the distance, during which it passes through the pretty valley of the upper Alma. The town is situated in a deep gorge in the chalk formation, and the traveller does not see it till he has arrived at the end of his journey, and suddenly looks down upon it snugly ensconced at his feet between two walls of rock. There he sees the irregular Tartar habitations, interspersed with delicate minarets

S K E T C H E S I N T H E C R I M E A.



TOWN OF BAGTCHESERAI, ONE OF THE CAPITALS OF THE CRIMEA, AND HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE RUSSIANS.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY WILLIBALD RICHTER.

and tall poplar-trees stretching in two long lines on each side of the muddy stream of the Djourouk Sou. A steep road leads down to it, which passes the modest triumphal arch erected in honour of the visit of the Empress Catherine II. to the capital of her new conquest in the last century, and which bears the simple inscription, "1787." The town has completely retained its Oriental character; and in passing down the long street, nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, the little open shops of the tailors, the shoemakers, the bakers, the locksmiths, and the kalpac-makers, are seen, with their proprietors sitting cross-legged, in Eastern fashion, and working and selling at the same time. Bagtcheserai is celebrated for the number of its fountains and the purity of its water, which one writer pretends is the lightest in all Tartary and Turkey. There are no less than 119 fountains for a population of 9547 inhabitants. At the end of the long street, just across the little river, is the great sight of Bagtcheserai, the ancient palace of the khans, which all travellers stop to visit.

Now that Turkey is becoming so much Europeanised, this palace, as a specimen of the old architecture of the Turkish race, goes on increasing in interest. The great men at Constantinople are sacrificing the ancient peculiarities of their palaces to modern conveniences, but this venerable monument is kept up by the Sovereigns of Russia precisely in its ancient condition. I was much struck with it when the brightly-painted gateway first opened upon me. This divides in two a long line of buildings, of only one story in height, with all the windows filled up with carved woodwork, and ornamented with rude arabesques painted in bright colours.

Right and left on entering are ranges of apartments, which all open on a long gallery, whence there is a good view of the interior court and the groups of fantastic buildings raised irregularly around it.

At the entrance of the second court on the left is the gate called the Iron Gate, leading to the principal apartments, on which is an inscription declaring

it to have been built by Menghli Geray Khan, who conquered the Crimea in 1480, and was acknowledged as its Sovereign by the Turks.

A staircase leads into the richly-ornamented hall, in which there are two fountains, one of which is called Selsibil, or the fountain of Mary, on which the Russian poet Poushkin has written some beautiful verses. Beyond this hall is that of the divan, the great council-room, placed in the midst of a terraced garden. This is one of those magic buildings in which the climate of the East can really be enjoyed. Its floor is of marble, and its fretted ceiling tastefully gilt, while the centre is occupied by a marble basin, into which the water is perpetually trickling from a fountain with fifty jets. The only light that is admitted is toned down through painted glass, and the softest divans invite repose from the heats of summer. The terraces of the garden outside are planted with roses; and the clearest streams of water fall in small cascades from one marble basin to another.



PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S PALACE, AT BAGTCHESERAI.—INTERIOR COURT.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY WILLIBALD RICHTER.



SKETCH IN THE BALTIC.—A FRENCH FUNERAL AT SEA.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

enemy against the positions which we occupy on this river, every preparation was made to deliver a decisive assault against Sebastopol itself. The artillery of the right attack commenced on the 17th of August a well-sustained fire against the Malakoff, the Little Redan, the neighbouring defences, and the roads, in order to permit our engineers to establish defences close to the place, from which the troops might be able instantly to throw themselves upon the enemy. Our engineers besides prepared materials for escalade, and on the 5th of September all our batteries of the left opened a very violent fire against the town. The English on their side kept up a hot cannonade against the Great Redan and its redoubt, which they were to attack.

All being ready, I resolved, in concert with General Simpson, to give the assault on the 5th of September, at the hour of noon.

General McMahon's Division was to carry the works of the Malakoff; General Dulac's Division was to attack the Little Redan; and in the centre the Division of General La Motterouge was to march against the curtain connecting these two extreme points. Besides these troops, I had given to General Berquet General Mellinet's division of the Guards, to support the first three divisions. Thus far for the right.

In the centre the English were to attack the Great Redan, escalating it at its salient.

On the left the First Corps, to which General de la Marmora had wished to join a Sardinian brigade, having at its head General Levaillant's Division, was to penetrate into the interior of the town by the Central Bastion, and afterwards turn the Flagstaff Bastion in order to establish a lodgment there likewise.

General de Salles had instructions not to pursue his attack further than circumstances might render it advisable.

Further, the fleets of Admiral Lyons and Bruat were to operate a powerful diversion of firing against the Quarantine, the Roadstead, and the sea front of the fortress; but the state of the sea, agitated by a violent north-west wind, was such that neither the line-of-battle ships nor the frigates were able to quit their anchorage. The English and French mortar-boats, however, were able to go into action. Their fire was of remarkable excellence, and they rendered us real assistance. At noon exactly the divisions of Generals McMahon, La Motterouge, and Dulac, electrified by their chiefs, sprang to the Malakoff, the Curtain, and the Little Redan of the Careenage. After unexampled difficulties, and a most exciting foot-to-foot combat, General McMahon's division succeeded in effecting a lodgment in the anterior part of the Malakoff. The enemy showered down a storm of projectiles of all kinds upon our brave troops. The Redan of the Careenage, especially battered by the *maison en croix* and the steamers, it was necessary to evacuate after its occupation; but the division of La Motterouge made its ground good on one part of the Curtain, and that of General McMahon gained ground in the Malakoff, where General Berquet sent continually the reserves which I sent forward to him. The other attacks were subordinated to that of the Malakoff, that being the capital point of the defences of the whole place.

Standing in the Breton Redoubt (on the Mamelon), I considered that the Malakoff was safely in our power, and I gave the signal which had been agreed upon with General Simpson.

The English immediately advanced bravely against the salient of the Great Redan. They were able to effect a lodgment in it, and struggled a considerable time to maintain their position, but, crushed by the Russian reserves, which advanced incessantly, and by a violent fire of artillery, they were forced to return into their parallel.

At the same moment General de Salles had directed an attack against the Central Bastion. The Levallant Division had begun to establish itself in fit, as well as in the Right Lunette; a tremendous fire of grape was succeeded by the arrival of Russian reinforcements, so considerable in number that our troops, already decimated by the fire of the enemy, and whose chiefs had been disabled, were compelled to fall back on the place whence they had sallied.

Convinced that the taking of the Malakoff would be decisive of success, I prevented the renewal of any attacks on other points, which, by compelling the hostile army to remain on all its points, had already attained their main object. I then directed my sole attention to the retaining possession of the Malakoff, which General McMahon had been previously enabled completely to obtain. Besides, a great and critical moment was impending.

General Berquet had just been struck by the bursting of a shell, and his command I gave to General Dulac. A powder-magazine near the Malakoff exploded at this moment, from which contingency I anticipated the most serious results.

The Russians, hoping to profit by this accident, immediately advanced in dense masses, and, disposed in three columns, simultaneously attacked the centre, the left, and the right of the Malakoff. But measures of defence had already been taken in the interior of the fortress; for which purpose General McMahon opposed to the enemy bodies of undaunted troops, whom nothing could intimidate; and, after the most desperate efforts, the Russians were compelled to make a precipitate retreat. From that moment the discomfited enemy appears to have renounced all idea of further attack. The Malakoff was ours, and no effort of the enemy could wrest it from us. It was half-past four o'clock.

Measures were immediately taken for enabling us to repulse the enemy, in case he should attempt against us a nocturnal attack. But we were soon released from our uncertainty. As soon as it became night fires burst forth on every side, mines exploded, magazines of gunpowder exploded in the air. The sight of Sebastopol in flames, which the whole army contemplated, was one of the most awe-inspiring and sinister pictures that the history of wars can have presented. The enemy was making a complete evacuation; it was effected during the night by means of a bridge constructed between the two shores of the roadstead, and under cover of the successive explosions that prevented me from approaching and harassing him. On the morning of the 5th the whole southern side of the town was freed, and in our power.

I have no need of enhancing in the eyes of your Excellency the importance of so great a success. Neither will it be necessary for me to speak of this brave army, whose warlike virtues and devotion are so thoroughly appreciated by our Emperor; and I shall have, great as the number is, to name to you those who have distinguished themselves among so many valiant soldiers. I cannot yet do so, but I shall fulfil this duty in one of my next despatches.

Deign to accept, Monsieur le Maréchal, the expression of my respectful devotion.

The General in Chief,
GENERAL NIEL'S DESPATCH.

Sebastopol, September 11.

Monsieur le Maréchal.—The place of Sebastopol was stormed on the 8th of September. That assault has rendered us masters of the Malakoff work, the occupation of which renders the defence of the suburb almost impossible, and enables us to cut off the communications of the town with the north part of the roadstead. After rallying several times, and resuming the offensive with a courage to which we are bound to do homage, seeing that his utmost efforts remained fruitless, he began in the evening to evacuate the town; during the night he set it on fire, and he employed his powder in destroying with his own hands the defensive works and the great establishments which Russia had been accumulating for so many years in this fortress. He has sunk all his ships, frigates, and other sailing vessels, preserving only the steamers; lastly, he broke up and pulled after him the bridge of boats by which he communicated with the forts of the north side, abandoning to us in this way the town, suburb, and everything else on the south side of the roadstead.

The defence was energetic; on several points our attacks were repulsed; but the chief attack, that which ensured our success, was not doubtful for an instant. The first division of the First Corps, commanded at present by General McMahon, carried at the first onset the Malakoff work, and there maintained itself heroically, understanding that it held in its hands the keys of the place.

I am going to give you an account of the dispositions that had been taken for diminishing as much as possible the numerous difficulties attending this terrible assault, made, not on a place invested, on a limited garrison, but on a vast fortress, defended by an army equally numerous, perhaps, as that which attacked it.

In the attacks directed against the town our approaches had been carried to within forty metres of the Central Bastion and thirty metres of the Flagstaff Bastion. At the attacks of the Karabelnaia suburb the English, impeded by the difficulties of the ground and by the fire of the enemy's artillery, had only been able to advance their approaches to about 200 metres from the salient of the Great Redan.

Before the front of the Malakoff we had arrived to within 25 metres of the enceinte which surrounds the tower, and had carried our approaches to the same distance of the Little Redan of the Careenage. This important result was due to the incontestable superiority of our artillery over that of the enemy.

The Generals-in-Chief of the Allied armies had made the following arrangements:—

The general attack of the place was fixed for the 8th September at noon. On the morning of the 5th the artillery of the attacks against the town and that of the English attacks, who until then had husbanded their fire, were to resume it with great energy.

Such a cannonade was never heard. We had mounted in our two attacks more than 500 cannons. The English had about 200, and the Russians more than we. The fire of the enemy damaged our trenches, but did us little harm. Ours, notwithstanding the great extent of the place, converged on it, and must have caused immense loss to the Russian army. During the last few days which preceded the assault our infantry fatigue parties were principally employed in enlarging the most advanced *place d'armes* and the ditches, and in carrying to the spot the means of crossing the ditches.

The aim of all our efforts was the capture of the work constructed behind the Malakoff Tower. This work (called the Korniloff Redoubt by the Russians), which is an immense redoubt, a kind of citadel of earth, occupies a

mamelon which commands all the interior of the Karabelnaia suburb takes the Redan attacked by the English *d'artillerie*, and is only 1200 metres from the south port, on which the Russians had constructed a bridge of rafts, now their only communication between the suburb and the town. The Malakoff Fort is 350 metres by 150 metres in dimensions. The parapets have more than six metres of relief above the soil, and in front of them is a ditch which before our attacks was six metres in depth and seven in width. It was armed with 62 guns of various calibres. In the front part, inclosed by the parapet, is the Malakoff Tower, of which the Russians have only preserved the *rez de chaussée*, which is crenellated. In the interior of the work the Russians had raised a vast number of traverses, under which were excellent blindages where the garrison found shelter, and had beds arranged on each side in two rows, one above the other. A Russian officer of engineers, who was made prisoner, states that the garrison of this part of the Malakoff, which I have just described in order that you may judge of the difficulties which our soldiers had to surmount, consisted of not less than 2500 men.

The Malakoff front, which is a thousand metres in length, is bounded on our left by Fort Malakoff, and on our right by the Little Redan. This last work, which, at the commencement of the siege, was only a simple redan, was transformed little by little into a redoubt, closed at the gorge and heavily armed. The exterior fronts of the two redoubts of Malakoff and the Careenage were connected by a curtain armed with sixteen cannons; and behind the enceinte the Russians had raised a second, which connected the fronts of the gorges of the two redoubts. This second enceinte, armed in part, had not, however, a ditch presenting a serious obstacle.

The rocky nature of the soil had hindered the enemy from excavating everywhere equally the ditch of the first curtain and of the Little Redan, and on several points the troops were able to pass it without very much difficulty. For passing the ditches, which had a considerable depth, we had contrived a system of bridges which could be thrown in less than a minute by an ingenious manœuvre, to which our sappers and soldiers *d'élite* had been trained.

The French artillery was so superior to that of the Russians that it had extinguished the fire of nearly all the guns pointed directly at our attacks. The filled-up embrasures relieved us from the fear that our columns might be assailed by grape as they issued from the trenches. The parapets were destroyed, and a part of the earth had rolled into the ditch. Finally, the Malakoff fort had been assailed by so large a number of shells, thrown from our batteries and those of the English, that the guns which did not look directly upon our attacks had their embrasures also filled up, and everywhere the *terrassements* had lost their original form. But behind the defences situated in the first line the Russians had preserved a large number of pieces, which we could not *contre-battre* completely, and the columns which proceeded to attack the Malakoff were exposed to the fire of numerous batteries which the Russians had raised to the north of the roadstead, and which, though fired from a great distance, were nevertheless dangerous.

You are aware that ever since my arrival before Sebastopol I was decidedly of opinion that the true point of attack was the tower or mamelon of Malakoff; and that this opinion having been adopted by General Canrobert, those attacks of the right were undertaken, which were executed by the Second Corps. From the side of the town we had been content to extend towards the left the approaches executed by the First Corps. Taking things at the point where they stood when the assault was resolved on, there was no doubt that the possession of the Malakoff Fort would lead to a decisive result; and, on the other hand, it was to be presumed that if a failure took place on this point, success obtained elsewhere could not lead to great results. However, it was not proper to attack a place so extended upon one single point. It was necessary to obtain that division of the enemy's forces which resulted from the great development of the enceinte that he had to defend, and especially to make him uneasy about the town, to which the bridge led whereby he might make his retreat.

It was to satisfy these various considerations—it was to ensure success, while economising as much as possible the blood of our soldiers in the terrible struggle then preparing—that the General-in-Chief decided that the assault should first be made on the front of the Malakoff; that if this attack, which would be made under his personal inspection, should succeed, then at his signal the English should attack the Redan and the first portion of the town, so as to prevent the enemy's concentrating all his efforts against the troops that should have already taken possession of the Malakoff Fort.

The front of the Malakoff was to be attacked by three columns: the one on the left commanded by General de McMahon, moving in a straight line on the Malakoff Fort by the front that faced us, and in turning it slightly on the right hand, had for its task the taking and keeping of it, cost what it might; the right column, Dulac's division, was to march against the Redan of the Careenage Bay, to occupy it, and detach a brigade on its left, in order to turn the second enclosure; lastly, the central column, being the division of La Motterouge, issuing from the sixth parallel, having a longer extent of ground to pass over, and arriving a little later, was to carry the curtain, to proceed then against the second enclosure, and send one of its brigades to the assistance of the first column, if this latter should have not yet gained possession of the Malakoff Fort.

Such was the importance of these positions that we could not doubt that the enemy, if he lost them, would make great efforts to retake them. In consequence, the troops of the Imperial Guard were given as a reserve to the Second Corps.

The chief of the Engineer Battalion, Ragon, having under his orders several brigades of sappers marching with the first column, had to throw bridges across the ditches, see after the mines, open everywhere a passage to the columns, and as soon as these should be masters of the fort, to close it at the gorge; and, in order to oppose any rallying attack in return, to open in the rear large passages for the arrival of the troops and the artillery.

The chief of the Engineer Battalion, Renoux, attached to the right column, and Captain Schoenagel, attached to the central column, having also brigades of sappers under their orders, had to fulfil an analogous mission.

All the arrangements concerning the duty of the Engineers in the attacks to be made on the Malakoff had been made by the General of Brigade, Frossard, commanding the Engineers of the Second Corps.

In attacking the town, in order to avoid the obstacles accumulated by the enemy at the salient of the Flagstaff Bastion, it had been decided that the principal assault should be given at the Central Bastion, between its salient and the lunette on the left; that the assaulting column, as soon as it should be established within the Central Bastion, should detach a part of its forces towards the gorge of the Flagstaff Battery, whose right face should then be assailed by a Sardinian Brigade which had come to take part in the operations of the First Corps.

General Delesme, commanding the Engineers of the First Corps had made arrangements for attacking the town similar to those which I have just explained with reference to the attacks of the Karabelnaia faubourg.

On the 4th of September, at eight o'clock in the morning, we threw on the Central Bastion two mines of projection, each charged with 100 kilogrammes of powder. The explosion took place near the middle of the bastion, and appeared to cause great disorder. At the same hour we exploded, in front of our approaches to the Malakoff Fort, three mining chambers, charged in all with 1500 kilogrammes of powder, in order to destroy the lower galleries of the Russian miners, and to give security to our soldiers, who had to crowd within the trenches under which deserters announced that the soil was mined.

At noon precisely our soldiers rushed from the advanced *places d'armes* in front of the Malakoff. They crossed the ditches with surprising agility, and, jumping on the parapets, attacked the enemy to the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" At the Malakoff Fort, the interior slope having a great height, those who arrived first halted an instant to form. Then they mounted on the parapet and jumped into the work.

The combat, which had commenced with discharges of fire-arms, was carried on with the bayonet, with stones, and with butt-ends of muskets. The rammers became weapons in the hands of the Russian gunners, but everywhere the Russians were killed, taken prisoners, or made to fly; and in less than a quarter of an hour after the attack had taken place the French flag waved on the conquered redoubt.

The Careenage Redan had also been carried after a very hot struggle. The centre column had advanced as far as the second enceinte. Everywhere we had taken possession of the works attacked. The General-in-Chief gave the concerted signal for the attack of the Great Redan, and soon after for the attack of the town. The English had 200 metres of ground to go over under a terrible fire of grape. This space was presently covered with dead; but these losses could not stop the march of the attacking column, which advanced to the capital of the work. It descended into the ditch, which was about five metres in depth, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the Russians, it escalated the scarp and took from them the salient of the Redan; but, after the first struggle, which cost the Russians dear, the English soldiers found before them a vast open space crossed in all directions by the balls of the enemy, who themselves were sheltered behind distant traverses. Those who came up were scarcely sufficient to replace those who were placed *hors de combat*.

It was not until they had sustained, during nearly two hours, this unequal combat, that the English resolved to evacuate the Redan.

The attack upon the Central Bastion presented the same result. In front of the Malakoff the Russians made great efforts to reconquer the works. Repeated attacks were made, but in vain. The dead bodies of the enemy were piled up in front of the gorge, but the First Division remained immovable, and in the evening we were masters of this citadel, without which the Russians could not continue their defence for more than a few days.

Thus terminated this memorable siege, in which the means of defence and of attack attained colossal dimensions. The Russians had 800 cannon in battery, the besieging army about 700.

In finishing this report, I ought to tell you, Monsieur le Maréchal, that the greatest harmony has never ceased to prevail between the Artillery and the Engineers. Whenever one of these two services could come to the assistance

of the other, he did it with eagerness, and this community of views and action has given us the means of overcoming many difficulties.

I have also had to congratulate myself in every instance on my relations with General Harry Jones, commanding the Engineers of the English army. Our object was the same, and we have never differed in opinion on the means to be employed for attaining it. Already, at the siege of Bomarsund, I had the opportunity of appreciating the loyalty and the noble character of this General Officer. I have been happy at finding myself again in relations with him at the siege of Sebastopol.

Accept, Monsieur le Maréchal, the homage of my most respectful devotion.

The General of Division, A.D.C. of the Emperor, Commanding the Engineers of the Army in the East,
NIEL.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Board of Admiralty having completed their inspection of the establishments at Portsmouth, returned to town on Saturday.

RETURNS of vessels seized or captured, whether under the Russian, neutral, Allied, or British flags, and against which proceedings have been taken in the High Court of Admiralty of England, from the 20th of March, 1854, to the 8th of August, 1855, were published on Saturday last. The list includes the names of 135 vessels in all. Many were captured under Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, German, Greek, and even Tuscan flags, which were simulated by the captured ships.

ON Saturday morning five Russian deserters were escorted into Woolwich Dockyard from Sheerness, in charge of a sergeant of the Royal Marines, to be received on board the *Frigate* receiving-ship, for a passage to Constantinople, to join the Foreign Legion. They are enthusiastic in expressing their satisfaction at the treatment they receive in their newly-adopted country, and confess that they had no reluctance in quitting Russia, where their monthly pay was only 1s. 3d.

THE Medical Staff Corps, to the number of 180 of all ranks, left Chatham on Monday, and proceeded to Southampton, to embark on board the steam-ship *Queen of the South*, for Scutari. This force will consist of stewards, assistant-stewards, wardmasters, assistant-wardmasters, cooks, washermen, barbers, and medical orderlies. They have been under training at the different hospitals in Chatham Garrison for some time.

THE *Perseverance*, steam-transport, went out of Portsmouth harbour on Tuesday morning. At midnight, in order to suit the tide on the French coast, she sailed for Havre, and there embarks Russian prisoners; afterwards crossing over to Plymouth, where she receives a similar number from Millbay, and thence proceeds to Liban, to exchange them for English and French prisoners in Russia.

THE steam-ship *Emu*, and the sailing-transport *Great Tasmania*, from Portsmouth, arrived at Plymouth on Monday morning. The *Emu* will embark detachments of the Land Transport Corps for the Black Sea, and the *Great Tasmania* will convey the 3rd Middlesex Militia to Corfu.

It has been notified at Portsmouth that, on the withdrawal of the fleet from the Baltic, they will winter, as last year, in squadrons at the various outports, twelve sail of the line rendezvousing at Portsmouth.

DURING the past two months the immense number of 300,000 shells, of various sizes, were sent from the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, to the seat of war, and there are now a large number of shells lying on the wharf in immense piles of 4000 each, rising up in large pyramids. The four monster shells which have been manufactured at the Lowmoor Ironworks, and which are the most perfect specimens of that description of workmanship that have as yet arrived at Woolwich Arsenal, have been taken from the Laboratory, and formed into a pile outside the old Model-room door.

A most interesting proof of four experimental guns of various kinds and sizes has taken place at the Butt, in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich. Two of these guns were invented by Captain Blakely, Royal Artillery. The novelty consisted in the application of wrought-iron rings to strengthen the cast iron, and enable it to sustain the explosion of the gunpowder. In the larger of these two guns (an 18-pounder) the rings were shrunk on a hollow cylinder of cast iron, and a separate breech was fixed on, and retained in its place by four wrought-iron bars, which connected it with a large ring about the centre of the gun. This gun burst at the first discharge, shattering the block of wood with which for safety it had been surrounded, to some distance. The other gun (an ordinary 9-pounder), strengthened with these rings from the trunnions to breech, stood the proof well; as did also a 12-pounder wrought-iron gun, made by Messrs. Holroyd and Co. The fourth gun was a 6-pounder, and of cast steel. That, also, burst in the first round, and the breech was driven with great violence into a model of a ship's side which had been erected in rear of it.

A LETTER from Vienna, given in *Le Nord*, states that among the two thousand horses bought by the English officers for the army in the Crimea, a large number were lately belonging to the Austrian cavalry, which underwent considerable reduction about three months ago, when the supernumerary animals were sold. These horses were to be embarked immediately on board steamers, and to be conveyed from Pesth to Rostchuk. They would afterwards be taken to Varna, and thence conveyed in transports to Balaklava. The Danube Steam Navigation Company is to receive 45 francs for each horse carried to Rostchuk.

THE number of volunteers at the Maidstone Cavalry Dépôt now amounts to upwards of 200; but no orders have yet been received as to the day of their departure. The men of the 12th Lancers there are daily exercised with revolvers. Mlle. Isabelle still continues her daily lessons in the *ménage*. As aids in learning the horses to step, she is assisted by two or three of the band playing polkas and marches, to which tunes the animals step and canter with marvellous docility and dexterity. An Arab horse, the property of Lord Hardinge, has been received, and is now undergoing a course of training under the lady's system; and it is stated that she is to take three young horses, while Sergeant Baker, the Riding Sergeant under Major Myers, is to have another three, and there is to be an educational competition between the new method and that usually adopted in the English cavalry service.

ON Saturday morning orders were forwarded to the respective commanding officers of the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, 2nd Battalion of the Coldstreams, and 2nd Battalion of Scots Fusiliers, to hold in readiness for embarkation for foreign service the following reinforcements, viz.:—The 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, to consist of 1200 men; two divisions (four companies of 100 men each) of the Coldstreams, and the same number of the Scots Fusilier Guards; making a total of 2000 bayonets. It is expected that the troops will proceed direct to the Crimea next week.

By the steam-ship *Ava*, which arrived at Southampton on Sunday night, we receive the following items of naval and military intelligence from Gibraltar:—The *Chasseur*, fitted as a floating workshop for the Black Sea fleet, sailed from Gibraltar for Balaklava on the 6th inst. The steamer *Antelope*, laden with shot and shell, and the steam-transport *East Anglian*, left for the Crimea on the 8th inst. The steam floating-battery *Meteor*, having completed the alteration of her rudder, sailed in company with the paddle-wheel transport *Rhadamanthus*, for the Black Sea on the 10th. The British paddle-wheel steam-transport *Europa*, with detachments of the 55th, 68th, and 89th Regiments, from Liverpool, for the Crimea, passed Gibraltar on the morning of the 9th inst. The two companies of the 94th Regiment, under the orders of Captain Bruce, landed at the New Mole, on the 10th instant, from on board the *Great Britain* steam-transport, and, after forming into line, marched down to the quarters assigned them at the Grand Casemated Barracks, preceded by the band of the 3rd Royal Lancashire Militia. Two hours afterwards the *Great Britain* left the harbour for Malta and the Crimea, with the remainder of her gallant freight (detachments of cavalry and infantry), amid great cheering by their brethren in arms, and the sailors on board the ships of war and transports lying at anchor off the Mole. At sunset the screw steam-guardship *Horatio*, and the floating battery *Glutton*, weighed anchor to proceed to their destination. As the vessels moved onwards, the whole of the men of the head-quarters 94th Regiment on board the *Perseverance* steam troop-ship turned up on deck and saluted them, on their departure, with three hearty cheers, the band playing "God Save the Queen" immediately afterwards. This compliment was duly acknowledged in gallant style by the tars on board the *Horatio* and *Glutton*.

THE HOUSEBREAKER'S ELEGANT LETTER-WRITER.—The following curious letter from one ticket-of-leave man to another was found on the person of a housebreaker arrested at Bristol last week:—"Carliele, December 3, 1854. —Dear Friend,—Yours duly came to hand, and was happy to hear from you, and my Mother being [out] of health, or I would have been with you. I had a little money which I intended to have taken me up to your place but through my Mother's illness I have laid it out. If you have any inclination of coming to Carliele I will find you Board & Lodging as long as you have a mind to stop, as I am anxious to see you to converse with you, and should you come you must bring a good brace and the set of centre bits, 1 chisel 1 inch broad, and one half inch, and wat you think best to cut doors or windows out, and a bow saw to cut iron with, and six half inch bits for cutting iron such as to cut through a safe if you have them, if not I will purchase them when you come. You must write me by return of post and let me know how you intend coming and when you intend to set off, that I may look for you. I am in good health, but my Mother continues ill. I would like you to come as soon as you could make it convenient, and inquire for —, he will find me as soon as you come.—I remain your Obedient Friend, JOHN GLASBY, No. 4, Wadsworth Lane, Botobergate Carliele."



THE BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA. — (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA.

A NEW YORK paper, received by the last steamer, describes the defeat of the Russians on the Tchernaya as an event of very little importance. The writer had no doubt taken his impression of it from the Russian telegraphic dispatch, which represented it as a mere reconnaissance en force. Had he been as near the scene of the deadly struggle as our Artist was when he drew the Sketch of which we have given an Engraving in our present Number, he would have viewed the affair in a very different light. By the time this Paper reaches New York the writer of the article in question will have found out that it is all over with his friends in the Crimea.

COUNTRY NEWS.

LORD PALMERSTON AMONG HIS TENANTRY.—Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston passed through Northampton on Saturday last, on their way to Dunston, where her Ladyship possesses a valuable estate. The noble Lord's visit was so unexpected at Northampton, that there was not sufficient time to give him a public reception. As soon, however, as his arrival at the station was known, the bells of All Saints' Church chimed a merry peal, and the rehoisting of the British standard, which had only recently been taken down from commemorating the fall of Sebastopol, announced to the inquiring crowds the arrival of the illustrious Premier. The noble Lord and Lady, on leaving the station, proceeded much to the disappointment of a considerable number of persons—direct to Dunston Vicarage, where they remained some time. They subsequently visited the works of the Dunston Iron Ore Company, where they were met by the Managing Director, who conducted them over the ground. The noble Lord and Lady, who appeared in good health and spirits, afterwards took their departure for town, by the six o'clock train, amid loud and repeated cheers from the crowds assembled on the platform. Among them was a large number of farmers, with whom his Lordship fell into a conversation on the price of wheat, which branched off into remarks on the war. The noble Lord intimated that he knew from the best sources that the hospitals in the East were now in a state which would do credit to such institutions in London. He said also that the army was in a most efficient state; that a vast amount of matériel of war had been left among the ruins of Sebastopol, and that the place was not so completely demolished that it would not afford excellent shelter to the Allies during the winter. The noble Lord said emphatically that they might rest assured that the power and pretensions of Russia would be effectually humbled before the Allied Powers would consent to a peace. A correspondent who was present adds:—"One of the agricultural gentlemen, a farmer and miller, ventured his argumentative powers with the Prime Minister—wishing, it may be, to leave this great event as a memorable record to his children—and remarked, 'My Lord, we want a peace.' Lord Palmerston replied, with a smile, 'Oh, I see you are one of the Manchester school. So there are some of those gentlemen here, are there?' Upon which the farmers set up a tremendous shout of laughter."—*Northampton Mercury*.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE BRIGHTON SOCIETY OF ARTS was opened on Monday, the 17th instant. The gallery, formerly the kitchen of the Pavilion, is commodious and well lighted; exhibiting to advantage more than 300 pictures by living artists. Of these, the greater part are submitted to public inspection for the first time; a few were painted expressly for the occasion. The names of Carl, Haag, Lance, Lear, G. A. Williams, J. Callow, A. Frapp, Robins, Oakley, Hamersley, Hayter, West, Burgess, Oliver, and of many other able artists among the contributors, will not fail to attract visitors, apart from the patronage with which the Duke of Richmond, the Bishop of Chichester, and many other gentlemen of distinction have honoured the society. The object of the Committee of Management in opening the present gallery will, however, prove a greater attraction, namely—the promotion of the artistic culture of the residents and visitors of the town. Periodical exhibitions of ancient and modern masters, a school of design, &c., are among the operations contemplated by the society.

IRISH EMIGRATION.—A Galway paper mentions that the stream of emigration from that district has subsided, at least temporarily. Preparations for departure, however, are being made by many of the peasantry, who speculate on being enabled to defray the cost of their passage out of the high wages they have been paid during the present harvest. In the neighbourhood of Ballinasloe the scarcity of hands is still the subject of complaint, and numbers of the large proprietors are anxious to obtain them at an increased premium.

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.—For the first time in the course of many years the Sunday services in this magnificent chapel have been thrown open to the public during the long vacation. As might be expected, immense numbers have attended them, especially the afternoon one; and when the doors are opened, a scene of pushing, jostling, and crushing takes place that might be all very well at a theatre, but which is extremely unbecoming at a place of religious worship.

BABY SHOW AT MANCHESTER.—The Manchester public were invited to a baby show at the Pomona Gardens on Saturday, when there were nearly 300 competitors for the prizes, and something like 5000 persons who had paid entrance fees of 1s. and 2s. each to be present as spectators. The prizes were eight, varying from £3 3s. to £14 14s., giving a total of rather over £60, so that the speculation has no doubt proved a good one to the promoters. The children were brought from all parts of the kingdom. One baby had obtained a prize at Boston, in Lincolnshire, about a month ago. Many of the Manchester public have expressed themselves disgusted at the proposal for such an exhibition; but it must be owned the patronage given to it by so many exhibitors and spectators will give much encouragement to future experiments of the kind. The grandson in arms of a late M.P. for one of the metropolitan boroughs was the winner of a silver teapot.

CRYSTAL PALACE FOR SUNDERLAND.—The scheme for the erection of a Crystal Palace upon a picturesque eminence within the municipal boundaries of Sunderland has been submitted to a public meeting of the inhabitants, and received with general favour. The estimated cost of the building is £7000. Upwards of £2000 was subscribed up to Thursday, of which the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry contributed £100.

SCOTTISH AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—We understand that it has been intimated to the Highland Society, by the Board of Trade, that Scotland will not be included in the bill which it is proposed to introduce next Session of Parliament, to compel the occupiers of land to make the necessary returns of their stock, &c. This exemption is exceedingly complimentary to the farmers of Scotland, and arises from the readiness which they have manifested in furnishing the information asked of them.

THE PLUM CROP.—The greater part of the Orleans plums are now gathered and marketed in the finest condition ever remembered, and for size and flavour unparalleled. This splendid fruit, which is nowhere obtained in higher perfection than here, has been sent to the markets of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, London, and even into France. One agent alone contracted for and delivered 3000 pots, and others have sent off large quantities. The damsons and damascenes will also be a splendid crop; hundreds of trees are only saved from breaking down by propping and tying. The fruit hangs together in clusters, like bunches of grapes.—*Worcester Chronicle*.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE AT LEEDS.—At a large and influential meeting, on Saturday, the following resolution was agreed to:—"That a subscription of £120 per annum be raised for three years, for the purpose of abating the nuisance arising from smoke; and that a committee of three gentlemen be appointed for carrying out that object. And further, that a subscription of £120 per annum, for three years, be raised for giving premiums to those engineers who shall, under difficult circumstances, consume their smoke in the most effective manner."

COLLIERY ACCIDENTS.—A recently-published return of the colliery accidents in Northumberland and Durham establishes the very gratifying fact of a gradual decrease of casualties since 1851. In that year the total number of accidents was 160; in 1852, 155; in 1853, 150; in 1854, 127; and for the first six months of 1855 they amounted to 69.—*Durham Chronicle*.

ADVANCE OF WAGES.—A meeting of seamen's delegates, representing the towns of Lynn, North Shields, South Shields, Newcastle, Blyth, Seaham, Sunderland, Middlesbrough, Scarborough, Hartlepool, West Hartlepool, and other ports, was held at Sunderland last week, when it was announced that the wages in the coasting trade would be £6 per London voyage, and to other ports in proportion, after the 1st of October next, until the 1st of April, 1856. This decision has been notified to the shipowners.

THE FOOD QUESTION IN FRANCE.—The following appears in the *Moniteur*:—"Sire, The produce of the last harvest, and the large addition which the United States and other more favoured countries can easily supply to it, assure to our people the requisite amount of sustenance for the consumption of the year. Commerce—thanks to the security, encouragement, and facilities given to it by your Government—will know how to supply food for the markets, and there will be no want of grain anywhere. But its price, temporarily increased, causes sufferings which touch your heart. To alleviate them, your desire to multiply labour and relief throughout the land. By your orders I submit for the signature of your Majesty a decree opening a special credit of ten millions for this object. The assistance of the departments, of the communes, of private individuals, will double and triple, if necessary, this fund of provident benevolence, and the working classes will once more bless the incessant and paternal foresight of your Emperor for their sufferings and their wants. I am, with most profound respect, Sire, your very humble and very obedient servant and faithful subject, the Minister Secretary of State for the Interior, BILLAULT." A decree follows, carrying out the suggestions of the report.

THE ASSAULT ON THE 8TH SEPTEMBER.

The following is an extract from a letter from Staff Assistant-Surgeon Walter Clegg, attached to the Light Division:—

Before Sebastopol, Sept. 9th, 1855.

Whilst I write the tricolor waves on the Malakoff, and the British flag is planted on the Redan. The whole of the south side of Sebastopol is on fire, and the sky is lurid, and red and purple with the blaze and the heavy smoke. The entire Camp is pervaded with the pestilential stench. Mines are still exploding every few minutes and shells are bursting at their "own sweet will" in all the works which were recently Russian. The town is fearfully battered, though the churches and many of the public buildings are still standing. The Russians have all withdrawn to the north side, and I expect that in a few hours they will fire that also. At length there is no doubt that we may exclaim "*Sebastopol est pris*." It would be old news if I entered into particulars how all this happened. Ere you receive my letter you will have read Mr. Russell's description in the *Times*, and no doubt that will be very eloquent and very truthful. I can, however, tell you all I know in a very few words. The assault was determined upon—not a few regiments only, as last time, but a general assault. The men in each regiment were addressed on parade, and each man clenched his teeth, and clutched his fingers, and knew that he was about to stare death in the face, and determined to do his duty. At twelve o'clock at noon, on Saturday, the French advanced on the Malakoff. They had sapped up to within thirty yards. It was, therefore, a short run; and on they went, column after column, in silence and in perfect order, a resistless tide; ever officer knew his man and every man knew his position, and in less than five minutes the tricolor fluttered from the interior of the Malakoff. Almost immediately afterwards up went the White Ensign from the Mamelon. That was the signal for the English attack on the Redan. They had 150 yards to run. The attack was made; deeds of personal valour were performed never surpassed in the history of war; our troops were many times in the fort, but to hold it seemed impossible. And so matters went on until evening, when the Russians blew up the Redan, blew up all their forts on the south side, and escaped as best they might. Their pontoon bridge was smashed by our fire, and hundreds of men floated away on it, to be picked up, probably, at Fort Constantine or other points seaward. Of course our loss is terrible. Wiser heads than mine may explain what was the use of our attack on the Redan, when (as the sequel proved) the guns of the Malakoff so completely commanded the Redan Fort, that the existence of the latter was impossible after the former was taken. However, it is all over now. The French loss was very great, for although they got into the place so rapidly they had a terrible hand-to-hand fight for the possession.

In the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade we have to lament the loss of Captain Hammond and Lieutenant Ryder. We have Lieutenants Cary, Eyre, Eccles, and Riley wounded; and about 130 men killed and wounded. With Captain Hammond's name you will be familiar, as I frequently mentioned to you the many acts of kindness I received from him when he commanded the depot at Fort Cumberland. A braver soldier never on that day mounted the Redan; a Christian of more unaffected piety never entered the presence of God. He had only been in the Crimea forty-eight hours when he was killed. When the Rifles were forming for the assault, a young subaltern, going into action for the first time, who had come out with Hammond, addressed him:—"Captain Hammond, how fortunate we are! we are just in time for Sebastopol!" Hammond's eye was gazing where the rays of the sun made a path of golden light over the sea, and his answer was short and remarkable, and accompanied by the quiet smile which those who knew him will so well remember: "I am quite ready," said he. The next that was seen of Hammond was when his sword was flashing at one of the embrasures of the Redan. He was indeed at the head of his company, fighting to gain an entrance for them. A dozen bayonets were at his heart; and once he was dragged in a prisoner. In a few moments he was recognised again outside the embrasure, still hacking with his sword. The next morning at six o'clock Captain Balfour found him in the ditch, beneath a dozen of the slain, with a bayonet wound through his heart.

Hammond and Ryder were buried this afternoon in the burial-ground of the division, rendered sacred long ago by the sepulture of brave men. Ryder was barely eighteen years old, and was one of my first friends after I entered the service. Before the assault had lasted an hour he was shot in the throat and fell, and was carried to the rear and consigned to the surgeon. But as it happened the surgeon was engaged at the moment that Ryder was brought in, and the young Lieutenant tied his handkerchief round his throat, and was seen again on the ladder, and when he was found the next day in the ditch a bayonet thrust had transfixed his forehead.

You have had some letters lately from Jacob Omnium, in the *Times*, and Jacob has been pleased to favour the Rifle Brigade with his polite attention. In his last letter Jacob inquired if non-commissioned officers and privates could be expected to follow boys only a few months from school. Concerning Jacob Omnium's destructive insinuation, I will say nothing, but I will tell him this, that when such young men as Ryder lead the way to victory, or a soldier's grave, our oldest veteran will follow him in life, and bless his memory in death, when they have dug his last resting-place.

Dockyard, Sebastopol, Sept. 10, 1855.

I have been all over Sebastopol this morning. The pillage is enormous, but not of very much value. The Russians are still unbattered. The French are turning every house "out of windows." Drawing-room furniture is all smashed in the streets; you walk over fragments of pier-glasses. If I had a dozen waggons I could fill them with relics, for being a doctor, the French admit me into their rambles, though they claim as a right the entire plunder of the town. I have pockets full of crosses and medals—some I have taken, some I have bought. The French have pickets all round to prevent the army entering until they have sacked the place. This morning, when the fear of mine explosions had ceased, they made a dive at the Custom-house vaults to tap the brandy and arrack. And there a horrible discovery was the result. The Russian, during the attack on the Redan, had made some of these vaults their hospital. Hundreds of wounded Russians, French, and English, had been carried there. I went through the vaults, and the sight was appalling. About one in twenty still lived. There were five or six English of the 97th, 33rd, and 23rd, two Frenchmen, and about fifty Russians alive. Hundreds lay dead in every attitude of human torture, a few sitting bolt upright against the walls, with staring eyes, and the foam of putrescence trailing from their faces to the ground. The stench was scarcely bearable. No human being had been near these vaults for more than two days. Several of those who lived had both legs blown off, and still they were even cheerful. I sent up to the front for stretchers and assistance, and then looked about for water to relieve the piercing cries which surrounded me on every side. I sought in vain for a pump or well; and to ask the assistance of the French was useless, as in the adjoining vaults they were tapping hogheads of wine, cognac, and hollands. I had been there nearly an hour examining the wounds of the poor fellows, when two sailors came in—"men-of-war's-men." Jack likes his grog, but Jack's "a man for a' that." They fetched me water in tin pannikins during the next two hours, and to see the poor wretches drink, and to witness their gratitude would have brought tears from stone. They clutched my hand, kissed it, and jabbered incessantly; I could not tell what they said, but the word "Sevastopol" was constantly repeated: I almost fancied that they intended to express their satisfaction that they knew the worst, and that the bloody siege of Sebastopol was at an end. The poet goes immediately. The French have got into the churches and set all the bells a-ringing. The effect, seeing that all the other buildings are smashed, is most ludicrous. I hope that this miserable war is nearly ended, and that I shall soon have the pleasure of greeting you again in old England.

I am, dear —, yours faithfully,

WALTER CLEGG.

THE WOUNDED IN THE DOCKYARD AT SEBASTOPOL.

The following letter from a non-commissioned officer of the 23rd Regiment to his mother at Bristol will be read with much interest:—

Hospital Camp before Sebastopol, Sept. 14.

My dear Mother,—Through God's wonderful mercy I still live, though, after all I have seen and gone through, it is almost more than a miracle. However, I can truly say that I was one of the first in Sebastopol; nor did I leave it till I was carried out. It was on the 8th of September, between twelve and one o'clock, when the word was given, and we sprang from the trenches to double over the glacis and scale the walls of the dreadful Redan battery. The distance to run was only about two hundred yards; but many a hundred brave fellows were laid low before they had got half the distance. The fire was hot at Inkerman; but it was worse here, mostly grape and canister. My comrades fell on both sides of me. One cried, "My God! I'm hit!" The other dropped down without a word; and by the time I reached the ditch I seemed to have lost my own regiment altogether. Then I saw one of my officers shouting for the "23rd" on the parapet, and I made for him. The ditch was half full of dead and dying even then, and just as I got up to it there was a rush from above, and scores of men of the 97th and 33rd were hurled or fell from the parapet down upon the poor wounded wretches who were shrieking in the ditch. Many of our men were impaled upon the bayonets of their comrades as they fell. But they still came on behind, and in another minute I had one foot in the embrasure, and was in the place. I had nothing but my bayonet, as my piece was discharged. I had just time to see that the place seemed more like a town than an open fortification, as we had supposed it to be, and the Russians were hidden, for I saw very few of them. There were, however, plenty concealed, for before I had advanced two steps I was down, shot in the hip with a Minié ball. I asked the mercy of the Almighty as I saw a Russian coming up to me, for we had thought that they murdered their prisoners in

cold blood, but he only lifted me on one side where I lay, for it seemed nearly an hour, listening to the horrid hell going on outside. The roar of the guns and the yells of the men were awful, and every minute more of our fellows who got into the works were shot down and made prisoners. At last we were put into stretchers, two into a litter, and moved off into the town, and taken more than a mile to the dockyard, where hundreds of wounded Russians were already lying. There seemed enough to fill all the buildings, though these were very large and beautiful. I was put with scores of others into a vault underground, where stores had been kept. Russian doctors were waiting, and they began to dress some of the men's wounds, though numbers were already dead. My turn had not come when the doctors went off, and we saw nobody but ourselves again that night. Very soon after we were left explosions took place, and shook even the vaults, and all the night the mines were blowing up. I hoped and prayed that Sebastopol was taken, but I scarcely dared to think such good luck possible. Getting that night through was worse than anything I had experienced before. There was a dismal sort of light in the vault caused by the fires in Sebastopol; and the faces and mangled limbs of the wounded men around me looked more horrible than I can describe. Their cries, too, were pitiful to hear, but before many hours scores of them were silent for ever. The next day passed, and the next night came, and we seemed quite deserted, and the stench of the dead was getting sickening. It was about nine o'clock the next morning when some French soldiers first found us, and, as far as I could learn, only two or three in that vault remained alive, though there were other buildings full of the wounded. The Frenchmen found several of their own dead, and had them removed immediately. The first English officer I saw was Captain Heywood, of the Rifle Brigade, and he said he would send us a doctor, and in about half an hour a surgeon of the Staff (Dr. Clegg) came in. There was very little for him to do in that place, but he sent up to the Light Division for stretchers. It was several hours before we could get them, but at last I was safe in our own hospital up at the front. Thank God, though my thigh bone is broken high up, the doctors say that there is no fear of my losing the leg; and now that it is comfortably in splints I feel almost well. I hope, as soon as my leg is strong, to get to England.

I am, my dear mother, your affectionate son,

J. D.

NARROW ESCAPE.—The following extract from a letter of Lieut. Frederick Jebb, of the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, to one of his relatives, via *Derbyshire Courier*, are permitted to present to our readers:—"I had charge of 100 men. We were detached off the support, and were reckoning on having a quiet night in the rear; but the Russians would keep yelling and firing so much at the working party that it was thought they were meditating a determined attack. The 97th lost three officers and about 30 men. We only lost five men—I mean by loss, put hors de combat. We were not relieved at all, and had to remain a second night in the front parallel—hungry, very dirty, and tired. About one a.m. that night we were all seated down—that is, about ten officers of the 23rd—on the banquettes, looking very mean, and talking over our hard fate. The grog was just coming round. I had drank mine, and B— was just giving me some of his when a round shot struck the parapet in the rear of B—, pushing him off the banquettes and burying him. I was shot forward several yards from the parapet, after having received a lot of grog in my face. I picked myself up, and found that I was all right except a scratch on the wrist. We then proceeded to unbury B—, who was rather stunned by the blow. He managed to walk home, and is returned 'slightly wounded.' I might have been similarly returned some time ago, but I did not receive the wound when in my proper place. I was running about the unfinished most advanced work, with the white cap cover and the red tunic on, which brought on me a double cross fire from the Redan and Round Tower. I found it no easy task to dodge the balls. One from the Redan grazed my forehead—just above my left eye. I heard it coming, and fell down, but not quite quickly enough. It was nothing at all, for it only took about three-quarters of an inch of skin off. Just before being relieved (on Saturday, September 11) I had a most providential escape from being shot right through the heart. I was standing on the banquettes of the fifth parallel, watching the enemy through my glasses conveying cartloads of something into Sebastopol across their new floating bridge. Our men were sharpshooting on both sides of me, so that it was difficult to hear a bullet coming. Suddenly something (I thought it was a stone) struck me right in the centre of the left breast. I staggered a little. There were several officers near me who heard it strike me, and saw the hole in my tunic, about two inches from the centre on the left of my body. They exclaimed, 'Poor fellow, he is shot right through the heart!' They could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw me carefully getting down from the banquettes, instead of tumbling backwards and breaking my neck. The first words I said were, 'Thank God! it has not touched my lungs.' On looking down I found the ball had passed through the tunic in the side, and again through the sleeve just under my arm. I fancied the ball had gone through my breast, and come out between my ribs. Judge of my astonishment, and that of everyone else, when, on opening my tunic and shirt, no hole was to be found in my body, nor even a trace of blood. The only way I can account for it is, that I was leaning on my left arm, which hardened the muscles of the chest, and thus caused the ball to turn. The part where the ball struck is rather painful, but the skin is not scratched. When the ball struck me it made a noise as if it had hit a board. Every who has seen my coat and shirt declares that my escape was marvellous. It seems to me like an act of a special Providence. How thankful I ought to be to the Almighty for so wonderful an escape!"

THE ALLIED FLEET IN THE SEA OF AZOFF.—The Allied flotilla, consisting of three English vessels and three French, ran in to Genitchi to within a distance of 1000 or 1100 yards, and bombarded the place again. What had been only damaged before by cannon-shot has now become a prey to the flames. Two Russian post-houses and some barracks, laid out for a winter camp, have met with the same fate as the town, of which the outline alone remains. The enemy never thought of replying, and, as we say at sea, contented himself with at once clearing out. After the bombardment, our flotilla proceeded to the Spit of Arabat, as an expedition had been planned with the object of burning some small vessels discovered in the Putrid Sea and a village placed on our maps to the south-west of Genitchi. A strong westerly wind, however, put an end to our preparations for the attack. It is impossible to conceive the sudden rapidity with which these storms arise in these parts. The fathomless water soon rolls in alternate mountain and abyss, and renders the navigation excessively dangerous. We have happily to deplore no loss of life, and got cheaply off with three or four boats' crews well ducked. The project, however, is postponed. The Sea of Azoff is perpetually agitated by our little steamers. Nothing escapes their vigilance, and if I have no great exploits to recount, because such are materially impossible, I have at least the satisfaction of assuring you that every one does his best. Each of the squadron cannonades, burns, and destroys all that it sees, and it is evident that the sum total of these partial operations inflicts on the enemy considerable damage. Our Cimmerian Bosphorus presents a more animated appearance since the arrival of our steam, gun, and mortar boats. They take a tack every day into the strait, and exercise their guns. They will be of immense service at the proper time and place. On the 17th of last month they were laid broadside on off Kertch, at about 100 yards from the quay, and exhibited a formidable row of ordnance. This precaution was the result of the appearance of an advanced guard of infantry and irregular cavalry, and a movement of Cossacks, which led us to anticipate an attack on the town during the night, with the intention of burning our corn stores. Everything was ready for the reception of the marauders, but the night passed off tranquilly, and the next morning the enemy was seen at a little village two or three miles to the north of Yenikale. This force was estimated at 6000 strong, and was supposed to be the advanced guard of Wrangel's corps. We were expecting him for four-and-twenty hours, and the whole camp was in delight. The ships moored off had orders to be in readiness to support us. We were all deceived, and learnt that the enemy had beaten a retreat, carrying off with him a few Tartars and some head of cattle, for which we intend to make him pay very dear, if he should again make his appearance. It is very doubtful, though, if the Russians will ever come to attack us, as they know we are perfectly entrenched, and even strong enough to offer them battle. Whatever may happen we are ready for it, and are longing for something to break the monotony of our existence.—*Letter from Yenikale, Sept. 5, 1855.*

SECRET SOCIETIES.—The *New Prussian Gazette*, of Berlin, in an alarmist article, affirms that the following secret societies for promoting a general revolution in Europe are in existence: 1. The Central Democratic German Committee, under Kinkel, Ruge, and Ronge. 2. The Social Socialist Society, under Marx. 3. The Society of Austrian Agrarians, under Tassman. 4. The National Hungarian Committee, under Kossuth. 5. The Republican Magyar Society, under Perczel. 6. The National Italian Committee, under Mazzini and Saffi. 7. The True Democracy, under Ledru Rollin. 8. The Revolution, under Louis Blanc. 9. The Central Military Republican Committee, under Chastan. 10. The Fraction, under Victor Hugo. 11. The Polish Literary Society. 12. The Polish Church Committee, under Worcel. 13. The Society of Polish Societies, under Sewacz Kiewicz. 14. The Russian Committee, Agitation, under Hertzin. 15. The Society of Slavonian Brethren, under Hertzin and Stojewicz.

THE EGYPTIAN VICEROY'S POSTPONED VISIT.—The Egyptian frigate yacht *Faid Ghaad*, which left Alexandria on the 8th inst., having on board his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt, said Pacha, accompanied by several of his Officers of State and the Consuls-General of France and Holland, bound to Marseilles, whither his Highness purposed repairing to Paris, London, and Vienna, on a visit to the Sovereigns of France, England, and Austria, encountered such boisterous weather for two days after that the medical attendant, fearing serious consequences might ensue to his Highness, who is of very delicate habit of body, advised a return to port, which was accordingly carried into effect on the 10th. The yacht, however, after landing her passengers, was sent off to Malta, where she arrived on the 16th, to convey the despatches of the foreign Consuls to their respective Governments, announcing the postponement for the present of his visit.

THE JEWS IN THE PRINCIPALITIES.—A letter from Jassy says:—"The Jews of Moldavia recently demanded from the Porte permission to purchase real property in Moldavia. The Grand Vizier communicated the demand to the Hospedar, and he submitted it to the Divan composed of Boyards. The Divan adopted a resolution, declaring solemnly that neither the Porte nor any other Power has the right to interfere with the privileges of Moldavia, and that in no case can Israelites be allowed to possess real property in the Principality."

EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

The Queen has appointed the Earl of Ellesmere Lord-Lieutenant of Lancashire.

The health of the Empress of the French has improved. Her Majesty may be said to be going on favourably.

The Duchess of Kent was, for some days during the end of last week, suffering from indisposition, from which she has since recovered.

Prince Jerome has again left Paris, and taken up his residence at the Palace of Meudon.

The Count de Chambord has left Frohsdorf for Brunsee, where the Duchess de Berri resides.

The Duchess d'Orleans, the Count de Paris, and Duke d'Chartres, have recently joined the ex-Queen Amelie, and the members of the ex-Royal family of France, at Claremont, from Germany.

Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte and the Count and Countess Campello left Glasgow on Thursday week for Eglinton Castle.

The young Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia left Berlin on the 18th, to compliment the Emperor of Russia, who, in the course of his journey, was expected to approach the Prussian frontier.

The King of Sardinia will set out for France about the 10th of October. He is to be accompanied by M. Cavour, Minister of Finance, and General d'Albormida, Minister of Foreign Affairs. His Majesty's stay at Paris will be about a fortnight.

The Queen has appointed Richard Wood, Esq., now Consul at Damascus, to be Agent and Consul-General in the Regency of Tunis.

In consequence of the new regulations in the Palace, the Grand Equerry to the Queen of Spain, the Grand Majordomo, the Grand Equerry to the King, the Secretary to the Queen, and several other gentlemen and ladies, have been dismissed.

Her Majesty has appointed Mr. Jolliffe Tufnell to be Regius Professor of Military Surgery in Ireland.

The Duke and Duchess of Brabant and the Count of Flanders arrived at Antwerp on the 19th from Brussels. They were received by the Governor of the province and the superior civil and military authorities in their official costume.

Upon receipt of the intelligence of the fall of Sebastopol, the Emperor of Austria desired his representatives at the Courts of Paris and London, to convey his congratulations to the Emperor Napoleon and Queen Victoria.

Lady Raglan arrived in the steamer that conveyed Major Curzon from Boulogne to Folkestone.

A letter from Warsaw announces the arrival there of the Russian military agents, General Benckendorff and Count de Stackelberg, the former from Berlin and the latter from Vienna, to await the coming of the Emperor of Russia. More recent accounts say that Count Benckendorff has gone to Odessa to attend the Czar.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has accepted the invitation to dine with the people of Belfast. The requisition was signed by men of all parties and of all religious persuasions.

The Earl of Aberdeen, Chancellor of King's College and University, Aberdeen, has intimated his intention to appoint the Rev. Peter Collin Campbell, Professor of Greek in the College, to the vacant office of Principal.

Chevalier Bunsen, the late Minister for Prussia at London, who since his retirement has been living at Heidelberg, is going to pass the winter at Rome.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., has taken Lady Stuart de Rothesay's mansion on Carlton-house-terrace, for a term. The mansion is undergoing repairs preparatory to the right hon. gentleman taking possession.

The election of a successor to the late Bishop Haly (Leighlin and Ferns) took place last week, when Dr. Walsh, President of Carlow College, was elected by a large majority.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster gave a grand reception to the nobility and gentry of Cheshire and the adjoining counties, on Tuesday, at Eaton-hall, near Chester—on which occasion the beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds, which have cost so much money and labour to complete, were thrown open for the first time.

The Armenian Archbishop of Lemberg, Samuel Stepanowitsch, the Nestor of Christian priests, has completed his 105th year.

The Rev. Dr. Barr, of St. Enoch's, ex-moderator of the Established Church, has been commended to preach before her Majesty and suite at Balmoral, next Sabbath (to-morrow).

The Egyptian Princes, Mustapha Pacha and Ismael Pacha, arrived at Marseilles last week with their suite, composed of eight persons, in order to meet the Viceroy, whose return to Alexandria was not then known.

Sir M. Montefiore, Bart., has returned from his journey to the Holy Land, where his mission has been highly successful. He was received by the various authorities at the places he has visited with great honour, and has obtained from the Porte great privileges for his co-religionists.

Mr. W. J. Fox, M.P., makes his annual visit to his constituents at Oldham on the 7th of November, when a tea party and ball are to be given in honour of the occasion.

The Dublin farewell banquet to Mr. Duffy will take place on the 16th of next month; and the tenant-right meeting, which was fixed for next week, has been postponed to the same day.

Baron de Manteuffel is to join the King of Prussia, who started on Monday week for a tour through the south of Germany, and then for a short stay at Stolzenfels on the Rhine.

Lord Brougham is still at Brougham-hall. His Lordships enjoys good health, and takes a great deal of exercise on foot.

Count Grunne, who is at present with the Emperor of Austria in Ischl, has been attacked with cholera; but was, according to the last despatches, somewhat better.

The young Viscount Lambton, heir of the Earl of Durham, being a twin, is distinguished from his younger brother, Frederick William, by a blue silk ribbon tied round his right wrist!

Baron Alexander de Humboldt recently celebrated the 86th anniversary of his birthday. Notwithstanding his great age he still unremittingly continues his important labours.

Mr. Charles Dickens, who is staying near Folkestone, is to read his "Christmas Carol" at the Literary Institution of that town on the 5th of October.

Miss Burdett Coutts is passing the season in the south of France, and is likely to remain absent from England for some months.

Professor Ernest Reinhold, son of the celebrated German philosopher of that name, and himself a very remarkable man, died at Jena a few days ago, in his sixty-second year, from an attack of apoplexy.

Dr. Newman has subscribed £100 to the fund at present collecting to pay the costs of Cardinal Wiseman in the recent trial.

Baron Sentier de Chuygné, the last surviving member of the Parlement under Louis XVI., died last week, at the age of eighty-nine.

Rossini has arrived at Paris from the baths of Trouville, and proposes to pass the winter there.

Mr. Moxon and Dr. Beattie, co-executors for the Poet Campbell's monument in Westminster Abbey, have contradicted the report that the British nation has accepted the monument for the adornment of one of its loftiest places without fair payment.

The French Minister of Public Instruction has granted a week's extra holiday to all the public schools and colleges, in honour of the taking of Sebastopol.

The mail-train from Dublin to Kilkenny was stopped, one day last week, a short distance from Bagnalstown, by two large stumps being placed on the rails. The guard fortunately perceived the obstruction in time, and no accident took place.

The Théâtre Imperial Italien at Paris will open on the 2nd of October, under the direction of Signor Colzato. The singers engaged are mostly old favourites, beginning with Grisi and Mario.

A mail from Australia on Monday, in addition to the usual amount of Continental and provincial correspondence, contained 720,000 newspapers, and a proportionate number of letters.

The telegraphic communication between Constantinople and Berlin is now complete. Kemal Effendi, the Minister from the Porte to Berlin, received the first telegraphic despatch from Constantinople on Tuesday week. It took four-and-twenty hours for transmission.

The magistrates of South Shields have fined several plate-layers on the North-Eastern Railway 5s. each and costs, for working on the Pontop and Shields Railway on Sunday.

The last intelligence from the Birman Empire announces that an extraordinary Embassy was on the point of setting out for France, being the first that the Emperor of the Birmans ever sent to any power in the world.

The extensive works at Windsor Castle are rapidly progressing, and will probably be completed by the 12th of October, the day on which the Court is expected to return to Windsor for the winter season.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER, Shrewsbury.—The amended version of Problem 603 is entitled to much more consideration than you appear to have given it. You say, "In answer to check by the Bishop, Black took may be interposed in two ways: in one case, White Bishop takes B Rook," &c. This is true enough, but you will be somewhat puzzled then to show how mate "must follow necessarily as before."

C. B. Glossop-road, Sheffield.—You must inquire at the Athenæum and Lyceum Institutions. We are not acquainted with the present Secretary's name.

C. W., Sunbury.—The key-move is—1. B to K B 2nd (ch).

C. R., Dundee.—They shall all have attention.

G. W.—You must be good enough in all cases to send the amended diagrams. The moment a Problem is found to be wrong it is destroyed.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 605.

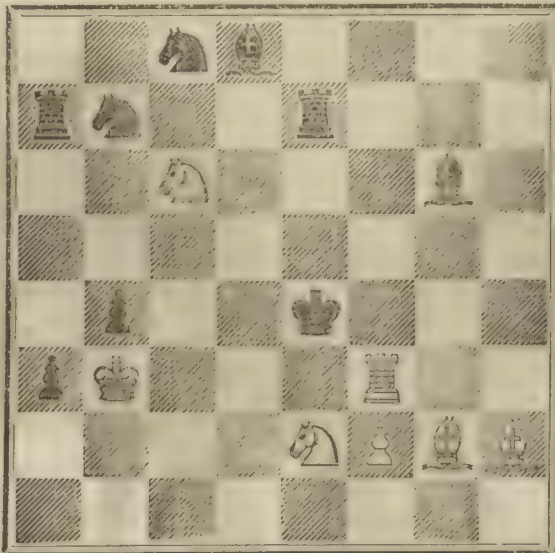
| WHITE. | BLACK. | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|--------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|-----------|
| 1. Kt to K 6th | P takes Kt (a) | 3. B to Q Kt 6th (ch) | K takes B |
| 2. R to Q 8th (ch) | K to Q B 2nd (best) | 4. R to Q 7th | Anything |
| | | 5. R Mates | |

| (a) 1. | P to Kt 6th | 4. K to Kt 5th | Anything |
|------------------------|--------------|----------------|----------|
| 2. B to Q B 5th (ch) | K to his 4th | 5. B Mates | |
| 3. Kt takes B (d.s.ch) | K to K B 5th | | |

PROBLEM NO. 606.

By Herr C. BAYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in five moves.

CHESS IN INDIA.

Chess-players of every grade have an interest in the annexed letter, as it was the medium through which that Sphinxian puzzle the "Indian Problem" was first introduced to Europe, and contains, besides, one of the most charming little games we have met with for many a day. The letter is addressed to Mr. Stanton, and was written by the Rev. Mr. Loveday, formerly British Chaplain at Delhi, who died in India a few years ago, to the great grief of every one who knew him, and to the irreparable loss of the Chess world, of which he promised to become a most distinguished ornament:—

Dear Sir,—I have the pleasure to forward for your inspection the accompanying Problem, and trust you will deem it deserving publicity. It has hitherto baffled the sagacity of every player in India to whom it has been shown, and amongst them my respected antagonist the late Keramat Ali. You will be concerned to hear that this Indian Chess King has gone to his long home. Keramat Ali was a player of a very high order, though imperfectly acquainted with the different gambits. There is another player at Delhi, by name Ali, that is, however, equal, if not superior, to him in force. I was one day playing with the former in presence of Ali, and, being interrupted by visitors, I requested Ali to take up the cudgels for me. He played out my game, and, much to the evident annoyance of the old man, won. I begged of them to try a *partie*, and, after fighting like turkey-cocks, Ali on that occasion came off decidedly victorious. I could never prevail on them again to try their strength. Chess is not so much practised in India as one would have supposed. The King of Delhi's favourite son, Merza, Judge-o'-o'-deen, by far the most gentlemanly native I have met in India, conveying to one's mind the very *beau idéal* of the Selim of our childish reading, is a player of no ordinary skill. There is also a dervish at Meradabad who plays a remarkably fine game. These players I should consider equal in strength, not to the champion of England as he now is, but of the force he was in the years 1838-9, when I had the pleasure of contending a few games with him, without disadvantage on either side. * * * Several games have of late been played here by correspondence. Three of these I am pleased to find in "Walker's Chess Studies" (No. 395, 417, 418). The last, which was played between "The Hills and the Plains," I sent you by the June mail. I know not whether the match between "Shottisbroke and City" has been published by you; if not, and you find it worthy, you will greatly oblige many a "Shagird" in India, where it excited a vast degree of interest, by introducing it. You will, perhaps, be the more inclined to do so, with the amended enunciations. (The following is the game altered to):—

| (Evans's Gambit.) | | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|--------------------|--------------------|------------------------|--------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 14. P takes B | Q Kt takes B |
| 2. K Kt to K B 3rd | Q Kt to Q B 3rd | 15. Q takes K Kt | P takes P |
| 3. K B to Q B 4th | K B to Q B 4th | 16. R to K B 7th | R takes R |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4th | B takes Q Kt P | 17. P takes R (ch) | K takes P |
| 5. P to Q B 3rd | B to Q R 4th | 18. P to K R 5th | Q to her 3rd |
| 6. Castles | K Kt to K B 3rd | 19. Kt to R 3rd | Kt to K 6th |
| 7. K Kt to his 5th | Castles | 20. R to K B sq (ch) | Kt takes R |
| 8. P to K B 4th | P to Q 4th | 21. Kt to Q B 4th | Q to K B sq |
| 9. P takes Q P | B to Q Kt 3rd (ch) | 22. Kt takes P (ch) | K to Kt sq |
| 10. K to R sq | Q Kt to Q R 4th | 23. Q to K 6th (ch) | K to R sq |
| 11. K B P takes P | K Kt to his 5th | 24. B to K 7th | Q to K B 5th |
| 12. P to Q 4th | P to K B 3rd | 25. Kt to K B 7th (ch) | |
| 13. K Kt to K 6th | Q B takes Kt | | |

And the game is drawn by perpetual check.

After the termination of the game, a gentleman modestly calling himself "A Young Chess-Player," remarked, through the medium of the *Delhi Gazette*, that if the second player, at move 24th, had played—

| | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 24. Kt to R 2nd | Kt to K Kt 6th (ch) |
| 25. P takes Kt | Q to K B 8th (ch) |
| 26. K to R 2nd | P to K R 3rd |

The game would have eventually been decided in his favour. A correspondent signing himself "Gambit," expressed his belief, in reply, that the second player, by adopting the move recommended by "A Young Chess-Player," must have necessarily lost the game because his opponent, for his 27th move, might have played 27. Q to K Kt 6th.

In answer to this move the "Young Chess-Player" came forward with 27. K R to K B sq.

I am not aware of his having any better move. You will perhaps discover another and a more advantageous mode of play.

"Gambit" now replied by winding up the game with the following moves, observing, at the same time that other moves might be suggested, but as they lead to an exchange unprofitable to the second party, it was needless to cite them. The moves he proceeded to give were these:—

| | | | |
|-----------------------|--------------|-----------------------|-------------|
| 28. B takes R | Q takes B | 33. Q to K 5th (ch) | Q to K B sq |
| 29. Kt to B 7th (ch) | K to Kt sq | 34. Q to K 6th (ch) | K moves |
| 30. Kt takes R P (ch) | K moves | 35. Q to K R 3rd (ch) | K moves |
| 31. Kt to B 7th (ch) | K moves | 36. Q to K R 7th | |
| 32. Kt to Kt 5th | Q to K B 3rd | | |

The position prior to moves 28 would form an interesting little Problem. I must not forget to add that the "Young Chess-Player" most courteously acknowledged his mistake, and accounted for it by stating that his calculation had not extended beyond the 26th move.

It is now high time that I gave you the Problem to which I drew your attention in the opening of my letter:—

White: K at Q R sq, R at Q sq, Bs at K R 6th and K Kt 2nd; Ps at K Kt 4th, K B 2nd, Q Kt 3rd, and Q B 2nd.

Black: K at K 5th, Kt at K B 6th; Ps at K 4th, and Q Kt 3rd and 4th.

White playing first, to mate in four moves.

With this I conclude; and, should you require any information respecting Chess as it is played in India, you have only to communicate with dear Sir,

Your sincere well-wisher,

SHAGIRD.

* Illegible in the MS.

LYNCH LAW IN CALIFORNIA.—On the evening of the 6th instant, a party of Mexicans, suspected of robbery, were attempted to be arrested at a place called Drytown. After a skirmish with some constables, in which twelve shots were fired on one side and fifty on the other, and in which some of the

Mexicans were wounded, they fled to a small mining town some miles off called Rancheria, and slaughtered the inhabitants *en masse*. "In all they killed five American men, one American woman, and one Indian; stole upwards of 6000 dollars in money, and decamped with all the horses in the place." The whole country soon rose in arms, and in the pursuit all the Mexicans who could be got hold of were caught on the following day. About thirty-six were arrested; the mob wished to hang them all; but, to the credit of humanity, by "the exertions of several gentlemen, a jury of twelve was selected from the crowd, and three of the Mexicans were found guilty, and, after half an hour's time being allowed to prepare themselves, they were hanged on the tree under the shade of which their trial had been conducted." All the houses belonging to "Spaniards," as Mexicans and Chilians are indiscriminately called, were burnt. It would appear that the band of Mexicans who committed the atrocity at Rancheria, or some of them, escaped, and killed four Frenchmen on the Mokelumne river. The excitement of the American inhabitants rose to such a pitch that there was no controlling them, and they seem to have determined to expel all of Spanish blood from among them. Day by day we have details of the progress of these scenes of horror. The Mexicans who could fled, but the "fiery cross" has spread to the neighbouring counties of Calaveras, Toulumne, and Sonora, and has raised the people everywhere. About a week ago the Sheriff of Amador was killed by a party said to belong to the band of Mexican robbers who were the first aggressors at Drytown. Several Americans were wounded on the same occasion, and some Mexicans killed. The Mexicans are said to have "fought like tigers, using a revolver in each hand," but they were worsted in the end; for, on their taking refuge in their tents and houses, these were fired, and they were forced to come out, and were then shot; I don't know how many, for the accounts are confused and unconnected, evidently written under excitement. Where all this will end no one can tell, but it seems clear that a large Spanish population will be expelled from three or four counties in the southern and central mines. I am not in possession of facts to enable me to form a correct judgment, but many say that the Spaniards are more sinned against than sinning. The proceedings taken against them are in many instances outrageously unjust. One account has it that the three men hanged were innocent, and that an American was the ringleader of the robbers; and another account gives out that a certain band, composed chiefly of Mexicans, had both American and English ringleaders. The number of deaths produced by this "excitement" must be considerable, for Judge Lynch has not for a great while had so extensive a circuit.—*Letter from San Francisco, Aug. 17.*

TESTIMONIAL TO SIR CHARLES NAPIER.—A numerously-attended meeting, convened by a committee appointed to carry out the object, was held on Monday night at the Gordon Hotel, Covent-garden, for the purpose of obtaining a testimonial to Sir Charles Napier. The chairman adverted to the circumstances connected with the command of the Baltic fleet by Sir Charles Napier, and his dismissal on return, and contended that the Admiral had been grossly, unjustly, and misrepresented. Several gentlemen warmly defended Sir Charles Napier, and called upon the meeting not only to sympathise with him, but to express their disapproval of the mode in which the affairs of the Admiralty were managed. Resolutions were adopted, to the effect that, having carefully considered the facts in connection with the dismissal of Sir Charles Napier from the command of the Baltic fleet, and the imputations cast upon his character and conduct, the meeting was of opinion that he had been unjustly treated, and was therefore determined to present to him a testimonial, both as an expression of their esteem and sympathy, and an evidence of the public sense of right and wrong; that the qualities exhibited by Sir Charles while in command were those of sound judgment, firmness, and discretion, whereby he had rendered great service to his country and deserved their thanks and gratitude. It was also determined that subscription lists should be opened throughout the country, the amount of each individual subscription being restricted to the sum of 1s., in order to see how widely the opinions expressed are shared.

The exports of specie from the port of Boston, United States, during the present year, up to the 1st of September, have amounted to 12,276,463, against 1,950,000 in the same period last year.

SANTINI, THE GUARDIAN OF THE EMPEROR'S TOMB.

AMONG the many thousands of English visitors who examine in the course of every year Visconti's splendid Tomb of the Emperor—who have gazed between the bars into the sombre chapel where the body of the hero lies in state near the sword of Austerlitz—not ten are familiar with even the rough outlines of the story, in which the guardian is the principal figure. The portrait of Santini, which we have engraved, will recall to many readers the tall, hearty old man, who lingers fondly about the chapels, or sits snugly in his little bureau, every ready to give a courteous reply to inquisitive visitors, or to talk over the deeds of the first Empire. The men of the old Empire are fast fading away. A few still turn out, in Paris, on great fête days, in their old regimentals; but they seem out of place. Their age has so thoroughly gone by that, when they suddenly intrude upon the bustle of the second Empire, they look like masqueraders. You wonder whether some select figures from the Versailles battle-pieces have stepped down from their canvas to air themselves. In Santini, however, you recognise a man of the first Empire at once; because Santini has associated himself not with the new Emperor, but with the memory of Napoleon the First. You see the faithful servant passing the span of life still left him in the dead master's tomb. He is content to hold the golden key that secures the ashes of the hero whom he humbly served—not simply in the Tuileries, but at Elba and at St. Helena. To be familiar with these services is to have a new interest in the man to whom they were given.

Jean Noel Santini, the son of poor parents, was born at Lama, in Corsica, in 1790. The news of victories won by the young conqueror of Italy reached even his obscure dwelling-place. The stories of glories won by his great countryman appeared to have fired his blood. Nothing but the army would do for him. At the early age of fourteen, therefore, the young fellow went to Bastia and enlisted. He was admitted as a drummer in the battalion of Corsican Tirailleurs, commanded by Catanio, and then garrisoned at Antibes. The young drummer was eager to see the great General; and his wish was soon satisfied. The battalion to which he belonged soon passed from the command of Catanio to that of the Count d'Ornano, and was ordered to the Camp of Ambletuse, where the First Consul was preparing his descent upon England. Here he saw Bonaparte daily; and here he appears to have become thoroughly possessed by that reverence for the great soldier which has given a purpose and a colour to every act of his long and most eventful life. He took part in all the engagements of the French army in the north—from Donawerth to Krasnol. He fought bravely on the banks of the Lech, the Danube, and the Lake of Sokolnitz and of the Niemen. These services were not passed by unrewarded. At the commencement of the Russian campaign he left the ranks of the army to enter the personal service of the Emperor. He became an Imperial courier, under the orders of M. Delandré; and in this capacity he saw the flames of Moscow, and watched the disasters of Leipzig. He then followed his master, in the first hours of his evil days, to Fontainebleau. Here he lingered upon the steps of the palace, to beg the Count d'Ornano to obtain for him the happiness of accompanying Napoleon to Elba. But the household was complete. At last it was arranged that if he could pay his own journey he should be allowed to be of the exile's band, and that some kind of employment should be found for him on his arrival. He was delighted, even while the infamous valet Constant was sneaking from the Imperial presence, laden with his master's bounty; and Rustan, the Mameluke, was offering to sell secrets of the Empire to the Duke de Berri—who, it should be added, declined the bargain with a proper scorn.

On the arrival of the exile off Elba Napoleon sent Santini on board a vessel that put off from the land to question the crew as to his popularity upon the island, and to bring back their answers "with the brutal frankness of the *corps-de-garde*." The Emperor once fairly installed at Porto Ferrajo, Santini endeavoured to get himself placed; and, after having tried in vain to obtain justice from the officers of the household, addressed himself to his master direct, who at once appointed him guardian of his portfolio. In this capacity the Emperor did him the honour to pull his ear on one occasion, in token of forgiveness for some trivial omission or indiscretion. When an attempt was made on Napoleon's life, and suspicions fell upon Brulard, the Governor of Corsica, as the instigator of this attempt, in the interest of the Bourbons, Santini was dispatched, at night, to Corsica, to make secret arrangements for the transmission of intelligence to Porto Ferrajo, concerning every man who should leave Brulard's dominions for Elba. He executed this dangerous mission with a success that procured him the honour of a second pull at his ear by his master. We may now go rapidly forward with the brave servant's history—while the Hundred Days lasted—to find him, still faithful to a great misfortune, on board the *Northumberland*, bound, with the fallen Emperor, the prisoner of England, to St. Helena. The ship had passed Tenerife; the heat was excessive. Cypriani asked Santini to cut his hair. Santini was performing this operation in the fore-part of the vessel, when Napoleon, who was walking about with General Gourgaud and Count Las-Cases, perceived his old servant at work. "What!" said Napoleon, "if I am not mistaken there is my old guardian of the portfolio, turned barber." He then advanced to Santini, and added, in Ajaccio patois, "When you have finished, you shall cut mine—if you don't cut it well—beware." Santini gives a wonderful description of the emotion with which he laid his hand upon the head that had held Europe in subjection. He was very nervous, and Napoleon amused himself a little at the brave fellow's expense. "See, General," said the Emperor to General Gourgaud, "that this mountaineer does his work properly. If he does it badly, I shall have him thrown into the sea." He then turned to his valet-de-chambre, Marchaud, who was religiously collecting the fallen hair into a serviette, and told him also, to watch the newly-appointed hair-dresser. Santini, terribly nervous, presently pinched the Imperial ear with the handles of the



SCENE IN THE CHIEF CABIN OF THE "PRINCESS ROYAL."—SKETCHED AFTER THE RETURN FROM KERTCH.

scissors. Whereupon Napoleon exclaimed, "Throw him into the sea!" All this *badinage*, however, appears to have been stopped by Santini's excuse. The poor fellow said he was thinking of Ambleteuse, and contrasting that wonderful scene with the present. The party fell at once from trivialities into a settled gloom.

Of the life at St. Helena, as described by Santini, we will record little. The facts have long been before the world; they have been discussed in every journal, and a verdict, all but unanimous, has been pronounced on them. Of Sir Hudson Lowe it is just to say, in spite of Mr. William Forsyth's lame apology, that he took pride in the shocking details of a duty

Napoleon's shoes, and sewed in the lining of his coat. Thus armed against the British Government, and their servant, Sir Hudson Lowe, Santini took leave of his master, and went on his way to England. His reception by Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Holland, and the indignation which the publication of the protest created, are matters of notorious history. Lord Holland's noble speech in behalf of Napoleon was a manful protest on the part of the English people against acts that belonged not to the country, but to the Administration that, to the misfortune of England, then held power. Napoleon never forgot this humane appeal. His will bore testimony to his enduring gratitude. He bequeathed to Lady Holland the antique cameo which he had received from Pius VII.

Santini then addressed himself to the rest of his mission, delighted, no doubt, to learn that his efforts would lighten the load of miseries that were heaped upon his great master. We cannot follow him through the dangers he encountered, nor the miseries he endured, in his travels to see the members of Napoleon's family. We may note that the Grand Duchess of Baden allowed him a pension from 1829, when she learned that he lived in Paris; but that when, through the influence of Baron Fain, Santini obtained the position of doorkeeper in the cabinet of Louis Philippe,

after the revolution of 1830, he gave up this allowance, bidding the Duchess reserve it for some unfortunate. Santini also received aid when he was in Rome in 1821, from Queen Hortense.

In 1832 Santini left the cabinet of Louis Philippe, and entered into the service of the Post-office as courier. He remained at this employment till the Revolution broke out. In this great drama he was an *acteur militant*. And then, when quiet was restored, and Napoleon III. advanced upon the scene, he remembered the gallant services of his uncle's servant, created him Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and confided to his care the ashes of his uncle, and the splendid tomb in which they lie. Let the hottest Napoleonists never forget the chivalrous act of the Bourbon who placed these ashes in the Invalides!

SKETCHES IN THE CRIMEA.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of a distinguished Commander in the Crimea for the three accompanying characteristic Sketches of Life in the Camp. The first scene took place in the chief cabin of the *Princess Royal*



M. SANTINI, USUARY OF THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON, AT PARIS.

which no gentleman could have fulfilled. The soul of Santini, it is natural to expect, revolts even at the memory of the red-headed gaoler, who tried to buy him over, as a spy upon his master. He turns from the portrait to recount how he shot turtle-doves to provide something delicate for his master's coarsely-served table; how he made him a coat out of an old grey wrapper; a pair of shoes out of an old pair of boots, lined with satin, given to him by the ladies Bertrand and Montholon; how he broke up the silver plate of the fallen monarch, and effaced the eagles from it, before selling it. All this stirred up the poor fellow's indignation to a frightful pitch. At last he thought of a means of serving his master. He sought and obtained an interview with him. At this interview he told Napoleon that he had resolved to leave St. Helena, and to return to Europe with a description of the shameful treatment, the petty annoyances, and the positive privation to which the conqueror of Ansterlitz was subjected by the base agent of the British Government. The Emperor pinched Santini's ear, gave him the celebrated protest to read and learn by heart, and carry in his head to Europe. When the brave Corsican had mastered it, and repeated it to his Sovereign, he obtained another pinch of approbation. Napoleon bade him repeat it in London to some of the party in England that saw his degradation and its authors with disgust, and get it printed for circulation. Santini was then to visit the various members of Napoleon's family, but particularly Prince Eugene at Munich. It was afterwards agreed that, lest Santini should forget some sentences of the protestation, it should be written upon little pieces of white satin, which he had remaining from the lining of



GENERAL JONES IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.



SKETCH OF THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD RAGLAN IN THE CRIMEA.

on the morning of May 5, on the signal being announced to Le Baron N—, Colonel of the —th Regiment, and his two Chefs de Bataillon, that the expedition to Kertch was abandoned, and that orders had come for us to return to Sebastopol forthwith. There were 800 French troops on board, all in the like state of consternation and disgust, all save the good-natured Major, who, between each puff of his weed, consoled the miserable fellows with anticipations of future glory.

The following colloquy took place. In the middle of the group is seated the Colonel, who, on the announcement being made, exclaimed:—"S—rrre moi, qui aurait été Brrrrrigadier!"

The Chef de Bataillon thereupon says:—"F . . . erre ce ton des gueux ces télégraphes."

The good-natured Major contents himself as follows:—"N'importe, ce sera pour une autre fois."

In the next illustration, our Correspondent has sketched General Jones, as he was daily to be seen, superintending the works of the trenches; the brave officer stands erect, and exposing himself to the enemy's fire, in a way which caused all his friends to remonstrate with him.

The third Sketch is from the Funeral Procession of the late Lord Raglan, on July 3rd. The whole army was under arms, and a pageant unsurpassed, even by the funeral of "the great Duke," took place. The cortege started from head-quarters in the following order:—A Regiment of Lancers, English; ditto Chasseurs d'Afrique, French; ditto Cuirassiers, French; ditto Lancers, Sardinian; ditto Lancers, Sardinian. A troop of Horse Artillery drawing a gun carriage, with the body, on each side of which were two Generals—La Marmora and Pelissier on the right, General Simpson and Omer Pacha on the left, then an immense concourse of Generals and other officers—the rear of the procession being closed by a regiment of cavalry.

The road from the English to the French head-quarters was lined on each side with British infantry and thence to Kasatch, a distance of five miles with French infantry. There the remains of our beloved Chief were embarked on board the *Caradoc* for transmission to England, with all the honours of war, by the fleets, procession of boats, &c. All the heights *en route* were crowned with field guns, which sent forth their mournful, slow salute. The Allied fleets, with their colours half-mast, and in the distance the booming of the guns of the Russians and the Allies, who never ceased battering one another, combined to render this one of the most remarkable and sublime sights ever witnessed.

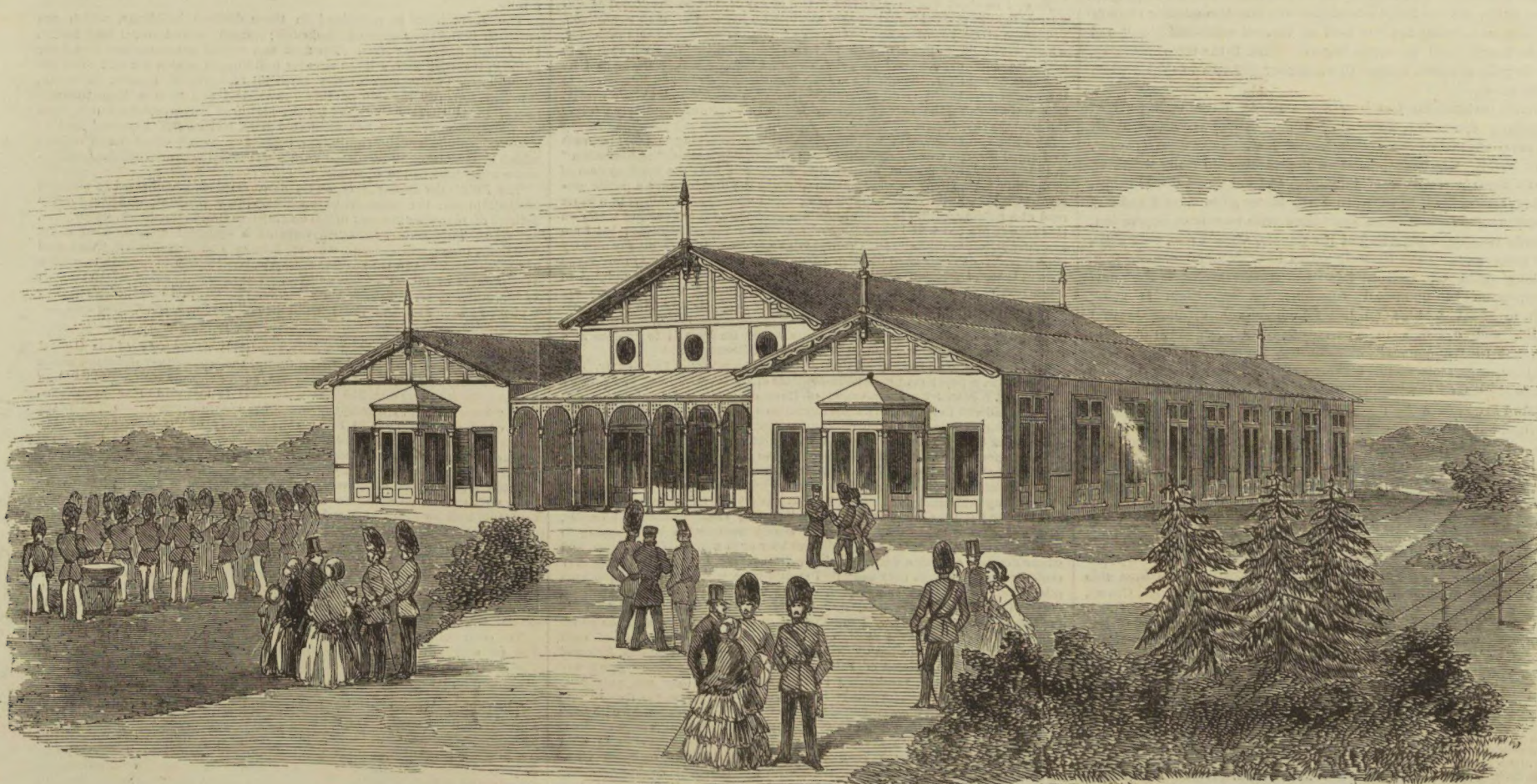
THE ROYAL ALDERSHOTT CLUB-HOUSE.

THIS splendid accommodation has just been provided at the Camp at Aldershott, by Mr. Thos. M. Stapleton, who, jointly with Major Chambre, the Honorary Secretary to the Committee, were the original projectors of the Aldershott Club. H.R.H. Prince Albert has visited the building, and suggested some additions and improvements, which have been carried out by the proprietor without any extra cost of subscription to the members. The Prince, who appeared much interested on the subject, at the solicitation of Lord Torrington, consented to become patron of the Club, and gave permission to attach the title of "the Royal Aldershott Club." By the unremitting exertions of Major Chambre, we understand that upwards of 400 officers of the Camp have already given their signatures as subscribers. The General commanding, Major-General Knolleys, immediately

on the officers expressing their wishes on the subject to him, forwarded the proprietor's request, together with a letter of rules and regulations prepared by Major Chambre, to Lords Hardinge and Panmure who immediately gave the ground for the purposes of the Club, with permission for its erection, with a lease at a nominal rent for thirty-five years. The building has been constructed by Mr. S. Henning, of Clift-house Works Bow. It is of large dimensions, being 82 feet front, and 130 feet deep; and contains a reading-room, 80 by 30 by 20 feet high; coffee-room, 50 by 26 fencing-room, 40 by 30; three billiard-rooms, card-room, and smoking-room, each 26 by 20; and numerous offices of all descriptions.

It was commenced on the 28th July, and ready to receive the furniture on the 28th August (being just one month from the commencement), and during that time several additions were made to the original design to meet the wishes of the committee. The decorations, designed by Mr. Henning, are chaste and appropriate, and have been well carried out by Mr. Connor, of Fenchurch-street. The carpet for the principal room has been designed expressly for the purpose, and contains upwards of four hundred yards. The room is handsomely lighted up (for the present) by three or-moulu chandeliers of forty-eight lights each, till the arrangements shall have been completed for gas. The *cuisine* is admirably fitted up by Jeakes and Co., with all the modern improvements, regardless of expense. The building has altogether a unique and imposing appearance, is perfectly dry, and fit for immediate occupation.

The total cost, with fixtures and furniture, will exceed £4000. The officers, by their arrangement with the proprietor, avoid all risk or liability, as the whole responsibility and expenses of every kind devolve on him. It is intended to have racket, quoit, and cricket grounds attached for the use of the members.



THE ROYAL ALDERSHOTT CLUB-HOUSE.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If speech was given us to enable us to conceal our thoughts, the electric telegraph seems to have been invented to delay the transmission of intelligence. I am very glad to see that the flagrant delay in forwarding the details of the greatest incident of the war is raising an agitation on this subject. In England, as I have more than once had occasion to mention, the only means by which those intrusted with the electric wire seek to prevent its being generally used, are incivility, carelessness, and extortion; but these are the commonplace contrivances that would suggest themselves to vulgar minds. The bold course of "ignoring" (pace the *Morning Post*) the telegraph altogether is a Napoleonic stroke reserved for generals whose other resemblance to Napoleon is so manifest. Dr. Lardner has demonstrated, by experiment before M. Leverrier and two commissions—one of the Legislative Assembly of France, the other of the Institute—that a message of 282 words can be sent 1082 miles, and written out in full at the other end of the wire, in fifty-two seconds. There is a telegraph to the Crimea, and we wait nearly a fortnight for details of the fall of Sebastopol!

Another thing excites remark—I was going to say amuses people, but, though the fact is ridiculous, it connects itself with a subject too grave for light treatment. On Monday it was most properly ordered that a thanksgiving for our great success should be offered next Sunday. But the French did not wait for official despatches before rendering their thanks to Providence, and the most magnificent hymn in the world was sung at Notre Dame, amid every circumstance of solemnity and grandeur, upon the receipt of the telegraphic message from Marshal Pelissier. Why was our national gratitude forbidden to manifest itself until the honourable Captain Curzon had opened his despatch box? Do the authorities think that an electric message is not "a thing to thank Heaven on"? Or is the excellent Metropolitan as slow as Joseph Addison was in preparing a public document worthy of a great occasion?

There are few topics of the week that do not connect themselves, more or less, with the great business of the day; but some home grievances contrive to make themselves heard. The St. James's-park aggression appears to have been successfully repulsed; or, at all events, the invader has laid down his tools and agreed to an armistice. Indeed, he declares that it was never intended to do anything until Parliament met, and that the marking out the ground was only done to enable people to understand what was proposed. It would be discourteous to doubt the assertion. It only remains to take care that when negotiations are renewed, they are based upon four points:—1. That the projected abomination be utterly abandoned. 2. That the public, not only on foot, but on horseback, in cabs private or hired, and in private carriages of all kinds, be permitted to pass across the Park at all hours. 3rd. A Protectorate against omnibuses, railway vans, and all other oppressive conveyances. 4th. A limitation of the impertinence of all the gouty gamekeepers and other officials. I think that a stable peace might be signed at the Stable-yard founded on these conditions; and I am quite sure that the people of London ought to accept nothing less.

The unhappy dwellers in "quiet streets" are now breathing out their wrath against the street organs—wrath to which the daily papers are usually kind enough to allow a vent "in the slack time of the year." The complaint, as heretofore, is, that the brown vagabonds who work these machines tyrannise over the streets they frequent; and that they defy your orders to move unless you are backed by a constable, who, of course, is never to be found, or, if he is found, is too stupid or too pigheaded to do your bidding. There is no doubt that this Italian Contingent does perpetrate oppression and also robbery, in the shape of black mail. Physicians write to declare that, though their patients have been in the most painful state of nervous irritability, there has been no removing the grinding nuisance, and distressed students complain that their labours are rendered utterly nugatory by the wearying noises of the organ-men. One writer records with great delight that he cleared the street by quietly emptying a pail of cold water over a recalcitrant minstrel, and he recommends his plan for imitation. How far the magistrates lawfully can, or might feel it right, to aid oppressed housekeepers, by throwing cold water in their turn upon any complaint against this method of dealing with the nuisance is a question which people disposed to take the law into their own hands had better ascertain; but if the police-court would take this view of the case, and have understood that the mildest and most nominal fine would be the penalty for any little act of self-defence against the Italian invasion, a good deal might be done. But the people who really encourage these pests are, I regret to say, the fairer and gentler part of the population. A young lady will keep a brown rascal grinding at the corner for an hour, because he plays the *deux-temps* that reminds her of that ball where Charley Egerton, and so forth; and the matron next door will give him another innings because Bobby and Jimmy are "so fond of the red-white-and-blue," and baby crows the moment an organ begins. What is the use of pleading, epigrams, or pails of water, against this alliance? Submit to the organs, or leave the street.

The French caricaturists just now are amusing Paris with feats of French cockney sportsmen, apparently a never-tiring theme, or, at all events, a never-abandoned one at this time of year. The satire, however, is not very lively. One cut represents a housekeeper, dutifully watching her master's departure, with gun, game-bag, and dog; and she remarks, "Now, then, master is off to shoot, so I had better go to market and buy a hare for dinner." In another, a sportsman, with tremulous expression, and evidently tugging at the guard of his trigger, while hares, partridges, and other game, scuttle away leisurely before him, exclaims despairingly, "Everything goes off except this abominable gun." The peasants, too, come in upon all occasions. A sportsman is going stealthily to shoot a hare on her form, when a cunning Jacques seizes him, and demands in a fierce whisper how much he will give him not to "announce" him to the hare. The bathers, too, make subjects, as heretofore—one old hag refuses to let a young lady go further into the sea, on the ground that for what she has paid it is impossible to afford her more water; and, in another picture, an elderly lady, fast to a rope, but under the mistaken idea that she is drowning, cries out to a huge, selfish cockney for aid. "Madam," he replies, "I will take charge —" "Of me? O, thank you, my preserver!" "No, Madam, for I do not swim, but of your last wishes, if you will do me the honour to screech them to me."

India must have heard of Sebastopol from Marseilles, for though the Indian Overland Mail, which closes at noon on the 10th and 26th, had departed before we knew of the triumph, there was ample time to ship the news on board the *Alexandria* steamer. Fortunately we have been able to hurry off details by this mail, though, but for the energy of Mr. Crowe, the Special Correspondent of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, to whom I, as an "outsider," may be permitted to record my special obligation, one would have had no opportunity of examination of the tidings, or of comment upon them. He has earned the thanks of thousands of Indians, who in some thirty-four days will be devouring his narrative.

FRENCH REJOICINGS AT ROME.—A "Te Deum" was sung on the 18th inst., at Rome, in the Church of St. Louis des Français, as a thanksgiving for the success of the Allies at Sebastopol. The Comte de Rayneval and the Attachés of the French Embassy, the members of the Sardinian Legation, General Allouveau de Montréail, and all the officers of the French garrison were present, besides a large number of French residents. Mgr. Hormez, Archbishop of Syria, officiated, and salves of artillery were afterwards fired by the French garrison. In the evening all the French establishments were illuminated.

VACILLATIONS OF KING BOMBÀ.—Il Piemonte, reporting the dismissal of Signor Mazza, Director of Police at Naples, states that the measure was taken as a satisfaction to the English Government; but mentions, as a sign of the ill-will of the King towards England, that he dismissed at the same time the Minister of War, Prince Ischitella, who had opposed the arbitrary proceedings of that functionary.

AHKTIAR.

A RETROSPECT.

SLOW roll the veil of Time aside, and trace we once again
The conquering march of heroes on the old Crimean plain;
Ceased be thy roar from rock to shore, thou cannon-mouth of war,
While here we lie, to sleep or die, at rest in Ahktiar.*

All brightly rolled the wild blue wave, and lightly flew the breeze,
That laved and fanned thy classic shore, historic Chersonese,
When round a nation's lordly fleet we watched the ripples play,
As it ploughed a path to victory towards Kamiesch' reedy bay.

The wild goat climbs by Alma's steep; he starts to mark the sod
Where, strange amid his native wilds, the Western legions trod;
And, standing lone on that lost height whose shrieking herds have fled,
He scents afar the gale of war, and owns the conqueror's tread.

One memorable, fateful year!—It seemeth like a dream,
Since the blood of two great nations flowed on Alma's crimsoned stream;
And the fluttering flag of victory we followed fast and far,
Till, lo! we stand, a plighted band, in conquered Ahktiar.

While grimly looms yon castled ridge o'er Balaclava's bay,
The dying sun with quickened march speeds down the darkening day;
So, fronting doom, rode that lost band—so spurred to Death's embrace—
Who saw the Pale Horse sweep the vale, and met him face to face.

Dread silence shrouds the valley now; nor gun nor gunner more
Awaits the madly-dashing spears—the heroes' charge is o'er;
The desert eagle's screams alone swell wildly on the air,
Where yon hollow mid the cloven hills shows blank as their despair.

We ask our hearts if those that throbbed to list that tale of fear
The dazzling glory blinded most, or most the rushing tear?
We tell our souls reward as sweet shall greet us from afar
From eyes that weep for those that sleep at rest in Ahktiar.

While yet by sorrow thrilled we stood, strange mists rolled o'er our sight,
From the cloudy caves of Inkerman swift-gathering in a night;
By the sun of France's chivalry those mists were swept away,
And he who cried "To rescue!" then, is conqueror to-day.

Once more the living tide rolled back, to cast upon yon shore
The stranded wreck of armies' ne'er to dream of conquest more.
When high o'er vanquished Inkerman the sun rose battle-red,
The foeman's caverned city lay—a city of the dead.

A little pause, a little breath, and still we cried again,
"Kind winds, this one proud message bear across the homeward main:
The old war planet, ruddy Mars, we hold our ruling star,
Till the flag we bore from Britain's shore shall float o'er Ahktiar."

Behold! new hordes come swarming through the Tartar's Golden Gate,
Too soon for Fortune's lagging pace, for victory too late.
Tchernaya's reddening waters see the Czar's lost legions fall
Before the sword of brave Piedmont, the rifle of old Gaul.

All vainly strove the baffled foe; the noble river saw
The Freeman's foot upon her shore, and bade the Serf withdraw;
In vain they hold the battled bridge, in vain they ford the stream,
A conquest won by beaten slaves is but a monarch's dream.

Away the vanished vision flies,—flying, fling the sword away!
So empires sank in other days—so empires yield to-day:
On many a brow the Muscov blade hath graved a glorious scar;
But Freedom's might hath ruled the right in conquered Ahktiar.

E. L. HERVEY.

* Sebastopol. † General Bosquet. ‡ Parkop.

THE ROYAL MONUMENTS.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

Sir,—My attention has been called to a passage in your Number of the 8th inst. on the subject of the Royal Monuments. I do not know whether you are responsible for remarks which come under the head of "Table Talk," but I can hardly think you would adopt the tone taken by the writer of the passage in question, which, in dealing with a subject on which those who have most thought of the matter find great difficulty in coming to an opinion, instead of treating it as its importance deserves, assumes a tone of idle banter, and makes up for want of argument by mis-statement of what had been proposed.

Now, I recollect that in your first notice of my Report on the Royal Monuments, though you fairly and openly expressed a jealousy of their restoration, you spoke of my report as an "admirable" one, or something to that effect, which would be a great misuse of terms had that Report been such as to authorise such expectations as your writer of "Table Talk" states that he had entertained; for, though I have no doubt that that Report leaned more to the side of restoration than many would agree with, I am quite sure that its tone was perfectly the reverse of what would be imagined by merely reading the remarks in question.

This misrepresentation of my views is the more annoying to me, inasmuch as I am, I believe, usually considered as a leading advocate of "conservatism" in the treatment of ancient monuments, in opposition to the usual system of destructive restoration. I was, I believe, nearly the first to make a public protest against the havoc continually making with our ancient churches, in a paper read at a public meeting in 1849, and since published. I believe my views on this subject are too well known to suffer much from mis-statement; but I am anxious publicly to disclaim such views as those attributed to me lest any unwary church restorer should be so ill-judged as, placing more confidence in my views than in those of an anonymous writer of "Table Talk," to imagine that list of monstrosities was really advocated by me, and suppose himself acting on my authority in imitating them. I do not, of course, suppose any one would suspect me of the foolery which your writer expected at my hands. All I mean is, that some of your more simple readers might imagine it to express in a grotesque form the general spirit of my views on Restoration.

I wish it also to be understood that I was not the leader in this matter. It originated in a paper read before the Institute of British Architects by Professor Donaldson, followed by a discussion of three evenings. In this discussion I was considered to lean to the anti-restoration side. It resulted in an address from the Institute to the Queen, calling attention to the state of the monuments.

It was in consequence of this that I was called upon by Sir W. Molesworth, a twelvemonth later, as the architect to the Abbey, to report to him, as President of the Board of Works, on the subject. I undertook this most reluctantly, as I felt that my report must go in some degree against my feelings, as I would fain (as your writer says) see the monuments left "for our time at least just as they are." Was it, however, possible that on being called upon to report monuments fast dropping to powder, and so decayed that they will not bear even a touch of the finger, and whose desolate condition daily provokes wanton injury, I could report that they should remain "just as they are"? I should have preferred not to have been asked, but the question being asked, could I with truth have given such an answer? If I had done so, the daily-increasing decay would soon show the hopelessness of such an idea. I endeavoured to weigh the arguments on either side as fairly as I could. I recommended, generally, the restoration of such objects only whose forms are mechanical, as architectural mouldings, &c.; and suggested that the opinion of antiquaries should be taken before going any further than the mere mechanical repairs. I may or may not have gone too far in what I recommended—however that might be, the Report was highly commended by several Ministers of State, and I was honoured by the distinct personal approval of her Majesty and Prince Albert. Since I became acquainted with the objections entertained by antiquaries to what I had suggested, I have been the first to endeavour to meet views so consonant with my feelings, though in some degree contrary to my practical opinion. My own views have been in some degree modified by the success of some careful experiments I have made, by which I have at length succeeded in discovering a method by which the pulverising stone is restored to hardness and durability without disturbing the loose particles which a brush of feathers would at present sweep from its surface. If this is effected I shall be well content that no more be done, "in our times at least," though there are several other things which I believe ought to be done. No one has ever done so much as I have in investigating and recovering the designs of these decayed tombs; and I think I may claim

some credit for the two things which I have practically effected, the restoration to their places of the ironwork of the tombs of Queen Eleanor and Henry V. As to the pedestal of King Charles, the grant was not made on my recommendation. All I have done is to recommend the preservation untouched of the old stone, accompanied only by what is necessary for the safety of the statue—the fall of which, I presume, the writer of the "Table Talk" would deplore as much as I should.

In furtherance of my general principles on Restoration I am in the habit of sending a copy of lithographed instructions to clerks of the works, &c., engaged in repairing old buildings.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Sept. 24, 1855.

GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT.

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

The following curious letter purporting to be from the pen of O. H. Green of the United States sloop-of-war *Decatur*, is dated "Off the Straits of Magellan, Feb. 15," and appeared in the *New Orleans Picayune* of the 1st inst.:

There being no appearance of a change of weather, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, and, accompanied by my classmate and chum, Dr. Bainbridge, Assistant-Surgeon, was landed on Terra del Fuego.

With great labour and difficulty we scrambled up the mountain sides, which line the whole south-east shore of these straits, and, after ascending 3500 feet, we came upon a plain of surprising richness and beauty—fertile fields, the greatest variety of fruit-trees in full bearing, and signs of civilisation and refinement meeting us on every side. We had never read any account of these people, and, thinking this island was wholly deserted, except by a few miserable cannibals and wild beasts, we had come well armed, and you can judge of our surprise. The inhabitants were utterly astonished at our appearance, but exhibited no signs of fear, nor any unfriendliness.

Our dress amused them, and being the first white men ever seen by them, they imagined that we had come from their God, the Sun, on some peculiar errand of good. They are the noblest race I ever saw—the men all ranging from 6 feet to 6½, well proportioned, very athletic, and straight as an arrow. The women were among the most perfect models of beauty ever formed, averaging 5 feet high, very plump, with small hands and feet, and with a jet-black eye which takes you by storm. Their teachers of religion speak the Latin language, and have traditions from successive priests, through half a hundred centuries.

They tell us this island was once attached to the main land; that about nineteen hundred years ago, by their records, their country was visited by a violent earthquake which occasioned the rent now known as the Straits of Magellan; that on the top of the mountain which lifted its head to the sun, whose base rested where the waters now flow, stood their great temple—which according to their description as compared to one now existing we saw, must have been 17,208 feet square, and over 1100 feet high, built of the purest mantle marble. A thousand reflections crowd upon the mind, in viewing this people and this paradise, before unknown to the world.

The ship is in sight that will carry this to you, and I must now close, only saying that the official report of Dr. Bainbridge to the Department will be filled with the most interesting and valuable matter, and astonish the American people. The vessel proves to be the clipper ship *Creaper*, from the Chinchi Islands, with guano, for your part, and I will avail myself of this opportunity to send you a specimen of painting on porcelain, said to be over 3000 years old; and an image made of gold and iron, taken in one of their wars many years before the Straits of Magellan existed.

They number about 3000 men, women, and children, and I was assured the population has not varied two hundred, as they prove by their traditions, for immemorial ages. As the aged grow feeble they are left to die, and if the children multiply too rapidly, they are sacrificed by the priests. This order comprises about one-tenth of the population, and what the ancient Greeks called "Gymnosophists."

They are all of one peculiar race, neither will they admit a stranger into their order. They live, for the most part, near the beautiful stream called Tanuhan, which takes its rise in the mountains, passes through the magnificent valley of Leuvu, and empties into the Atlantic at the extreme south-western portion of the island.

This residence is chosen for the sake of their frequent purifications. Their diet consists of milk, curdled with sour herbs. They eat apples, rice, and all fruits and vegetables, esteeming it the height of impiety to taste anything that has life. They live in little huts or cottages, each one by himself, avoiding company and discourse, employing all their time in contemplation, and their religious duties. They esteem this life but a necessary dispensation of nature, which they voluntarily undergo as a penance, evidently thirsting after the dissolution of their bodies, and firmly believing that the soul, at death, is released from its prison, and launches forth into perfect liberty and happiness. Therefore, they are always cheerfully disposed to die, bewailing those that are alive, and celebrating the funerals of the dead with joyful solemnity and triumph.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

We have already glanced at the *Exposition*, as the French call it, in comparison with the Great Exhibition of 1851, so as to give the reader a glimpse at the respective advantages of the two grand displays of national industry. The large Engraving upon page 400, however, represents, beyond verbal description, the superior position of the French Exhibition Building to that of the Crystal Palace in Hyde-park, in the proximity of the former to the heart of the city of Paris—situated in the Champs Elysées, and by the side of the Seine; commencing at the Place de la Concorde, opposite to the entrance of the gardens of the Tuilleries, and extending along the side of the river for rather more than three-quarters of a mile.

The Exhibition is contained in three distinct buildings, which are entitled, first, the *Palais de l'Industrie*; second, the *Anneeze*; and, lastly, the *Palais des Beaux Arts*. The first and second are connected by a long gallery, together with a large circular building, in which are exhibited the magnificent productions of the Imperial factories of France, in china, tapestry, &c. By the side of this connecting gallery is a large inclosed space, in which is a building for Agricultural Implements: those from England, however, are not exhibited here, but in the *Anneeze*. In this space of ground are shown also carriages and many other large objects which are too large to be placed within the Building, or which are seen to more advantage in the open air.

The *Palais des Beaux Arts*, as its name implies, is dedicated to pictures and sculpture; the *Anneeze*, to machinery, raw produce, and the coarser articles of manufacture—as metal castings, metal, indiarubber, paper, felt, &c. The *Palais de l'Industrie* contains a splendid collection of silks, woollens, linens and cottons, cutlery, bronze and metal work, china and glass, productions in the precious metals, books, printing, designs, and a vast number of miscellaneous articles. The general effect of the group of buildings is well described by Mr. G. W. Yapp, in Stanford's "New Guide to Paris and the Paris Exhibition," the best work produced for the occasion:—

At first sight the Palais de l'Industrie reminds us strongly of the Crystal Palace of 1851, or rather of the great central transept of that structure, which it more nearly resembles, not only in size, but in appearance. The building is about 900 feet long and 370 feet wide. It is intended to be permanent, having been erected by a company which has a lease or concession of 35 years, after which the building is to become the property of the Government: it is solidly constructed of stone and iron, and presents an elegant and substantial appearance. Its position is nearly east and west, the main entrance being on its north side in the Champs Elysées; the walls are pierced with a double row of bold circular-topped windows, and at each end there is a central entrance-door, with another on each side of it for exit. The entrances are cleverly arranged, both for appearance and utility, being contained in erections jutting out from the main building: these *pavillons*, as they are called, break what, without them, would be the monotonous lines of the walls, and afford scope for architectural display which has been taken full advantage of; and, at the same time, they supply very convenient space for wide and noble staircases, six in number, without trenching in any way upon the space for the Exhibition itself. They also contain the *bureaux* of the executive officers, rooms for the *douane*, or customs, and sundry other offices.

The centre of the building forms one grand avenue, nearly 900 feet long by 150 feet wide, covered by a semicircular glass roof, 140 feet from the floor. The general effect of the building is injured by a want of sufficient elevation, presenting rather a depressed appearance.

The principal front of the Exhibition Building has already been engraved in our Journal. The present illustration shows the entire group of buildings, and the appropriation of the space outside; the centre being laid out as a garden, with flower-beds and fountains, and arbours, summer-houses, alcoves, and seats, where the visitor may rest awhile from his fatigue and enjoy the elsewhere-prohibited cigar, within the confines of the Exhibition. To the left of the garden is a model residence for the working classes; and near this erection is a sort of canteen, which has been opened for the benefit of the workmen and attendants employed at the Exhibition: the arrangements for cooking are very complete, and open to the view of the customer; and the entire arrangements include, for the first time on an extensive scale, a mixture of the French and English mode of fitting and managing such establishments for public accommodation.

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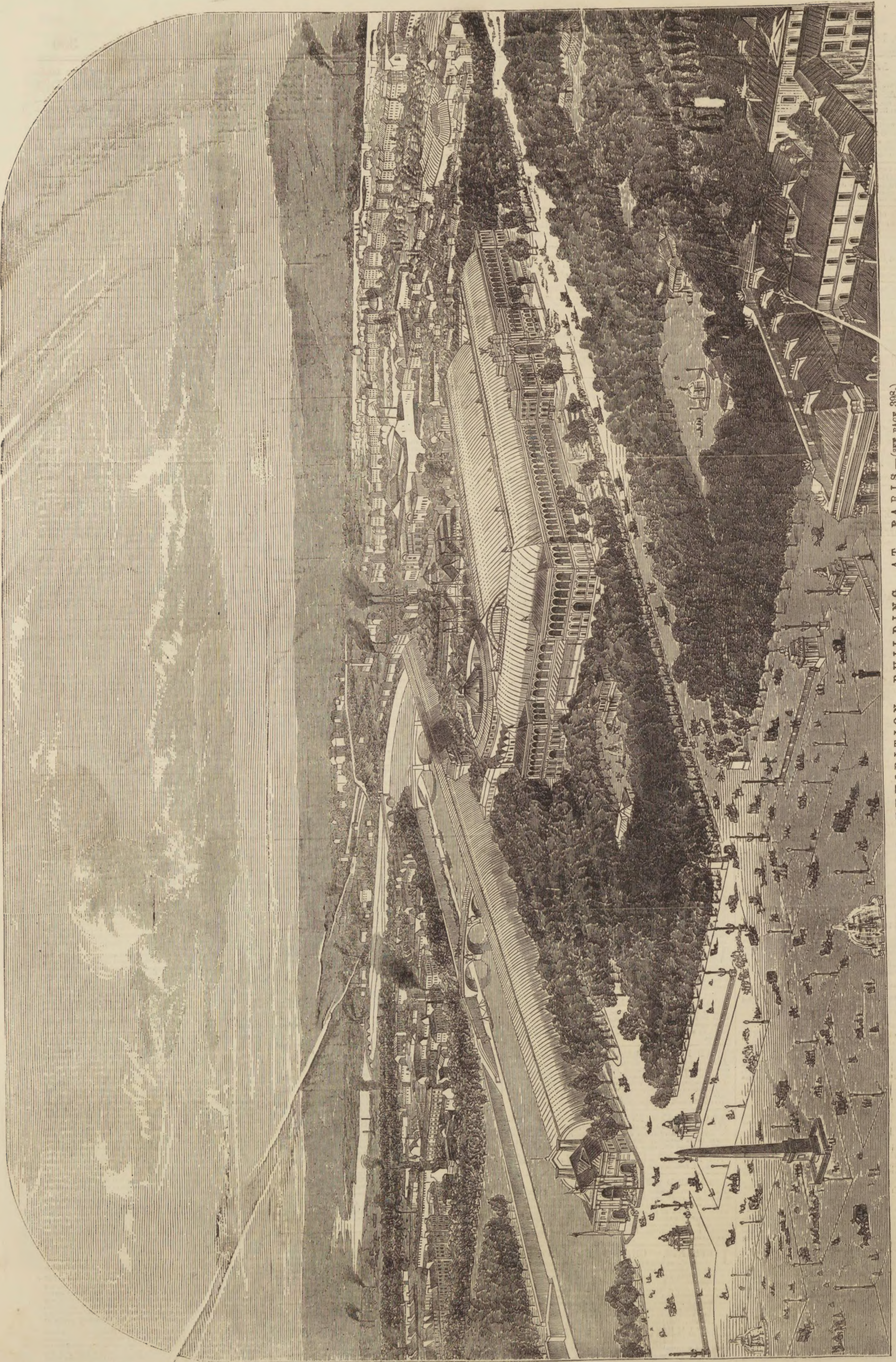
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